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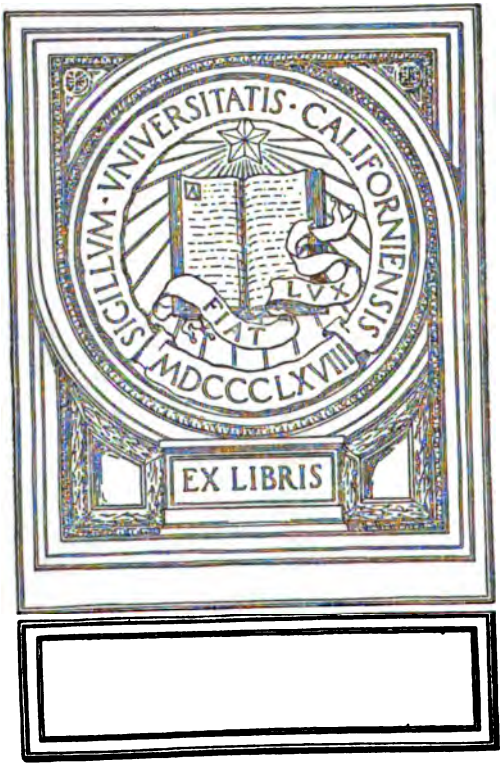
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Ethics of Literature

BY

JOHN A. KERSEY

*"Of human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul in a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing devoid of judgment. * * * What then is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing and only one, philosophy."*—ANTONINUS.

"And no man knows distinctly anything,
And no man ever will."—XENOPHANES.

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"Pythagoras, who often teaches
Precepts of magic, and with speeches
Of long high-sounding diction draws
From gaping crowds a vain applause."

—*Timon's Silli.*

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DEDICATION.

To the candid and energetic Thinker who would not stultify himself for an unintelligible faith, independent without insolence, incredulous without irreverence, who prefers his judgment (conscience?) to fashionable fancies and fanatacisms, and who loathes the gilded rot with which an exclusive regime regales a reading world, the following pages are respectfully inscribed.

A VOICE FROM NEW JERSEY.

The applause of the thoughtless multitude is not always a safe criterion of the value of any production of human genius, whether in the field of industry, art or science, and, least of all, perhaps, in that of literature. The works of hundreds of authors which, in their day, were lauded to the skies and pronounced immortal—yet dropped out of existence as completely as if they had never aroused the ephemeral applause of confused enthusiasm—furnish a melancholy illustration of the trustworthiness of contempory criticism. Wide publicity does not establish intrinsic worth, and the rebuke of one wise man, if sincere, outweighs the frantic approval of ten thousand fools.

But while all error, prejudice and false sentiment is doomed, *eo ipso*, to be superseded by the recognition of truth as soon as the torch of enlightenment is carried far enough by the foremost minds of the age, yet *some* illusions are deliberately retained and fostered beyond their legitimate scope, for reasons which cannot well be expressed here in few words.

The exaggerated praise which is still bestowed upon authors who have produced little of intrinsic merit, or who have been put into the shade by those whom the world has but tardily deigned to recognize, must always depressingly affect minds that are capable of adding to this world's store of wisdom, and who fain would expedite the course of general advancement.

There are certain authors whose works, nowadays, are practically never read, yet whom everybody deems it his duty to eulogize inordinately. Traditional veneration, misapplied hero-worship and erroneous education are mainly responsible for this. We are taught from infancy to look upon certain writers, poets, philosophers, etc., as paragons, and never to question their genius, or subject their productions to a closer analysis, with a view of determining their real caliber. Ignoring a great mind is bad enough, but placing a poor one on a pedestal, bestowing unmerited praise upon mediocrity, and setting up a false standard of excellence, are infinitely worse.

A careful perusal of Mr. John A. Kersey's "Ethics of Literature" has brought me to the conclusion that the hour has come at last when the cobwebs of ecstatic eulogy, absurd glorification and general hoodwinking, which have gathered around some of the literary idols of the last three generations, are about to be swept away, once and forever. Let those who cannot bear the truth stand aside!

There will be a great howl raised against these essays by those who are linked to inherited notions by all the ties of interest, prejudice and conceit, but Mr. Kersey wields a formidable scimitar, and I am proud to excercise the privilege of recording my opinion that the "Ethics of Literature" will *live*, and of congratulating this bold and brilliant champion of the cause of truth.

HEINRICH HENSOLDT.

Paterson, New Jersey.

A GRATUITOUS OPINION.

A gratuitous opinion is usually worth just what it costs. So it may be with this, but even a hasty glance at the manuscript of the Ethics of Literature reveals some things, which it may not be out of place to mention, and recalls some others which it may not be amiss to note.

Many a sentence has fallen from the lips of obscurity which coming from celebrity would be valued as a grain of gold. Many an adage is accepted because of its age. Many a proverb has been accepted because of the must and the mould which years have given it. Many a book has been bought and read and admired because of the name on the title page. This book may neither be bought nor read nor admired, but there are grains of gold in it, nevertheless. It has neither the must nor the mould of age, nor has it the glamour of a great name to recommend it, but there is much in it that is worth attention.

He who buys a book because the literary popes have recommended it, will wait for holy sanction before he buys or reads this. He whose digestive apparatus has been weakened by prescribed diet to a degree that requires gruel as food for thought, will wait for a prescription before he touches this, but he who chews, digests and assimilates for himself needs but to glance at the table of contents to find some things that he wants.

The author of this book has been reading. More than that, he has been thinking. He has been in search, not for what somebody else says, or thinks, but for what is. He has read "not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider." It is clear that long ago he had reached that rare condition of mind in which one can be himself. He has read for himself and thought for himself. His work is therefore original.

Dullness swallows dogma because it is dogma. Acumen rejects it from sheer inability to accept it, hence there is much in this book to stamp the author with the brand of heresy in the estimation of the literary authorities. It is none the worse for that. To many it will be the better.

The value of a production is less in what the author thinks than in the degree to which he sets the reader to thinking. In this book there are both tonic and stimulus. He who reads it will thereafter think none the less for himself. Let him read carefully, and he will be all the more himself. The work is not only original, but it appeals to the individuality of the reader.

No man is ever free from the bias of preconception, but the author of this book has had neither creed to support nor creed to destroy. He is neither Protestant nor Catholic, neither deist nor atheist. He is neither religious nor anti-religious bigot. He has sought the truth.

It is not unlikely that he will be crucified by the critics, for to-day as well as century and a half ago, there are those who "have still an itching to deride."

W. H. SANDERS.

Marion, Ind.

PREFACE.

If men were so concerned to have as they are disposed to affect wisdom, it would not be so rare; and the flood of learned jargon with which the world is deluged would not be so overwhelming. The results of their misguided energies, while less voluminous, might be more edifying to their readers, and possibly more gratifying to the ambitious writers. At all events the world would not suffer from an abatement of the prevalent ardor for authorship. My library, selected from time to time, and with a view to literary utility, contains many eubullitions, instances of the inability of the wise to suppress the divine afflatus. From the times of the Socratic Phædo and the Euclidian Phœnix on down through the cycles to those of the Analogy and the Age of Reason, and to the present, there have been few wilful violations of the edict against concealing light under a bushel. In view of the universally inherent communicativeness of the learned the admonition were quite superfluous; they seldom deserve censure for knowing more than they are willing to impart to or inflict upon their fellows.

Were true wisdom commensurate with or if it pervaded the mass of what is written, one of average capacity would grapple but feebly with its immensity, and the meagre allotment of three score and ten would scarcely suffice to invoice the various and voluminous effluvia. But wisdom and learning are not convertible terms. Great learning may be evinced in the ethereal imagery of the Poet, in the recondite reasoning of the rationalist, and in the carping cavil of the critic, without augmenting or exalting wisdom. As numerous and various as are the subjects of the countless contributions to the immeasurable mass, slight acumen will suffice to detect the invariable object of their authors. Myriad memorials are left to remind an ungrateful world of its obligations to the illustrious dead. Some seem destined to abide with time and thought. It is dif-

ficult to conceive why some should endure to stigmatize literature and the memory of their authors. Many of stupid self-conceit are buried in oblivion ere their authors escape to the tomb, and many others should be.

A ramble through this field and a view of some of the laborers and their works may not be amiss in one whose life has been a contemplation of and devotion to it. A candid inquiry into their various merits may work no more ill than slightly to increase the mass, the bulk of which embarrasses more than it edifies the votary to progress, engenders thought as variegated as the features and complexions of men, and hinders rather than promotes the march of intellect. The paradoxical position that one properly may write to show that too much is already written is confidently assumed. The manner in which it is maintained and its success are matters for the discernment of the reader. One ought not to bespeak charity for such a work as is here proposed. Yet such a plea might be prompted if not excused by a due appreciation of the magnitude of the undertaking. If self-conceit blinds some writers to their own folly, it may sustain others against a humiliating consciousness of inferiority. Were my position consistent with justification by precedent, it might be observed that one is not far from fashion merely in the fact that his own overweening assurance is the only assurance he has that he will not meet merited mortification.

The boldness of the undertaking will dwindle to diffidence when compared with the effrontery of savants, prescribing the plans and portraying the purposes of Providence. Under their auspices and with a servile sycophancy Religion is found catching at the hem of the garment of Science. Its apologists (not its promoters) assume the authority to enunciate a divine (moral?) philosophy, to vouch for the veracity of divine verity, and to defend Omnipotence against Impotence, whose assaults derive their chief importance from the concern of pedantic fanatics.

I propose to inquire what some great literary luminaries have done, and to show in some instances what were better left undone, for the enlightenment of Mankind. And in this

retrospect we will observe the acknowledged Titans engaged in Herculean labors to establish truths which, in the nature of things and of *mind*, are either self-evident or unprovable. We will observe minds which have given the world some of the most superb thought, grouping the rarest gems in clusters with the veriest *peter-funk*. We will behold exhibitions of power out of all proportion with principle, in many instances entirely without it,—but occasionally we will be refreshed with an instance in which the renown of the author is not the soul of his effort, and his profit is not its stimulus.

He who intelligently and conscientiously writes for the betterment of Mankind, deserves the abiding respect and gratitude of the race. He who writes to assert himself, or for his own profit, deserves undisturbed oblivion, and to "fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat," He who writes to foster fanaticism, sanction superstition, or vindicate vice, especially in its priestly robes, deserves notice only for the purpose of execration. As they pass in review a superficial glance might in some instances betray the beholder into undeserved and ill-advised condemnation, or, commendation. A close examination, a careful consideration, and candid conclusion are due to the subject, to its writer, and to the reader. And they will disclose that if utility were recognized as an element in the law of literature, thousands of groaning shelves would be relieved of their burdens by bonfires throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. There should be no statutes of limitation in literature. Titles should not be acquired by prescription. Quackery, imposture, and frivolity, should not be made venerable with mere age.

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CORRECTIONS.

Page 12. Title of Chap. 4, Poetical instead of Political.
Page 22. Line 8, circulation to life instead of circulation of life.
Page 29. Line 29, state or habit instead of state of habit.
Page 255. Line 35, inscriptions instead of inscription.
Page 257. Line 1, deals with physical instead of deals physical.
Page 421. Line 11, and down instead of or down.
Page 456. Line 35, of religious instead of or religious.
Page 458. Quotation begins with words, four hundred millions.
Page 492. Line 5, not *so* as instead of not as *so*.
Page 555. Line 28, psychological instead of philosophical.

CHAPTER I.

PHILOSOPHIC APOLOGETICS.

Butler's Argument Presented to the Queen—Erroneously Termed an Analogy—Analogy Would have Suggested Non-resistance--Cause had Flourished Under Opposition—Inconsistency of Attacks Upon, and Defence of Religion—Religion Necessarily Unreasonable—Spiritual Existence can Neither be Proved nor Disproved—Unaccountable Mystery in Physical Phenomena—The Spiritual Infinitely more Mysterious—Man, more than Animated Physical Substance—Changed Condition of Substance in Physical Death—Desire for Esteem after Death, Based on Idea of Future Existence—Spiritual Phenomena Infinitely more Abstruse than Physical—Religious Fanaticism Unduly Opposes Skepticism—Sanction of Religion, Necessarily a Future Existence—Analogy must be Continuous—Its Continuity Ruins its Argument—Analogy Between Physical and Spiritual Existence implies eternally Recurring Integrations and Diffusions of Soul-substance—Injustice of Punishment—Irreverence of Apologetics—Results, the only Reasonable Argument for or Against a Religious System.

A little more than a century and a half ago one of the greatest and most scholarly ecclesiastics of his time presented to his royal patroness a volume, intended as a refutation of the blatant contumely of the revilers of religion, natural and revealed. The apparent more than the real plausibility of their objections was supposed to be so poisonous and corrupting to the general tone of thought, as to threaten the very existence of a religious system. He seemed to have forgotten, or to have overlooked the fact, that for more than seventeen centuries his favorite faith had flourished and spread as no other was ever known to do, and with a regularity only interrupted by occasional violence. He could have reflected that such interruption of the regularity of its growth often consisted largely of the fact that by virtue of its opposition its influence was increased, its cause promoted, and its spread accelerated, in almost exact ratio with the malignity of the measures meant for its suppression. Strangely enough his work was denominated an Analogy.

In view of the fact that the system had made the greatest strides in its unparalleled progress under unresisted persecution of a physical type, analogy might have suggested non-resistance when opposition took form in gibes and sneers. These

derived their chief importance and rose to their greatest dignity in the fact that learned zealots were alarmed at them, when they should not have condescended to notice them. The lash, the halter, the axe, and the stake had only invigorated the system they were intended to destroy. There would seem then to be but little occasion for alarm when the assaults were made in the mere empty ravings of the egotist, who was unable to explain or even conceive of the necessity of circulation of life. Controversial defense against such attacks cannot logically be justified on the ground that their reasoning was of a kind likely to prevail with intelligent judgment. That would be to admit the validity, if not the force of such reasoning.

Indiscriminate and unresisted torture and frequent massacre, sanctioned by legal authority, had only served to promote the cause against which they were levelled; and few enthusiasts had so far forgotten themselves or their faith, as to resist or resent them, but with more zeal than discretion the fanatics had frequently courted the King of Terrors. But when the attacks consist of windy words, ebullitions of and appeals to personal vanity, intended more to immortalize the name of an egotist who imagined himself a genius, than to demoralize the faith of a Christian people; then the spunky soldier of the Cross arms himself with a goose-quill and goes forth to battle, fighting more valiantly for literary fame than to vanquish Apolyon, or to preserve the town of Mansoul from infernal captivity.

These wordy wars have been characterized by peculiarities of tactics and by novelty of expedients, the parallels to which are not to be found in any other controversial *set-to* of which history informs us. The reviler who could not even imagine why it is necessary that his life-blood be periodically pumped through his lungs, and atmospherically disinfected, arrogantly sets himself up as a rational disputant and arbiter of the infinitely finer, more complex, and abstruse propositions involved in the prevailing faiths and doctrines; and offers his learned explanations of the alleged workings of the unknown and uncognizable mystery of the system and dispensation of divine Providence. His explanations failing to explain, he not only reasons but declares that the system and its doctrines are

a stupendous fraud. The zealot on the other hand, because he cannot understand or account either for the system or its alleged workings, violently contends for their validity, and, which is not only unworthy his cause, but palpably unfair in all debate, he dares the champion of unbelief to prove a negative,—to prove that prophecy was not uttered and that miracle was not done. Gigantic minds, helpless to explain or even conceive of the minutest movement in their own workings, are thus engaged in settling the questions of boundary and jurisdiction between the Creator and his creature; or, rather, in determining the propriety of the creature allowing his Creator a place in space, a limited authority, and even existence. The reviler, unless he were exceedingly immodest could be silenced with one simple question,—"Who gave you the reasoning faculty, by the abuse of which you are attempting to belittle,—you know not what?" But more properly in accord with the dignity of Divinity; and more analogically, in view of the circumstances under which the cause had made its most remarkable progress, he should not be noticed at all.

Zeal, however, is not discretion. Fanaticism is not policy. Derision is not argument. Reasoning which is plainly fallacious deserves no answer. To attempt to answer or refute any alleged argument or assertion is to admit its plausibility; so far at least as that if not disposed of, intelligent judgment may be convinced by it. If an attack upon a doctrine or a system should be philosophically made, by one of whom it is known or reasonably to be supposed that he knows some fact or thing inimical to the doctrine or system assailed, defense might become advisable. But to resist or resent an assault, made by one of whom it must be known that he cannot know any fact or thing necessarily inimical to the doctrine or system assailed, is to dignify the assailant with undeserved attention, and give his attack the only importance it can have; it is to fall into the very snare set for unwary belicose loquacity,—and generally results, as it should, in an exhibition of the empty egotism of both the contending parties.

A modern editor of the volume in question has introduced it to the western world in terms as commendatory as can be

formulated in the English language. He proclaims its alleged metaphysical invulnerability, and illogically declares that of the system of which the volume is supposed to be the strongest bulwark, but which in case of invulnerability could need no defence. He invites controversy in a manner which, to a profound reasoner, would make him appear at least eccentric. He defiantly dares unbelief to prove a negative, when it is plainly apparent that neither party could really know any thing affecting the question further than it is to be inferred from the rise, progress, prevalence, and effect of the system assailed. Why an apologist assuming the airs and proportions of a rationalistic disputant should place the cause he appears to affect so deeply, at such disadvantage, and ask for a suspension of the invariable rules of all debate and of all evidence, by requiring the plaintiff to anticipate the defence, set aside miracle and prove that prophecy was not uttered, involves the consideration of a system of controversial tactics that logical disputants are not likely to be prepared for.

If one proposes to champion a cause, or to vindicate a doctrine by reasoning, he should be able and ready to proceed fairly and squarely in the debate. If he assumes as true certain alleged facts out of the usual order, and incapable of proof by usual methods, and immaterial in themselves to the validity of his doctrine in its essence, he has not vanquished a harmless foe by daring him to the senseless and impossible attempt to disprove them. If the attack upon a prevailing faith or doctrine deserves any resistance or notice whatever, it is extremely illogical and impolitic to offer the defence in an attempt to show the validity of the doctrine or system assailed, unless it can be ***palpably*** demonstrated. To begin with assumptions and then reason elaborately and infer from them, is to take a wide range in discourse and then finally rest on the same quicksand from which one starts.

In such case there can be but one course likely to be ***successfully taken*** and at the same time ***worthy the*** cause defended. Suppose, as was the case which is said to have inspired or provoked the volume in question, a general attack *is* made upon the prevailing religion. If history is true we

know of one fact which almost demonstrates the validity of the religion. That fact is its effect wherever the religion prevails. Both parties are equally well acquainted with that fact, and neither of them can possibly know any other fact militating either for or against it. In case of such an attack upon such a system, its adherents should not be disturbed by, nor appear to notice it. Omnipotence is in no danger,—but if the zealot feels that he must do something for the help of the Lord he should not stand on the defensive, he should attack the assailant. He should, and if he is a rationalist he could, show the utter fallacy of the argument of the assailant. If the faith is based on anything supernatural or miraculous, which it must be if it is divine, so far at least, it certainly cannot be defended in reason. It cannot be supernatural, miraculous, nor divine, if it is merely reasonable; such as might be accounted for by the human understanding reasoning from some known substantive fact. If it had been reasonable merely its Founder would scarcely have performed any miracle to inspire faith in it or in Him when here teaching and establishing it. He would have declared the doctrine and given the reasons for its validity. The very fact that miracles were performed, if they were, is the best of reasons for holding that reason was insufficient to authenticate it, in other words, that it is not reasonable. It is no answer to object to the authenticity of those miracles said to have been performed by the Founder and his followers eighteen centuries ago, as if they were the only ones, and that the validity of the system depends upon the truth of the disputed account of their performance. They may have been the most palpable and demonstrative outwardly; but they appear to have been followed by a standing, continuous miracle, consisting in part of the growth and prevalence of the system, notwithstanding the folly and fanaticism of its promulgators; and in part of its effect wherever it prevails. So, as above stated, if history is true, both parties know the same and the only substantive fact, which in the coldest reason seems to almost demonstrate the divinity of the doctrine.

Now it is assailed by some on the ground that it is not reasonable. Then it is defended by its apologists on the

ground that it is miraculous, but the defence is vitiated in an attempt to show that it is also reasonable. These two defences are incompatible with each other, so that so far as such argument is concerned the assailant has the advantage. But as above stated the defender could attack and show the fallacy of the reviler's argument. There is the above named standing miracle to start from, the facts and circumstances of which must be equally well known by both parties, and, waiving the veracity of the disputed account of the earlier ones the zealot should ask the scoffer to account for this with his reason. At that point reasoning controversy would stop. The truth is, it is the glory of the system that it does not have to be reasonable to be divine. It is above and beyond reason. Its apologists belittle it when they attempt to make it appear reasonable. To be reasonable it must be within the comprehension of reasonable creatures, man must be capable of comprehending it. It is arrogance, verging closely to blasphemy, for any mortal man to claim that he can comprehend it.

It is cowardly catering to the imperious impotence of unbelief to obsequiously seek the opportunity to reason with it, and attempt to convince its judgment in order to obtain its approval, or to get rid of its objections. The most that can be said against it is that one does not comprehend, and hence will not believe it. The rest that is said against it is mainly scoff and sneer. If that is sufficient not merely to cause doubt, but to produce active disbelief, there is a great deal of that which passes for useful knowledge which is without foundation and invalid. Examples are obvious. In a certain familiar science it is established that a certain set of ducts conveys the life-blood from the heart to every part of the body; that another set conveys it back again to the heart; that friction, elastic compression and gravitation, are all overcome by some vital power in transmitting it both ways. What is that power? By whom and how is it generated and maintained? Why is it that a pin-scratch will stop the wondrous working of that power and send a soul to eternity in an instant? On the same principle as that upon which the scoffer denies the existence of his Maker, and with the same propriety, he might

against his own actual knowledge to the contrary say that no such power exists, or that immediate death would not necessarily result from lacerating the heart. No man knows anything about that power, nor how nor why so insignificant a thing as a pin-scratch should utterly and instantly destroy it.

A great deal of the noblest and most important wisdom with which the world is blest, and much of the learning with which it is cursed, are obtained by visual inspection of parchment and paper upon which certain characters were inscribed ages ago, which serve as the conduit through which the thought of antiquity is transmitted to us. By beholding certain parcels of such material we can see Sardanapalus doting over his Myrrha, the just indignation of Salamenes, and hear the Greek Slave protest with her royal lover against the reckless indulgence of his lust which consigned them hand in hand to the pyre, composed of one of the noblest edifices of antiquity. By beholding another we may see the greatest philosopher the world has known, lift the fatal cup to his lips, and hear him mildly reprove his friends for weeping at so trifling an affair as his death. When some savant succeeds in reasoning his Maker out of existence he should then explain these phenomena, or else proceed with his reasoning to show that they are not.

We are continuously in contact with, and perception of phenomena of a material type, which cannot be accounted for. No one can tell why a bud swells and bursts, and expands into and forms a leaf. If it is caused by a combination of the influences or effects of a certain temperature with moisture, and the chemical properties of the soil from which it springs, what produces or causes such combination? If this is motion, which is supposed to vitalize and maintain all organic existence, what produces or causes such motion? Why is it that a clot of blood as large as a pea, lodged on some of the convolutions of the brain will totally destroy some of the mental powers? These subjects are tangible, physical, and may be apprehended by means of the senses. If their various conditions at the various stages and under the various circumstances of their existence cannot be accounted for, when we have the

facts consisting of the condition, stage, and circumstance, palpably before us to reason from, how can we account for, or know anything about the conditions of the spirit, the existence of which at any stage and under any circumstances, is less, if at all palpable to any of our senses ?

The brain may be chemically analyzed and reduced to its ultimate material components, but no one will claim that it is then understood. It is universally recognized as the throne of the kingdom of Mind, but no one will claim to know how it is tenanted. The peculiarity of its substance and construction seems to render it more appropriately adapted to the office of thought than any other organ, but portions of the same, or a precisely similar substance permeate every part of the body; yet no one will attempt to explain why all thought is evolved in the brain. One in the prime of his mental manhood may give utterence to a beautiful, a grand, a sublime thought, the production or deduction of the brain. A bodkin may pierce his heart, and he is not a man. There would be no physical change in the constituent elements of the brain, but in a moment after it is found to be pure animal substance, having undergone no change except having ceased to act as it ceased to be properly acted upon. It cannot thereafter conceive a thought. Something, perhaps not a physical substance, but something has departed from it. Perhaps it departed because the cessation of the influence of the heart's action rendered it untenantable by such occupant,—the being which was there a moment ago, reasoning that there is no God because it could not comprehend Him, and that its own departure from its tenement of cellular tissue and gray matter terminates its existence. If that occupant which has so departed is a power, condition, or capacity, it may still be as substantial as any one ought to claim that a soul can be, and there is but little in a name. Unless we know something about that occupant or thing which has so departed, we are not justified in saying that it does not thereafter exist at all, merely because we no longer find it occupying the particular substance which we know it lately occupied. We knew too little about it when in personal contact with it to conjecture what became of it in its departure. Some

of the thought it evolved and gave to the world may still exist, retained in some one's memory, or perhaps chronicled in some scoffer's philosophy. Such existence may not be very substantial, yet it may be sufficiently materialistic to imply the continuous existence of the late occupant of the defunct brain.

Unless one knows something definite of a subject his argument relating thereto ought not to alarm any one. No one can possibly know what it is, or is not, or that nothing is beyond the grave, more certainly than he can know what is, or is not, or that nothing is beyond the limit to which vision has reached in space. Out to a certain limit in space it is demonstrated that certain celestial systems exist. By analogy we may reasonably presume that other similar ones exist beyond, and beyond, until the imagination staggers at the inconceivable vast. Down to a certain point in human existence it is demonstrated that the person is *more* than a mere animated aggregation of substance. The animated substance itself does not perish, it does not go out of existence, it merely changes place, form and condition; and this it is constantly doing even while it composes the substantive part of the person. The other, the *more,* may be a mere impersonal abstraction, and still it is morally certain to exist beyond physical life in the memory of those who knew it in life.

It is rational, at least it is almost universal, to desire to be remembered with esteem after death. There would be no basis for such desire if death was absolutely the end of the person's existence. Such desire is in the nature of a state or a habit of mind. Then mind would seem to be more than a mere impersonal abstraction, more than a mere state of habit.

What is said here, and perhaps all that can be said, may not prove the existence of the soul after physical death, or the claim to superiority or validity of any religious system. But I think it is shown that no one can know anything so inimical to the claims of such systems as to justify him in calling them fraudulent, where the most that is known of them is such as the world must recognize as the benign result of the prevalence of Christianity. The prevalence of that system bred and fostered the civilization which made the intellectual attainment possible.

by means of which the scoffer is enabled to make an egregious ass of himself in reviling the very system to which he owes whatever attainment he has.

I think it follows that when such system is attacked in a course of reasoning, its adherents should not become its defenders. They might point to its workings and effects and ask the scoffer to account for them, or they might ask him to explain and account for physical and mental phenomena such as I have mentioned. Let him explain the power, or whatever it may be, that electrifies the millions of nerve cells and fibres, and how it is that intelligence is instantaneously transmitted from the remotest peripheral frontier, to the central office in the *optic thalamus*, and is thence instantaneously distributed over thousands of lines of communication to incite and direct organic action. Science has discovered the facts, let reason account for them, or else permit their great Author to exist.

But unfortunately unbelief has not monopolized egotism. There are those in the faith who are afflicted with an itch for fame that cannot be allayed by rubbing the back against a tombstone. They seem to fancy they know something, and that they are forbidden to bury their talent in the earth. Their self-conceit is not to be gratified by an easy victory, such as I have shown can be achieved by calling on the scoffer for his data, or asking him to account for certain well known phenomena. The importance of his assault is first magnified so he may be considered a foe worthy the defender's steel, and the validity of his reasoning is so far admitted as to justify the zealot in entering the arena with him. They then lash and thrust each other unmercifully, and the world is edified with an exhibition of personal prowess in a contest which settles nothing beyond its own futility. The zealots vanity (ambition?) will be more gratefully gratified in a display of his own wisdom than in demonstrating that his opponent has none, or has not sufficient to overthrow the system assailed.

In the volume in question the reviler's attack is given its chief importance in the beginning of the book. It is said, "Strange difficulties have been raised by some concerning personal identity, or the sameness of living agents, implied in the

notion of our existing now and hereafter, or in any two successive moments; * * * *."

The objection is admitted to be a difficulty, and a very deeply learned and labored volume is written to get rid of it. So far as the individual is personally concerned, there would seem to be but one object in attempting to show that such personal identity does not continue after the physical death. That would be to enfranchise the mind, to relieve it of what a so-called atheism seems to regard a slavish subjection to an imagined superior power, enforced by fear of ill in an imaginary future. If atheism should establish that there is no such continuous personal identity, it would rationally follow that there could be no present responsibility for future consequences; and hence, so far as the individual is concerned, no system of religion based on the idea of such continuous existence could be valid. It could have no efficacious sanction. So both parties base Christianity on the basest of human motives,—selfishness. The scoffer's object then seems to be to establish that the doctrine of Christianity is absurd because he does not find it in accord with what he regards the reasonable deductions to be made from his observations of physical phenomena. More accurately, he ridicules it because he cannot understand it.

The zealot then attempts to establish the validity of the doctrine of Christianity by reasoning from what he terms the analogy of Nature. It is clear that there can be but one fair way to reason from such supposed analogy. That is to take the whole "constitution and course of nature" so far as it relates to the example cited in drawing the analogy, and then analogically trace the inferences and deductions to their final results. To do this one must know all about nature so far as it relates to the example cited, he must know that what he hypothecates or postulates therein must be as he hypothecates or postulates it. Otherwise his starting point is mere quick-sand. To insist on the continuance of personal identity and existence after physical death because of any supposed analogy thereto in nature, one must suppose the subsequent existence and continuance to be analogous to that which we see in physical life,

and upon which we base the analogy. Analogy argues nothing (much less it proves) further than it extends and applies.

The Apologist says, "From our being born into the present world in the helpless imperfect state of infancy, and having arrived from thence to mature age, we find it to be a general law of nature in our own species, that the same creatures, the same individuals, should exist in different degrees of life and perception, with capacities of action, of enjoyment, and suffering, in one period of their being, greatly different from those appointed to them in another period of it. * * * * But the states of life in which we existed formerly, in the womb and in our infancy, are almost as different from our present, in mature age, as it is possible to conceive any two states or degrees of life can be. Therefore, that we are to exist hereafter in a state as different (suppose) from our present, as this is from our former, is but according to the analogy of nature; according to a natural order or appointment, of the very same kind with what we have already experienced."

Let us test the validity of this so-called analogy. Because we may have had a physical existence for three score and ten years, shall we assume therefrom that we shall have a spiritual existence throughout eternity? If existence after death and throughout eternity is to be proved by analogy with nature, the present existence should, analogically, be shown to be the sequel to an existence prior and analogous to it, and so backward to the earliest dawn of eternity. The future existence cannot be analogous to the present existence unless the present is successive to a prior one. If the survival by the living agent of this fluxation, or the continuance therein of the personal identity argues a future existence *to* all eternity, it must with the same propriety and force argue a prior existence *from* all eternity. That which is never to cease, cannot be imagined to have had a beginning. It is impossible to imagine that anything in time has its parallel in eternity.

The apologist says, "we cannot argue from the *reason* of the thing, that death is the destruction of living agents, because we know not at all what death is in itself; but only some of its effects, such as the dissolution of flesh, skin, and bones; and

these effects do in no wise appear to imply the destruction of a living agent." By a parity of reasoning birth, the organization of the flesh, skin and bones into the individual existence does not imply the creation of the living agent. But if such birth, organization, does not imply the creation or bringing into being of the living agent, it is difficult to conceive how or when it originates. If it does imply the creation or bringing into being of the living agent, then a new soul is created for each and every embryo that reaches the period of gestation at which there is foetal life, and a puerperal accident may land it in eternity with the sins of its guilty progenitors on its head. The organization of the foetus by the coition of the parents must be the creation of the soul, or at least birth must be the production of the soul. Otherwise the soul must have always existed, and, as it goes from the childish prattle and utter irresponsibility of infancy in the course of an ordinary lifetime, to the wicked purpose and fatal accountability of mature manhood, it must have been in a very extreme state of un-organization and irresponsibility a few cycles back in eternity. I do not pretend to say what may or may not be. I am not attempting to prescribe or limit Omnipotent Power. I am speaking of reasoning from Analogy. If it appears in such reasoning that the living agent is not affected by, but continues to exist after the physical death, it ought also to appear that it was not affected by, but had existed before the physical birth. Otherwise the analogy is imperfect and unfair and the reasoning therefrom is necessarily fallacious.

As above shown the apologist says that the survival by the individual of the several changes of life is analogy sufficient from which to infer the continuance after death of the same living agent, in form and condition as different from the present, as the mature is different from the embryonic state. If that is correct, it is also sufficient from which to infer the individual existence prior to birth of the same living agent, in form and condition as different from any of them as they can be from each other. If it is to exist after physical death *to* all eternity, it must have existed before physical birth *from* all eternity. Analogy furnishes as much and as valid argument for one of

these existences as for the other, and no other anological argument can be valid. The analogical apologist then is committed to the Oriental doctrine of transmigration, which he probably did not contemplate when he started out to authenticate the doctrine of Christianity by reasoning from its supposed "analogy to the constitution and course of nature." It would seem much safer to rely on the disputed account of the miraculous foundation of the Faith, than to attempt to verify its claims to genuineness by reasoning from any such supposed analogy.

Inferences backward are as legitimate and reasonable as inferences forward, especially when all the space and time in which their conclusions are posited are (or relate to affairs) outside the sphere and period occupied by the facts reasoned from, the facts on which we base the analogy. The apologist himself says, "Thus in the daily course of natural providence, God operates in the very same manner as in the dispensations of Christianity; making one thing subservient to another; this to somewhat farther; and so on, through a progressive series of means, which extend both *backward* and forward, beyond our utmost view." But without this unintended concession, I am confident that no profound and fair rationalist will object to what I have said about fairness and validity in analogical reasoning. The analogy must be taken entire and not in parts, and must be traced whichever way it leads to its necessary logical results. If when thus dealt with it proves too much, it is as bad as if when traced in the most favorable direction it fails to prove enough.

The apologist says, "That which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us, is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us, is the supposition of our happiness and misery hereafter, depending upon our actions here."

He proceeds therefrom to write a chapter to show the supposed validity of his proposition, that happiness and misery after death depend upon the conduct in life. He adduces alleged analogies in nature, such as dissipation and disease, depravity and degradation, profligacy and penury, and numer-

ous others, each in contrast with its respective antithesis. While I think the analogies and the arguments therefrom are not fair, because sufficient attention is not given to personal constitution and environment, yet I shall not wholly reject them until they are duly considered. Neither shall I deny that future happiness and misery are dependent upon present conduct. But if the analogies were fair the reasoning is unfair, or rather it establishes nothing because it is incomplete. Traced to its necessary analogical results, if future happiness and misery depend upon the conduct in this life, and if misery after physical death is the due reward of bad conduct in this life, then the miseries of this life must be the due reward of bad conduct in an existence prior to it. It matters not that we fancy we can attribute present miseries to causes arising in this life. Analogically, we may as well hold that bad conduct in a prior existence entailed our present misery through the instrumentality, or as an apparent result of, the causes to which we attribute them, which causes are themselves miseries, and may be likewise superinduced, as to hold that it should entail it directly, and without the agency of such bad conduct in this life; or, that bad conduct in this life will entail misery directly or indirectly in a future life.

Now, there is a cardinal principle of morals which I believe no rationalist ever did, or ever will dispute. It is that punishment not understood, and the reasons for which are to the sufferer unknown, is unjust. Yet the apologist argues that the miseries of the future life are the deserved punishment of bad conduct in this life. Unless we know the wickedness of which we were guilty in the life prior to the present life, and for which we suffer present pain, the punishment is unjust. Analogically, we have no reason to believe we will in the future life know any more about the reason for its torments, than we now know about the bad conduct of the life prior to the present life which entailed our present miseries. In either case we may know we suffer without knowing that we are punished in retributive justice. So with the child which dies from an inherited disease,—regarded as a punishment for bad conduct, it is not only unjust, it is barbarous and absurd.

Thus it appears that while the system defended needs no support, it can derive none from any sound and legitimate reasoning from any supposed "analogy to the constitution and course of nature." Certainly it has derived none from the great bulwark erected for its defence in the volume in question.

While there is quite a good deal of the devotional and exhortative parts of the work which appears to be written in a true Christian spirit, yet I believe that nothing can be much more irreverent and deleterious to Christianity itself, than a complacent affectation of an easy familiarity with the ways of Infinite Wisdom. They are hopelessly and eternally beyond the possibility of human comprehension. It cannot tend otherwise than to belittle the system and doctrine of Christianity, to attempt to reconcile egotistical unbelief by dragging the doctrine from the zenith of its divinity to the level of a human understanding. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." If eighteen centuries of almost uninterrupted, unprecedented, and otherwise unaccountable progress in civilization, and moral and intellectual attainment, argue nothing to self-conceited philosophy, it certainly cannot be convinced by argument from alleged analogies which do not hold good, but which, traced to their necessary logical results end in palpable absurdity.

As above indicated, history conclusively establishes the fact that ever since the foundation of Christianity there has been a phenomenal improvement in the mental, moral, and intellectual phases of human life wherever the light of that system has shone. Where it has not shone there has been no such result. There is no analogy to this in nature, and it cannot be explained or intelligibly accounted for by any process of reasoning from any known fact or supposable analogy. Such a system in such case cannot need any apologist's defence. It asserts itself, and if it is genuine it manifests its own genuineness. If it affords man the opportunity to escape impending and perhaps merited damnation, or, if it supplies him with facilities for, or impetus to a higher and nobler existence, its advocates ought not to enter into a heated debate with those who fancy themselves its opponents, to convince them of its

merit or validity on the ground of any supposed analogy between it and something else in which we see more of ill than of good. If a remedy has cured a disease or produced a good result, no argument is necessary to show that it was adapted to the case. If it has been tried for eighteen centuries and has not cured the disease nor produced a good result, no argument can show that it is adapted to the case.

Such light and beneficence, if any, as have come from Providence to man, have been imparted to him as a matter of grace and condescension. There is no logic in the story of Jacob's wrestle with the Angel. The Angel could have thrown him every fall, and if he intended to bless him he could not logically have provoked his evil passions by tantalizing him to impatience and strife. I cannot believe that Omnipotence has ever authorized, or will ever countenance any truckling in its behalf, or any disparaging comparisons to be made by its advocates. While they might appropriately urge mankind to see their own interests and "flee the wrath to come," I am confident that they usurp the authority to contend with impotent Egotism for the validity of Christianity and the existence of its Founder. The most of such instances are the frantic efforts of a counter egotism to assert itself rather than well advised arguments for divine authority. They are especially censurable where, as in the volume under consideration, the analogies and arguments are so palpably fallacious as to tend to the discredit of the system advocated, if it were susceptible to injury at human hands. If the cause needs defence at all, it is against the effects of the impotent and incoherent ravings of its zealots.

Among the last, and probably the most sincere expressions of one of the greatest minds of modern times was this, "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, but detesting superstition." His life was a devotion to human liberty, personal, intellectual, and moral. When such a character is assailed by the great galaxy of frenzied fanatics, and the cause which he has *not* impugned is defended in an elaborate process of unsound reasoning, from unreal and illegitimate analogy, it would seem that the superstition was the object of deepest solicitude, next after the name and fame of the apologist.

NOTE.—In passing from a consideration of the philosophy of Butler's Analogy to that of Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World, the transition is much greater in point of time than in respect of the subject matter of the discussion. It will be observed that Bishop Butler argues that his religion *may* be valid because it cannot be demonstrated that the Spiritual existence bears no resemblance in any respect to the Physical. He labors to show that the mind may suppose an analogy between the two existences. Drummond carries the argument still further, even into assertion that the Physical is a working model of the Spiritual; and attempts to avert the consequences of the use of analogy by intensifying the analogy itself into identity. Their arguments, however, as arguments, are so nearly identical that their logical results will be found to be the same. They are equally intent on making the Spiritual respectable by reason of a supposed kinship or resemblance to the Physical.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGION'S OBSEQUIOUS HOMAGE TO SCIENCE.

Prefatory Apologies for Theological Discussion Imply its Impropriety—Natural Law in Spiritual World, Based on Analogy Between the Two Spheres —Religion Derives no New Credential from Philosophy—Paul Placed it Above Science—Kant's Idea of Socratic Method—Unfair Methods of Fanatics, Requiring Disproof—Nicodemus Put Upon His Own Faith—Analogy Posits Beginning and End of Eternity—Truculence of Theology to Science —Heredity Illustrates Absurdity of Analogy—Periods and Progress Irreconcilable With Eternal Spiritual Existence—Inanimate Spirit-Substance Requisite to Analogy—Biogenesis Implies Beginning and Ending of Life of Almighty—Apologetics Implies Insufficiency of Divine Authority—Spencer, Religion to Be Such, Must Be an Absolute Mystery—Law of Death—Nature Squaring Her Account With Sin—Man and the Lily—Heredity and Environment—Impropriety and Irreverence in Alleged Religious Philosophy.

To apologize for having inflicted upon the reading world an addition to its multitude of books, implies a consciousness that for some reason it should not have been done. In most preludes to modern ebullitions of genius, such apologies are so blended with aimless eloquence in the platitudes announcing, or rather disguising the purpose, that they are barely discernible. Still, they are frequently deducible from the learned vagaries and glittering generalities with which such prologues are embellished. There are few authors who, bent on airing themselves on some point at issue between different schools of thought, desire to be understood as maintaining that such subject ought not to be regarded as open to discussion, especially when introducing to the reader an elaborate work in support of a party to the controversy. To do so is to condemn the purpose of the work. Such self-imposed and merited condemnation is not obviated by a mere change in name of the undertaking, from that of others which may have disappointed the hopes of the zealous.

To attempt to maintain the validity of any religious system, by improvising and discussing such a subject as Natural Law In The Spiritual World, is an attempt to maintain such validity on the ground of a supposed analogy between the two spheres.

The remark in a preface to such an undertaking that Science and Religion never should have been contrasted, and that "the critics have *rightly* discovered that, in most cases where Science is either pitted against Religion or fused with it, there is some fatal misconception to begin with as to the scope and province of either," is a reflection upon the apologist's predecessors in that field. At the same time it places his own undertaking at a disadvantage not to be obviated by merely claiming "that the fact of the subject matter being law,—places it on a somewhat different footing."

To attempt to "identify the natural laws, or any of them in the Spiritual Sphere," is to insist upon an analogy between the two spheres. Natural Laws are the manifestation of the constitution and course of nature, or they are nothing. To maintain that "the laws of nature are simply statements of the orderly condition of things in nature, what is found in nature by a sufficient number of *competent* observers," implies a purpose to argue the supposed analogy. To follow such declaration with the assertion that, "What these laws are in themselves is not agreed, that they have any absolute existence even is far from certain," reflects somewhat unfavorably upon the *competency* of the observers who are said to have discovered them. Such self-inflicted blows are not to be parried after they are received, nor is their effect to be meliorated by any process of irrelevant abstraction, nor by comparison with such distinctions as are supposed to obtain between latitude and its parallels, and gravity and gravitation. Having made natural law appear as unsubstantial as words can express, and having almost denied its existence, the apologist says, "if the analogies of natural law can be extended to the Spiritual World, that whole region at once falls within the domain of Science and secures a basis as well as an illumination in the constitution and course of nature." He proposes to authenticate what the Almighty has left in doubt, and to illumine what He has left obscure, by tracing in the Spiritual Sphere the laws whose "existence even is far from certain."

There is but little logic in the attempt to remove one doubt by the expression of another, or in attempting to trace a sys-

tem of laws whose very "existence is far from certain," into a Sphere concerning which nothing definite can be imagined. The assertion that "*if* the analogies of natural law can be extended to the Spiritual World, that whole region at once falls within the domain of Science," is the statement of a monstrous *if*, and involves the reduction of the absolute to the relative. It also involves the proposition to construct a science of law, for a System which cannot be conceived of as subject to any law of which the mind can conceive. The words Spiritual World mean the infinite spiritual existence of the beings who migrate from the natural world to and inhabit it. To be infinite it can have neither beginning nor ending. To have either it must have both; it must be subject to vicissitude and time, and be finite. If Spiritual does not imply eternal, it cannot imply or be more than physical; nor different from physical, unless it be attribute or condition of physical. If it is infinite it must be absolute, and cannot be relative. If it is absolute it cannot be conceived of as subject to any law of which the mind can conceive. In its utmost the mind can only conceive of things as relative. It can no more conceive of the infinite and absolute as subject to any law of which it can conceive, than it can conceive of a limit beyond which space cannot extend, or a time beyond which eternity cannot endure.

The assertions that if natural law can be traced in the Spiritual World it would offer Religion a new credential, and that the effect of the introduction of law among the scattered phenomena of nature has simply been to make science, to transform knowledge into eternal truth, and that the same crystalizing touch is needed in religion, stigmatize religion in a manner and to a degree which is not divinely authorized. To argue that the phenomena of the Spiritual World are scattered, from the fact that the religious opinions of mankind are in a state of flux, to assert that the one thing thinking men are waiting for is the introduction of law among the phenomena of the Spiritual world, and that on their part this is a reasonable demand, are only equalled in truculence by the proposition to offer such men a truly scientific theology. "Because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto

babes," thinking men may wait too long if they will have none but a truly scientific theology. The wayfaring man if he were a fool might err in the truly scientific theology, as egregiously as the apologist, who, determined not to be out-done by Christ in the reconciliation of God to him, now proposes to reconcile Science to Christ, or at least to propitiate it in his favor. Christ may regard it a complimentary exhibition of the spirit of reciprocity, or possibly a favor, to be tendered a proposition to *swap work* on terms involving an engagement to offer thinking men a truly scientific theology. But Paul would seem to have misconceived his mission when he said he was sent to preach the gospel; not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ be made of none effect.

It was never at Paul's instance that Religion fawned at the feet of Philosophy, or sought a new credential in any supposed analogy to nature, or courted a comparison with the things of this world. He said, "we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory. * * * Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual." When the pupil of Gamaliel was called, and found the faith ridiculed by the prevailing wisdom, he made no attempt to give it a new credential by tracing natural law in the Spiritual World. It might have been difficult to find in nature an analogy to the incarnation, the cross, the transfiguration, or the ascension. If Science is more important to Christianity than these, it is still a radical religious reform that goes from the justification of man by faith to the justification of God by analogy.

The analogy is alternately argued and assumed throughout the course of the treatise. The herculean efforts to disguise or mask the purpose to urge it in the usual vein of apologetics, under layers of learning relating to several of the subjects of natural law, and by tracing such law in the Spiritual World on the authority of discoveries made in chemical and microscopical analysis in modern Biology, fail as signally as the effort to establish the divine authority of the Creator, on the empirical

knowledge of the creature. All the prefatory disavowals of such purpose that can be written, together with all the *nom de plumes* by which such work can be called, cannot, in the light of the foregoing extracts, and the frequent comparisons in the body of the work, successfully conceal its real purpose. In one place the apologist says, "the position we have been led to take up, is not that the Spiritual laws are analogous to the natural laws, but that they are the same laws. It is not a question of analogy but of identity—Analogous phenomena are not the fruit of parallel laws, but of the same laws—laws which at one end, as it were, may be dealing with matter, at the other end with spirit." Then after a great deal of circumlocution and artistic evasion, the apologist seems to have wearied with the effort to get rid of the odium which he seems to think attaches to that which properly should have been the title of his book, and says, "as there will be some inconvenience, however, in dispensing with the word analogy, we shall continue occasionally to use it."

The proposition that the same laws deal at one end with matter and at the other end with Spirit, is exceedingly visionary. If they are the same laws they must have the same or similar effects. But we are not told what species of Spirit it is which, according to natural law, preys upon and devours another species. Nor are we told that the apologist selects and extends only certain ones of the natural laws into the Spiritual World. Nor, if he does so, by what standard he makes the selection. If analogous phenomena are necessarily the fruit of the same laws, the same laws necessarily produce analogous phenomena. This involves eternally recurring procreations, births, growths, diseases, deaths, decays, and additional and eternally recurring future Spiritual Worlds. It is by a law of nature that man is begotten and born, grows for a time, halts a while, and finally dies. If that natural law extends into the Spiritual World and produces analogous phenomena, it would be interesting to conjecture the number of ghostlets which the spirit departing from the body here will beget there, before it yields up its more attenuated evanescence to another and more unsubstantial Spiritual World. If we attempt to trace natural

law in the Spiritual World on scientific biological principles, so as to be prepared to offer thinking men a truly scientific theology, we must take it with its indispensable concomitants and consequences, its births, growths, diseases, deaths, decays, and successive existences. Future existence must be a fruit of natural law, if such law deals at one end with matter and at the other end with spirit. It must have its analogy in the future or spiritual world, in still further existences. If it is not a fruit of natural law, such law does not extend into the Spiritual World.

The apologist says, "Science deals with known facts; and accepting certain known facts in the Spiritual World we proceed to arrange them, to discover their laws, to inquire if they can be stated in the terms of the rest of our knowledge." But he names no known fact in the Spiritual World which is so accepted, or which as a phenomenon is the fruit of natural law in the Spiritual World, nor does he state how any such fact could be known. He had just stated that it is not agreed what natural laws are, and that it is far from certain that they exist. But he seems to be proof against discomfiture. He boldly declares that "Nature is not a mere image or emblem of the Spiritual. In the Spiritual World the same wheels revolve—but without the iron. The same figures flit across the stage, the same processes of growth go on, the same functions are discharged, the same Biological laws prevail—only with a different quality of Bios." And again that "Biogenesis is the law for all life, and for all kinds of life, and the particular substance with which it is associated is as different to Biogenesis as it is to gravitation. * * * The conclusion finally is, that from the nature of law in general, and from the scope of the principle of continuity in particular, the laws of the natural life must be those of the spiritual life."

If the work in question has a foundation, this is its chief corner stone. Whatever is said herein against the validity of the argument, is said upon the hypothesis that the apologist meant to maintain these propositions. That the same figures flit across the stage in the Spiritual as in the physical sphere, implies that no others do, and that those leave that stage.

That the same processes of growth go on implies the same or similar causes for the growth, the same or similar beginning, duration, results, and termination of it. Accordingly a twenty-one year old spirit would be full grown, because by virtue of the natural law which extends into the Spiritual World it could not grow any more. It might become more corpulent, but it would not grow taller. Should it escape contagion, and not catch cold or be crossed in love, it might live to a green old age, and dandle its grandchildren on its knees in the late evening of a well spent spiritual life. That the natural is a working model of the Spiritual World, implies that the workings of the one are duplicated, or that analogous ones are done in the other. That the same functions are discharged, the same biological laws prevail, implies that the inhabitants of the Sphere Spiritual beget, multiply, grow, die, decay, and yield up other and still more vapory evanescences of themselves, to other and still more ethereal Spiritual Worlds. By no other means could the same functions be discharged, and the same biological laws prevail. And when the same figures flit across the stage, they may leave it for some other stage, or they may merely retire to the green-room.

Now if the doctrine is apparent, it may be interesting to know the occasion of the great undertaking, to inquire if it justifies the tugging of the Old Ship of Zion in the wake of the dredge-boat of Science. The apologist says, "What then has Science done to make Theology tremble? It is its method. It is its system. It is its reign of law. It is its harmony and continuity. The attack is not specific. No one point is assailed. It is the whole system which when compared with the other and weighed in *its* balance is found wanting. An eye which has looked upon the first cannot look upon this. To do that and rest in the contemplation, it has first to uncentury itself."

So Science is leaving the Lord in the lurch. In their rivalry for the favor and approval of man science is too much for Religion. For Religion to have a shadow of hope, the doctrine of Christ and his Apostles must be remodeled. St. Paul's methods must be abandoned, and religion must be taught "in terms of

the rest of our knowledge," even if the cross of Christ be made of none effect. Religion must be made a truly scientific theology, for which purpose *known facts* in the Spiritual World must be learnedly surmised, stated in the terms of the rest of our knowledge, and shown to be analogous to facts which science denominates the fruit of natural law, which, forsooth, at one end operates on matter, and at the other end on spirit.

But a difficulty appears. We are not told who it is that has authorized the weighing of Christ's religion in the balance of Science. We think that this religion has wrought the greatest civilization, intellectual attainment, and best system of morals ever known. It is in the balance of Science that the apologist says it is weighed when it is found wanting. Had he given the authority for its submission to such test, and if it were sufficient, his argument might have been more cogent. If on the other hand there is no authority therefor, his argument is not only gratuitous supererogation,—it is an impiously arrogant affectation of familiarity with the Almighty, an egotistical assumption of authority, and a childish display of wordy wisdom, which lacks little of blasphemy. I find no author to whom the apologist refers with more frequency and apparent approval than St. Paul, who, as above shown must have been in error if the apologist is right. This leaves nothing to be said on that part of the subject, further than to recall attention to the foregoing extracts from the Epistles. The question thus resolves itself into one of authority between the Apostle and the apologist.

The greatest modern metaphysician, speaking of his favorite science has said, "it will confer an inestimable benefit on morality and religion by showing that all objections urged against them, may be silenced forever by the *Socratic* method, that is to say, by proving the ignorance of the objector." But egotistic zeal is seldom satisfied until it proves its own ignorance. In the case under consideration this is proved by the apologist's alarm for religion at the method, the system, the reign of law, the harmony and continuity of Science. The proof is strengthened in his effort to trace these characteristics in the Spiritual World. Having painted a vivid verbal picture of a world of

chance the apologist says, "Now this is no more than a real picture of what the world would be without law, or the universe without continuity. * * * As the Natural Laws are continuous throughout the universe of matter and space, so will they be continuous throughout the universe of spirit. * * * Those who deny it must furnish the disproof." This supposes a strange rule of evidence, one that no person on trial for his life would wish to see signalized for its continuity. Litigants are required to furnish the proof, but never in the first instance, the disproof. In Law a *prima facie* case must be first made, and it is never made by disproof. Had the apologist shown an analogy between the physical and Spiritual Worlds sufficient to raise the presumption that the natural law of the former prevails throughout the latter, he might with more propriety have called for the disproof. But both spheres must be known in order to know that there is any analogy between them. It would be ridiculous in any one to claim to know even the physical sphere. If either of the spheres is unknown no analogy between them can be shown. Until such analogy is shown there is not even a suspicion to be removed by either proof or disproof.

He says his "argument is based upon a principle which is now acknowledged to be universal." But if the principle is not universally so acknowledged, or invulnerably established, it may be more in the nature of an assumption than a principle. One may as well assume the whole matter in controversy, as to assume the basis of his argument. The principle of continuity in natural law throughout the physical sphere may be universally acknowledged to be universal, but to show that it prevails in the Spiritual Sphere by reason of such laws extending to the Spiritual Sphere, a knowledge of that sphere and an analogy between it and the physical sphere are requisite. If continuity of such law remains continuous the individual existences will be as nearly analogously duplicated in all respects, as the spiritual, which is supposed to be omnipotent, is capable of duplicating the physical. Those who in this world die the youngest, will there flit across the stage the quickest. This is natural law here, and continuity, to be continuous, must continue it the same way or analogously there. St. Paul was not

aware of this principle of continuity when he thought he was declaring to the Corinthians a mystery; that "we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

Insisting that the *end* of natural law which deals with spirit is not supplemented by purely spiritual laws, the apologist says, "But if the objection is pressed that it is contrary to the analogy, and unreasonable in itself, that there should not be new laws for this higher sphere, the reply is obvious. Let these laws be produced. If the spiritual nature, in inception, growth, and development, does not follow natural principles, let the true principles be stated and explained." This might be difficult to do, but if the spiritual nature does follow natural principles in inception, growth, and development, it must, under the principle of continuity, also follow them in decline, disease, death, decay, and the yielding up of another and correspondingly more *spirituelle* spirit, to another and correspondingly more ethereal spiritual world. Modesty may decline the challenge to produce the purely spiritual laws with which the spiritual end of the natural laws are supplemented in the Spiritual World. But it may with as much propriety offer to produce them, as to reason that they extend there, when their very existence "is far from certain.

When Nicodemus had his memorable interview with the Son he was put upon his own responsibility and faith, and there is no authentic precedent for anything like a solution of the apologist's problem. He was told that "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." St. Paul said "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. * * * even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God." But the "wisdom of God in a mystery" had not then been tested on principles of reversion to Type, nor had it been subjected to chemical and microscopical tests. The ignorance or reserve of Christ and St. Paul was compen-

sated for by miracle,—it is now proposed to give them a new credential in the results of recent research in the domain of Biology.

Arguing the principle of continuity the apologist says, "With the gradual aggregation of mass the energy of the universe has been slowly disappearing, and this loss of energy must go on until none remains. There is, therefore, a point in time when the energy of the universe must come to an end; and that which has its end in time cannot be infinite, it must also have had a beginning in time." If we trace this natural law from the end which deals with matter to the end which deals with spirit, the beginning and end of Eternity are unequivocally posited. If nature is a working model of the spiritual it must of course work in like manner with the spiritual, and the spiritual has had a beginning, and is destined to lose all its energy and come to an end. In other words, eternity is not eternal. If, as the apologist says, "the origin in time of the visible universe is implied from known facts with regard to the dissipation of energy;" if there is a point in time when the universe must come to an end; and if all this is the necessary result of natural law, one end of which deals with spirit; and if the natural is a working model of the spiritual, and hence works in the same manner, Eternity must have begun in time, and must come to an end in time. Perhaps the Lord may *then* be brought in line with science.

The apologist says that "for two hundred years the scientific world has been rent with discussion upon the origin of life;" that one school maintains that it is spontaneously generated from matter, the other that it must come from pre-existent life; and that "it is now recognized on every hand that life can only come from the touch of life." And further that "for more than two hundred years a similar discussion has dragged its length through the religious world. Two great schools have also defended exactly opposite views—one that the spiritual life in man can come only from pre-existent life, the other that it can spontaneously generate itself." The doctrine of Biogenesis having triumphed over that of spontaneous generation in the physical sphere, the apologist proposes

to trail Elijah's chariot of fire at the tail gate of the Ox-wain of science, and give religion a new credential by bringing the Lord in line with the punctilious intelligence of His creatures, which seems now to have discovered a parallel for His wisdom, and to have solved His mystery by certain manipulations of matter in an hermetically sealed tube. The effort to solve this question, as it is supposed to relate to spiritual life, implies that it is important; to insist on its solution in accord with the doctrines of physical Biogenesis, is to insist on an analogy between the physical and spiritual spheres. And both are degrading to and unworthy the cause. They involve many manifest absurdities, one of which occurs in considering the subject with relation to heredity. Heredity is unquestionably a natural law. If one end of it extends into the spiritual sphere, the apologist ought to inform us what particular breed of spirits it is, from which the stiff-necked spirit of man inherits its obstancy. Unless man is endowed with a spirit which is inclined to evil, there can be no occasion for any religion. If man is endowed with a spirit so inclined, and if the natural law of Biogenesis operates at one end on spirit, then the perverse spirit of man must inherit its evil propensities from the Celestial progenitor who dallies with the matron *spirituelle* at the time of the inception of the spiritual nature. He says this inception, together with the growth and development of the spiritual nature, follows natural principles. One of the apologist's favorite authors, from whom he quotes with great confidence has said, "Understood in its entirety, the law is, that each plant or animal produces others of like kind with itself. * * * The circumstance that the tendency to repetition is, in a slight degree qualified by the tendency to variation (which as we shall hereafter see, is but an indirect result of the tendency to repetition) leads some to doubt whether heredity is unlimited. A careful weighing of the evidence, however, and a due allowance for the influences by which the minuter manifestations of heredity are obscured will remove the grounds for this skepticism." If the apologist should trace this law, as to which there is said to be no ground for skepticism, from the end which deals with matter to the end which deals with

spirit, and then identify the begetters of the great generation of vipers, he would give his argument a new credential, equal to that which he proposes for religion.

Without specifically defining the danger of the heresy the apologist says, "If the doctrine of spontaneous generation of spiritual life can be met on scientific grounds, it will mean the removal of the most serious enemy Christianity has to deal with, and especially within its own border, at the present day." In view of the manner in which he proceeds to overthrow the heresy, and the sentiment manifest in the above extracts from his work, it is apparent that he regards the doctrine of spontaneous spiritual generation deleterious to Christianity, because it is not parallel with the doctrine of generation of physical life. He does not show what difference it could make, which of the two doctrines, or, whether either of them prevails. If the Founder of Christianity changed water into wine in an open vessel, it could be of no consequence to his religion what were the results of Bastian's and Huxley's experiments with hay infusions in hermetically sealed tubes. If the One called back from the grave in Bethany the corpse that had been buried four days, it would matter little to his religion whether we might or might not reasonably "expect a hay infusion to become gradually more and more living until in the course of the process it reached vitality." If modern investigators should claim for their discoveries a spiritual significance, and enforce the claim by the performance of such miracles as rising from the tomb, restoring sight, life, and health in others, and then going bodily to Glory, it might become important to harmonize the Christian religion with the doctrines deducible from their experiments. But the doctrines of the Apostles, especially St. Paul, would have to be abandoned, as too primitive for the progressive and scientific theology.

The idea of progress is itself destructive of the validity of any claim for analogy between the spiritual and physical spheres. Progress implies advancement from rudeness toward refinement. It is practicable to think this of physical phenomena in a physical sphere which begins and ends; but it is impracticable to think it of spiritual phenomena in a spiritual

sphere which neither begins nor ends. The germs in the hay infusion may show signs of life, and finally develope life. But they soon die and decompose, thereby perhaps generating successive germs to repeat the manifestation, and possibly attain to a higher organization and degree or life. Man progresses through various stages, from an embryo in the womb, to a foul mass of corruption in the tomb. Life and manners have progressed from a naked barbarism in the cave to an adorned civilization in the mansion. These are physical phenomena in time, traceable from their causes to their effects in time. The mind cannot conceive of parallel or analogous phenomena in spiritual existence in eternity, produced by parallel or analogous causes, beginning at some point or period in eternity, operating analogously for a while until a certain stage of progress is reached and then ending. It cannot think such thing as a point, or period, or stage of progress in eternity. Intermediate points, periods, and stages of progress imply beginning, and ending, and final results. And nothing in the eternal sphere can be thought as beginning, being, and ending in a manner analogous to any thing in the temporal sphere.

Analogy, to be analogous, should harmonize and find its counterparts or parallels in all supposable conditions. To insist on the principle of continuity for any purpose, is to avow the necessity of continuity in the alleged analogy. If the continuity of the alleged analogy is once broken, there is no more of an analogy than if there had never been even a coincidence or resemblance among the data of the two systems or states being compared. It is now claimed that all physical motion, including all life, vegetal as well as animal, is the result of the persistence of force which is very learnedly traced back through the physical processes and phenomena in which it manifests itself to the radiation of light and heat from the sun. If this is correct the sun is the generator or creator of all physical life. One of the apologist's favorite authors, in a chapter entitled the transformation and equivalence of forces has presented this doctrine very forcibly. But in generating physical life, the influences of the sun must be brought to bear upon inanimate physical substance. It is impossible to imagine a

not-living spiritual substance to be animated by the Giver, Generator, or Creator of all spiritual life. So there is no analogy here. It is impossible to imagine that the Giver, Generator or Creator of all spiritual life is constantly losing his energy so as to imply that there is a point in eternity at which all spiritual life must cease. So there is no analogy here. The apologist says there is "a point in time when the energy of the universe must come to an end," and he very positively declares the natural law by virtue of which he says it must come to an end. He also insists on the continuity of natural law in the spiritual sphere. If he succeeds in establishing the supposed analogy between the two spheres, and in tracing natural law into the spiritual sphere, and in establishing the principle of continuity there, he necessarily terminates eternity.

Science is supposed to demonstrate that there is neither increase nor diminution of matter, and that the processes which appear to be such are integration and diffusion. The continuous tangible existence of the bulk of all matter composing the bodies of all animal and vegetal existences that have been in time, would have materially enlarged the mass of tangible matter. If all the bodies that have apparently grown from germs (which were next to nothing) were actual additions to the volume of matter, the mass would now be many times larger than it is, and every cycle would perceptibly increase its volume. The mind cannot conceive such supposed increase as coming from nothing, which it must do to be actual increase. It can, however, conceive the integration and diffusion, which, superficially observed may appear to be increase and diminution, but actual increase and diminution of matter cannot be thought. If natural law extends into the spiritual world, and the principle of continuity prevails, this, or an analogous integration and diffusion, is there going on; and the tenuous components of the spiritual beings there existing, are integrated and diffused in their successive births, growths, deaths, and decays; while the ultimate quantity of that which in the spiritual sphere is equivalent or analogous to matter in the physical sphere, remains intact.

If the existence of all the solid and fluid portions of matter

in their tangible forms, is due to the motion generated by the diffusion of light and heat from the sun, and if the result of such process must be the rediffusion of all such tangible matter, and the final dissipation of the sun's heat, substance, and force, then all material existence in any form or condition of which the mind can conceive must cease, or at least revert to the intangible element from which, by virtue of the primary force it was integrated into and became tangible matter. If, under the principle of continuity, force is, and remains persistent notwithstanding the destruction of the sun, masses of tangible matter may be again integrated from such intangible element. While the process may be of incalculable duration, yet the fact that it is a process which science insists is actually going on, renders physical existence unfit for analogy with anything the mind can conceive of as spiritual existence. Such an analogy traced to its necessary logical results, ends in such an absurdity as innumerable endless eternities in succession.

The apologist frequently cites the authority of the Founder of Christianity and his chief apostle, and thereby vouches for their credit. But he inconsistently admits, or rather asserts, their insufficiency in proposing to fortify them by harmonizing their doctrine with the wisdom of this world. He certainly has no precedent therefor in either their teaching or example. One of them expressly refused the Pharisees and Sadducees a sign, and the other said he was sent to "preach the gospel, not with the wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ be made of none effect. * * * Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual." He is here forbidden to trail the banner of the cross in the dust of science. The only logical theory of the vindication of one doctrine by virtue of its analogy to another, implies that the doctrine being vindicated is of inferior authority. If this is so, its authors are no authority for anything further than what it may be in and of itself,

and regardless of its validity. They cannot properly be cited in an attempt to vindicate their doctrine by virtue of an alleged analogy which they have repudiated.

If Christ and St. Paul are authority for anything it is for the validity of their religion in and of itself and upon its own merit. According to them it is the religion of the cross and the resurrection, or it is nothing. No analogy for these can be found in nature, and they cannot be accounted for, or compared with anything ever discovered by man within the range of scientific investigation. All the learned vagaries, elaborate and nicely rounded periods, scientific and mystified allusions, and reckless assumptions, that can be wrought in language, cannot obviate the apparently trifling difficulty which the apologist himself creates, but which breaks the back of his laboriously learned effort,—that is, his apparent confidence in authority which his very apology implies is not authentic. If he is under contract to furnish thinking men a truly scientific theology, he should not go to Christ or St. Paul for any of the material out of which to construct it. He should not cite them as authority when the fact that he regards a vindication necessary, implies their insufficiency. He should not cite them to establish an analogy which they have repudiated. If there is a religion of the cross and the resurrection, it need not tremble at the frown or the sneer of any rationalist or chemical analysist. Egotistic zealots with more learning than wisdom need not rush to the rescue of such religion from the clutches of the germ microscopically detected in a hay infusion.

The apologist quotes frequently from the writings of a philosopher whose credit with the thinking world seems to be pretty well established. He has said sufficient, if he is authoritative, in one brief paragraph to show, not only that religion need not tremble at the method, the system, the reign of law, or the harmony and continuity of science; but that any attempt to harmonize it with anything knowable in nature is impossible and illogical, as well as belittling to the religion. He says, "Not only is the omnipresence of something which passes comprehension, that most abstract belief which is common to all religions, which becomes the more distinct in proportion as

they develope, and which remains after their discordant elements have been mutually cancelled; but it is that belief which the most unsparing criticism of each leaves unquestionable—or rather makes ever clearer. It has nothing to fear from the most inexorable logic; but on the contrary is a belief which the most inexorable logic shows to be more profoundly true than any religion supposes. For every religion, setting out though it does with the tacit assertion of a mystery, forthwith proceeds to give some solution of this mystery; and so asserts that it is not a mystery passing human comprehension. But an examination of the solutions they severally propound, shows them to be uniformly invalid. The analysis of every possible hypothesis proves, not simply that no hypothesis is sufficient, but that no sufficient hopothesis is even thinkable. And thus the mystery which all religions recognize, turns out to be a far more transcendent mystery than any of them suspect—not a relative but an absolute mystery." These are the words of an author sufficiently modest and sincere to admit that there is a limit to the capacity of the human mind.

I am not contending for either spontaneous generation or biogenesis in any kind of life. But I insist that no hypothesis is thinkable in which either doctrine can be of any consequence to the Christian religion. The alleged natural law, "that all life is the gift of life," when projected into the spiritual world is absurdly illogical. If all spiritual life is the gift of spiritual life, the Almighty has himself been begotten. On the authority of a microscopical examination of a hay infusion in an hermetically sealed tube, the apologist says this law is victoriously established in the physical world. To trace it in the spiritual world is the object of his collossal labor. If the spiritual life of the Almighty was not given to him, then all spiritual life is not the gift of spiritual life, and the alleged analogy is not analogous. The apologist's author whom I last above quoted says, the mystery, which all religions recognize is not a relative, but an absolute mystery. If it is not relative it can have no analogy in any thing knowable or thinkable. Everything knowable or thinkable, can be known and thought only in

relation. If it is absolute no law of which the mind can conceive can extend to or affect it.

Speaking of degeneration, and tracing an alleged analogy between the physical and spiritual types of it the apologist says, "The bible view is that man is conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity. And experience tells him that he will shape himself into further sin and ever deepening iniquity without the smallest effort, without in the least intending it, and in the most natural way in the world if he simply let his life run." If this is done without his intending it, and in the most natural way in the world, it must be the *fruit* of some natural law. It must be natural for man to go that way, he must be going in conformity with natural law as he does so. In other words, without doing violence to natural law, he soon finds himself in further sin and ever deepening iniquity, without in the least intending it, and in the most natural way in the world, if he simply let his life run. This is as absurd as the doctrine of original sin and damnation to infants. A creature subject to natural law, endowed with certain natural propensities, environed in a manner arranged *for* and not *by* him, without intending himself or any one else any wrong, or in fact intending anything, shapes himself into further sin and ever deepening iniquity. If the result of this is just retribution for wrong he has *not* done nor intended it is very unfortunate for man that he is born. It might interest him to know whose sin he is conceived in, whose iniquity it is he is shapen in, and who made it so natural for him to shape himself into further sin and ever deepening iniquity.

The apologist says, "Apart even from the law of degeneration, apart from reversion to type, there is in every living organism a law of death. * * * This law which is true for the whole plant world, is also valid for the animal and for man. Air is not life, but corruption—so literally corruption that the only way to keep out corruption when life has ebbed, is to keep out air." He does not show, however, that life would be prolonged, or that corruption would be kept out by keeping out air before life has ebbed. His analogy to this in spiritual life is interesting. It is that the "Spiritual life in like manner,

is the sum total of the functions which resist sin. The soul's atmosphere is the daily trial, circumstance, and temptation of the world. And as it is life alone which gives the plant power to utilize the elements, and as, without it, they utilize (destroy?) it, so it is the spiritual life alone which gives the soul power to utilize temptation and trial, and without it they destroy the soul." Unless air is not necessary to physical life, and unless the soul's atmosphere (trial and temptation) is necessary to spiritual life, this analogy is not very analogous. In view of the fact that the soul's atmosphere, trial and temptation, would destroy the soul if it were not for spiritual life, and that they are active working opponents of each other, it is difficult to conceive how such atmosphere can be as essential to spiritual life as air is to physical life. But the assumption and analogy are both false and frivolous. To maintain that air is corrupting because it facilitates the decomposition of matter when life has ebbed is too childish to be found in anything but a fervent ebullition of fanaticism. The alleged parallel is between physical and spiritual life. That which is indispensable to either cannot be destructive of it. If the soul's atmosphere is as necessary to its life as air is to the physical life, the soul ought to be kept pretty constantly exposed to trial and temptation. The nitrogen and oxygen of the physical air have their counterparts in the trial and temptation of the soul's atmosphere. The Almighty blew the former compound into man's nostrils, whereby he became a living soul. For the sake of the analogy the Devil blew the latter compound into the soul's nostrils, whereby it became a dying spirit. To trace any of these alleged analogies to their legitimate results, leads to palpable absurdity. Take for instance the vindication of divine wrath and its visitations. The apologist says, "We have looked around the wards of a hospital, a prison, or a madhouse, and seen there nature at work squaring her accounts with sin." He had seen in some hospital a sufferer who had been accidentally exposed to some contagion, or caught in some explosion or railroad disaster; or who had inherited consumption or scrofula from some ancestor; he had seen in some prison persons who had dared to have and express political and religious con-

victions, or avenge the ruin of a near relative; and in a madhouse he had seen some poor lunatic driven to his deplorable condition by misfortune in business or love, or by disease, or by disgrace in his family; or who had inherited the malady. If divine punishment is uniform, inevitable, and only in just retribution for actual wrong, it has a remarkable parallel here. Had the apologist lived a little earlier he might have seen hosts of men, women and children butchered by legal authority for adhering to what they seemed to regard a religion, for which he now tries to find a parallel in nature. He says, "And we knew as we looked that if no Judge sat upon the throne in heaven at all there was a judgment there, where an inexorable nature was crying aloud for justice, and carrying out her heavy sentences for violated laws." A poor creature driven by necessity to his daily toil, is sun-struck in the busy thoroughfare of some great city. He is hurriedly loaded into a patrol wagon and delivered to the authorities at some hospital, and Nature cries aloud for justice and carries out her heavy sentences for violated laws.

Perhaps one of the most grotesque similes in all this alleged analogy is in the chapter devoted to the subject of growth. It opens with the text, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow." If spiritual growth is the result of, and only to be attained by, the constant spiritual effort he had been theretofore urging, it would have injured this particular illustration to have quoted the residue of the sentence from which the above was taken :—"They toil not, neither do they spin." Speaking of the Savior he says, "He made the lilies and He made me—both on the same broad principle. * * * He points to this companion-phenomena to teach us how to live a free and natural life, a life which God will unfold for us, without our anxiety, as He unfolds the flower." If the doctrine of this chapter is true, it is pretty hard on that of the one next preceding it, where we are asked, "if we neglect the soul, how shall it escape the natural retrograde movement, the relapse into barrenness and death ?" If the Almighty will unfold our spiritual life for us, without our anxiety, as he unfolds the flower, we need not be alarmed on account of our neglect. The

learned vagaries with which this chapter is replete are finally summed up in the proposition that "the problem of the Christian life finally is simplified to this—Man has but to preserve the right attitude, to abide in Christ, to be in position, that is all." If there were any analogy between man and the lily in any respect, and man should once establish his abode in Christ, or be in position, he need not be alarmed about preserving the right attitude. The lily does not preserve its attitude. Were there such analogy man need not concern himself about obtaining the abode or being placed in position in the first instance. He would have about as much to do with it and be about as responsible for it as the lily. If there is no such analogy it would seem supremely silly, to so learnedly elaborate such an allusion in an alleged scientific parallel between the physical and the spiritual.

The chapter on death covering thirty pages, contains two brief sentences which, if true and traced to their necessary logical results, show the utter absurdity of the entire undertaking. They are, "Of course what death is depends upon what life is. * * * Its (life's) mysterious quality evades us; and we have to be content with outward characteristics and accompaniments, leaving the thing itself an unsolved riddle." And yet the apologist proposes to trace an alleged parallel between this unsolved riddle and the alleged spiritual life. Constantly in contact with and observation of the life whose mysterious quality evades us, that which remains an unsolved riddle in spite of all the experience that has been had with it, and all the learned speculation that has been had upon it, and yet devoting more than four hundred pages of learned guess-work to an idle effort to trace an alleged analogy between it and the alleged spiritual life, the life beyond the Styx!

In the chapter on environment the apologist says, "We are dealing therefore with universal law. * * * These two, Heredity and Environment, are the master influences of the organic world. These have made all of us what we are. * * * In the spiritual world, also, the subtle influences which form and transform the soul, are Heredity and Environment." Here the entire argument and all excuse for making it are

argued away. Man, physical and spiritual, is made what he is by two influences, the first of which he can by no possibility avert, and it is sufficient to prevent him from averting the second. The silly simile of the gizzard of the grain-fed pigeon may serve to show the apologist's acquaintance with natural history, but the individual responsibility he has urged so sedulously would seem to render man an inappropriate subject of such a comparison. If heredity and environment make us what we are, we have nothing to do with it. The apologist says that while we cannot escape heredity, we may change or make our own environment. But if heredity is the universal law he says it is, the environment we change to or make will be according to such heredity. If we cannot escape heredity we must inherit just what is transmitted to us, even if it is an uncontrollable tendency to evil and a perverse predilection to injurious environment.

One may with propriety attempt to vindicate a system or doctrine of known inferiority, or of doubtful authenticity, by showing its analogy to another of known superiority or certain authenticity. The true and the only logical theory of vindication by analogy involves the idea that the subject of the attempted vindication is of authenticity inferior to that of the one by comparison with which it is to be vindicated. The book called Natural Law In The Spiritual World is an exhibition of irrational and illogical irreverence of its author to the Almighty. It exhibits him as affecting an easy familiarity with the Being, of any one of whose attributes man is utterly helpless to conceive. One may think of goodness, greatness, wisdom, and power; but no one can think either of them as infinite and absolute: without limit and without relation. Until that shall be intelligently done, the tracing of natural law in the spiritual world will be at least premature. But while the apologist is so pert with his Maker he goes to the opposite extreme with Science. He obsequiously proposes to furnish thinking men a truly scientific theology. He attempts to justify them in rejecting an unscientific theology, and urges the reformation of the religion to suit the fastidious tastes of the learned in this world's wisdom. He says that "an eye which has looked upon that cannot look

upon this. To do so and rest in the contemplation it has first to uncentury itself." He seems to regard this a very precocious and imperious century. The Lord should uncrown himself in its presence. Calvary and Gethsemane are not in it. If Sampson carried away the gate of Gaza, the microscopically discovered germ in a hay infusion has carried away the gate of Zion; it has rendered "the cross of Christ of none effect."

CHAPTER III.

EPIC APOLOGETICS.

Paradise Lost, the Grandest of all Metrical Apologetics—Its Purpose to Assert and Justify Eternal Providence—Admits Uncertainty of Existence and Justice of the Almighty—Atheist Supposed—Argument Would Confuse More Than Convince Him—Incongruity Obscured by Grandeur, Extravagance, Metaphor, Etc—Occasion and Object of Creation—Imply Free-will and Fatalism—Fall of Man, Bad Economy—Providence Responsible—Philosophy of Poem Overrated—Meant to Immortalize Poet—Skepticism Overrated—Miracle, Prophecy, and Revelation, as Authoritative for One System as Another—Audacity of Theological Reasoning—Question Personal to Each Individual—Neither Freedom Nor Fatalism Can be Made to Appear Reasonable—Gibbon's Tribute to Christianity.

Early in the period in which some have placed the so-called Christian Renaissance the blind Bard of Albion who has sung the grandest of all metrical apologetics, invoked the heavenly Muse to aid his adventurous song in pursuit of things theretofore unattempted in prose or rhyme; that he might assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men. Such an avowal of such a purpose is sufficient to put a reader to thinking. The manner in which the purpose is prosecuted, and said to be executed, may suggest the thought which will result in a correct estimate of the proposed assertion and justification.

If we can conceive that eternal Providence has not already sufficiently asserted itself, possibly we may then imagine that some inspired enthusiast might assert it, and justify the ways of the Almighty to men. But the questions occur:—what is any one of those ways? and—by what standard are they to be justified? If they are to be justified in reason, the effort is a foregone failure at its inception. The further questions occur:—Does any rational creature really doubt either the existence or justice of the Almighty? When and where has man existed without worship? What was ever argued in isolated cases of irreverence? Why should a learned zealot dignify the incoherent scoffer with undeserved attention? Why is one of the greatest Epopees devoted to and disfigured by a chimerical scheme in nature? Why in such scheme is man, for whom it

is wrought, predisposed to his own ruin? Why was he created with evil propensities, and menaced with his Creator's wrath if he yields to them? Why were the objects of his dangerous desires placed temptingly in his way? If it was to fix him with responsibility for his own inevitable ruin, is there a human mind in which the conception of his free-agency can be clearly arranged? If the fall was pre-determined does man elect, or is he not destined to his part in the performance? Is not the idea of man's creation entirely incompatible with the idea of his free-agency? If he was created, he must have been created by his Creator. If he was created by his Creator, he must have been created *as* his Creator created him. Learned vagaries, glittering generalities, and ethereal flights may please a fancy, but they elude rather than answer such inquiries.

To try the validity of the proposed assertion and justification, as addressed to the human understanding, an intelligent atheist may be supposed. Then suppose Raphael should say to him:—

> "To ask or search I blame thee not, for heaven
> Is as the book of God before thee set,
> Wherein to read his wonderous works, and learn
> The seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years—"

and then rebuke his inquisitiveness with the admonition to

> "Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;"

would his skeptical nature content itself in Adam's response

> "That not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom?"

Or would it not rather prompt the petulant protest of Eve, that

> " * * good unknown sure is not had, or had
> And yet unknown, is not had at all?"

Is not the philosophic (?) speculation of the proposed assertion and justification itself interdicted in the sentiment of the angelic behests?

Then suppose the intelligent atheist whose judgment is to be convinced is further admonished to—

"Accuse not nature; she hath done her part,
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident of wisdom—"

would not the incoherency of the admonitions confuse instead of convince? One might be expected to lose sight of the incoherency in the maze of metaphor and allegory in which it is involved; but if he is to be not diffident of wisdom, and is to solicit not his thoughts with matters hid, it might be interesting to him to know whose wisdom he is to confide in, and how he is to distinguish it from folly. If that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom, the atheist might think that the inscrutable ways of God to men are of minor importance. He may have no right to accuse nature, because she may have done her part, but it is difficult for him to regard it very well done if she created him with all his evil tendencies and placed him where he would be morally certain to yield to them.

There may be instances in which it is unfair to excerpt distinct passages for the purpose of showing inconsistency in the propositions of a doctrine; but when such parts plainly present the ideas upon which the doctrine is based it is not unfair. If the system evolved in the rhapsody is without system, and if the incongruity of its propositions is obscured by weird words, one may with sufficient propriety analyze the fustian, and if he discerns its sacred foibles he should disclose them. The halo of sanctity that shrouds gross absurdity should be removed. The righteousness of no cause can justify either the perpetration of fraud or resort to sophistry.

If it was meant that the multitude should only hear and be horrified by the thunders from Sinai's summit, and that a peculiarly gifted one should hold the key to interpretation, miracle is said to have supplied the want of reason in enforcing the meteoric monitions. But here the effect of the absence of both reason and miracle is aggravated by inconsistency in the propositions. As if discord and debility could be conceived of as pervading infinite harmony and power, the celestial Emissary declares that the creation of the world and of man was solely to retrieve a loss sustained by the Almighty by means of an intestine war in His own realms.

"Know then, that after Lucifer from heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son returned
Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:
* * * heaven yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites;
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,
My damage fondly deemed, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self lost; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here; till by degrees of merit raised
They open to themselves the way
Up hither; Under long obedience tried."

If these are the occasion and object of the creation of the world and of man, they are an exhibition of petty resentment and envy on the part of the Creator, who, lest Lucifer's heart exalt him in the harm already done, would undertake so much, and involve so many in hopeless ruin, merely to neutralize the exultation of His vanquished Rival. It might be irrelevant, possibly irreverent, to inquire what Lucifer could exult over. It is obvious that man would have just such merit as his Creator would endow him with; and it is impossible to imagine a limit to that with which He could have endowed him. He could have so endowed him as to have insured that he would open to himself the way up hither, and to have been proof against all the wiles of wickedness. It is evident that it would not repair the detriment resulting from the defection of Lucifer and his hosts, to create out of one man a race of men innumerable to be decoyed to damnation. Fate can not be thought consonant with the free agency implied in the proposition that man by degrees of merit raised should open to himself the way up hither. The will of the Almighty is fate, and fate is the

will of the Almighty. If this is correct there is no free agency, and there can be no intelligent idea of obedience or duty. The Almighty declares,

> "Though I, uncircumscribed myself, retire,
> And put not forth my goodness, which is free
> To act or not; necessity and chance
> Approach not me, and what I will is fate."

It is strange that a Being of infinite goodness wisdom and power would place the Cherubim with flaming swords to guard paradise, and still allow the destroyer to enter and effect the ruin in His sight.

> "Meanwhile the heinous and despiteful act
> Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
> He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
> Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
> Was known in heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
> Of God all-seeing, or deceive His heart
> Omniscient ?"

If man was created sufficient to have stood though free to fall, endowed with intelligence and reason, and warned of his danger, he need not have been guarded at all. If he was nevertheless to be guarded by the invincible forces of heaven, against a foe so lately vanquished, it ought to have been more effectively done. If it was already known that he would fall a prey to the Destroyer and drag down to damnation countless millions of his "faithless progeny," it was a senseless display of insincere solicitude to have the celestial sentries doing guard duty in the purlieus of paradise.

> "Assembled angels and ye powers returned
> From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed,
> Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth
> Which your sincerest care could not prevent;
> Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
> When first the Tempter crossed the gulf from hell
> I told you then he should prevail, and speed
> On his bad errand."

It was a strange principle of economy upon which the world was peopled and damned twice, to save Enoch in the first instance and Noah in the second.

"But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldest
The only righteous in a world perverse,
* * * * * Him the most high
Rapt in balmy clouds with winged steeds
Did as thou sawest, receive to walk with God.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The one just man alive; by His command
Shall build a wonderous ark, as thou beheldest,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack."

The creature was by his Creator endowed with just such propensities as would tend him to ruin, which was not only foreknown and foretold, but was foreordained. The decoy to destruction was placed temptingly in his way, and he was so constituted as to be morally certain to yield to the temptation. With the feigned solicitude of infinite wisdom he was admonished of danger, and guarded against the Tempter by the same Power which had already ordained that he should fall, and foretold that the Tempter would speed on his bad errand. Man was by his Creator armed with just such resolution as would be easily overcome, and the infinite power of his Creator was helpless to protect him from the toils of a Fiend by the same power endowed with just sufficient art to overcome. Countless millions of his faithless progeny are involuntarily thrust into being, each personally accountable for the wicked weakness of the creature who had no voice or choice as to his existence, or in the determination of either his endowment or environment. And when he fell, as it was from all eternity ordained that he should, he dragged all mankind down with him, victims of the Fiend by heaven empowered to work the very destruction by heaven so deplored. Satan's power for evil is said to have been given him by the infinitely wise and good and benevolent Creator of Man.

"Satan, I know thy strength, thou knowest mine,
Neither our own, but given; what folly then,
To boast what arms can do; since thine no more
Than heaven permits, nor mine. * * * ."

Interjections in the nature of undertone disavowals of responsibility for foreknown and foreordained results, argue noth-

ing. If it was known from all eternity that man, when created, would fall, then he was created solely that he might fall; if not, his creation was an exhibition of shortsightedness on the part of his Creator. If the fall was foreknown it comes with a bad grace to attempt to shift the responsibility to the creature, who was not only just what he was made, but was also after a great show of protection, purposely exposed to the fiend by the same power purposely empowered and ordained to effect the ruin.

"Whose fault :
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have : I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

They therefore as to right belonged,
So were created, nor justly can accuse
Their Maker, or their making or their fate,
As if predestination overruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I, if I foreknew
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown."

That man is at fault in his fall implies free-agency. That his fall was foreknown, and had no less proved certain unforeknown, implies predestination. The effort is to compound a mixture of freedom and fatalism, and they will not mix. There is no affinity between them. If man was made *just* and *right* and sufficient to have stood, he would never have fallen, no matter how free to do so. The fact that he fell is conclusive proof that he was not made just and right. If he were made sufficient to have stood, he fell from his own choice, and if he was made just and right such could not have been his choice. No one deliberately choosing that which he knows to be infinitely the worse for himself—besides entailing eternal damnation on countless millions of "his faithless progeny"—can be either just or right. It is absurd to say that they themselves decreed their own revolt, when even their will is made for

them, disposed by absolute decree, and their fall foreknown by the Power which created them and gave them their will.

In human affairs personal safety is a fundamental principle. If a man should place a deadly agency in the way of a child, he would not be regarded a powerful, wise, and beneficient person. It would not avail him in case of injury to say that the child was forewarned, nor that it meddled from its own caprice. Had he previously inculcated in the child a propensity to meddle, and then while pretending to protect it, should cause or permit it to be tempted to its destruction, he could not shift the responsibility to the child by saying it was forewarned. The disparity between the Almighty and the strongest imaginable man, is infinitely greater than that between such man and the weakest imaginable child. It is impossible to think of the Almighty as a being of limited power. It is impossible to think that he created man without constituting him just as he is constituted, and with the tendencies to whatever changes he has made or suffered. The Power which created man gave him the very propensities to evil with which he is cursed, and endowed him with just sufficient firmness to yield, and placed him where he was certain to be tempted. We can not believe that part of this is done by one Power and the residue by another. We cannot believe that these rival Powers are of equal force; indeed we know they cannot be of equal force if either is infinite, any more than two solid bodies can occupy precisely the same space at precisely the same time. If the Creator is infinitely powerful the Destroyer cannot be, and Raphael declares that the Creator hurled the Destroyer from heaven to hell. Then the part which he took in the ruin of man could have been prevented, and the ruin was by the permission, or rather the purpose of the Creator, who, lest it should fail of consummation, constituted man so that he would hearken to the Devil's glossing lies—and so would fall, he and his faithless progeny.

Man cannot conceive that he is accountable for inborn propensities; and he cannot escape hereditary disease, any more than the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots.

It is said that Lucifer himself was "brighter once amidst the

host of angels, than that star the stars among." He must then have been holy and perfect. We are not informed who tempted him, nor that he was tempted. If, without being beguiled he fell from perfect holiness in highest heaven to grossest guilt in lowest hell, merely to exercise the free-will with which he was endowed, it would seem that free-will was a dangerous quality with which to endow the creature newly created for the purpose of repairing the detriment occasioned by his defection. If that was the purpose of man's creation the peril of his position should not have been increased by the addition of propensities to evil, and the placing of the objects of his dangerous desires temptingly in his way, and then causing him to be beset with a Fiend whom it was already known he would not resist. The mind cannot comprehend the beneficence that creates of one, millions of millions of souls, and exposes them all in the one to the toils of a Tempter, well knowing that man would "hearken to his glossing lies, and so will fall, he and his faithless progeny," and that the Tempter would "speed on his bad errand."

This great assertion and justification, has received the tribute of amazed admiration for more than two hundred years. But it implies infinitely less effrontery in one to candidly examine it, than for its author to transcend human thought in a poetical process of reasoning, predicating the existence and justice of the Almighty on improvised principles hopelessly inapplicable in any known or supposable phase of human affairs. There is nothing in it tending to elucidate any vexed question, or to resolve any doubt. The capacity essential to read and comprehend it, is sufficient to detect its fallacies and incongruities when once it is duly appreciated. It is then discerned that it neither asserts eternal providence, nor justifies the way of God to men.

No rational being has ever really doubted either the existence or justice of the Almighty, nor can such one account for His being, or comprehend His justice. There is no logic in atheism. If it were possible for a rational creature to so doubt, he could not be convinced by irrational argument or extravagant assertion. A mind capable of the thought expressed in the alleged assertion and justification, probably might have estimated its effect on other minds. If so, its purpose was not to assert

eternal Providence nor justify the ways of God to discerning men. It was written for some other purpose. There is no passion stronger than ambition. Nothing more gratefully gratifies this than fame. No fame is so enviable as that for mental attainment. In no province in mental attainment is superiority so enviably famous as in poetry. The real purpose of the Paradise Lost becomes apparent. If not, the reader can find in a biography of its author, that he had declared he would write a poem which would perpetuate his memory while language and literature shall last. Perhaps it may. But it argues very little for the intelligence of a race that such memory is so perpetuated on account of the philosophy of the poem. Many beautiful things therein are beautifully said, but when candidly tested on principles of universal applicatiou its alleged system is no system, its ostensible object has no basis.

The tendency to skepticism is intensified by vehement opposition. It assumes proportions as it is dignified by controversial attention. Obvious truths may be made debatable to some minds by the use of circuitous and importunate argument in their support. To seriously urge any proposition implies intelligence on the part of the auditor, and plausibility in the converse of the proposition urged; and upon the theory that only desperate causes require extreme measures, intense fervor and grotesque metaphor discredit the apologist and his cause in advance. The assertion and justification are a challenge to debate upon the validity of principles which admit of no debate, simply because they are beyond the possibility of human comprehension. The judgment of discerning men is not to be convinced by the expression, how grandly or learnedly soever, of propositions irreconcilable with the essential results of their observation and experience, and repugnant to their instincts.

But the effort is not addressed to such judgment. It is a magnificent mausoleum to the memory of a man of letters, in which he has immortalized himself in really disparaging the cause he has assumed to advocate. It smacks somewhat of assurance in one helpless to conceive of the principle of vitality which animates the minutest insect, to attempt to assert eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men. If palpable

phenomena are hopelessly inscrutable, if the bursting of a bud cannot be intelligibly traced up to first principles, it would be a desperate undertaking to attempt to ascertain and declare the relations existing between man and his Maker. Unless it can be done successfully and incontrovertibly, there is no utility in the attempt. Such affected familiarity with the inscrutable wisdom of divine Power tends more to debase the mind with irreverence, than to ennoble it with respect for the Power which it must believe exists somewhere and in some way, yet, which it must also realize is forever beyond its comprehension.

When, in the thunderstorm, the untutored savage prostrates himself upon and kisses the bosom of his mother earth, exclaiming the Great Spirit is angry, he manifests a reverential awe. It may be mingled with a base and servile fear, but it has the merit of sincerity, and is devoid of arrogant familiarity with that which he cannot conceive of. Yet there is as much philosophy in his ejaculation as in all the dogmatical apologetics ever written. No one is known to be divinely authorized to measure the devotion and prescribe the ritual by which the savage is to propitiate the Almighty and appease his wrath at the offence of ancestors, done five or six thousand years ago, and of which he has not even a tradition. If something within prompts him to adoration, and if in simplicity and awe he sincerely adores, it is worse than unprofitable that a deeply laid scheme of Providence be learnedly elaborated, and based upon assumptions which shock the sense of justice, and strain credulity with a violence only equalled by the amazement with which one beholds the weird extravagance in which it is asserted. If it were objected that his devotion is blind and his tenets unintelligible, the objector can only offer his own convictions, if he has any, in their stead. Unless he proposes something superior in point of sincerity, and more intelligible to the savage in reasonableness of doctrine, he certainly confers no favor upon him by disturbing him in his primitive faith. Beauty of expression, epithet, nicely rounded periods, and faultless measure, may be used in the expression of any one doc-

trine, as well as any other. Metaphor, allegory, and analogy, are just as appropriate in Fetichism as in Christianity.

The scheme conceived in the alleged assertion and justification will not bear investigation according to any criteria available to the human mind. The doctrine, though educed and proclaimed in thought ever so sublime, and language ever so grand, reasons around in a mist of confusion, and comes back to the assumptions from which it started; and they are so grotesquely absurd as to provoke the derision of every one who candidly considers them. Revelation is invoked, but we are not informed why anyone instead of any other person was selected as the Spokesman of the Almighty; nor upon what authority, other than that of the Spokesman himself, we are to rely for the fact that he was so selected. The crudely improvised principles of an alleged theology, which are themselves repugnant to every one's sense of justice and all practical utility, are not validated in Revelation which is itself, not only more repugnant to natural justice and utility, but depends for its authenticity upon the *ipse dixit* of the alleged medium through which divine Power is said to have expressed itself.

Miracle and prophecy are also invoked. But so far as human cognition is concerned the existence of each and every atom of matter is miraculous; the loss and subsequent recovery by the Egyptian King Pheron of his sight was miraculous; the delivery of the French by a country girl in 1428 was miraculous; and the dream of Cyrus that he saw the eldest son of Hystaspes with wings overspreading Europe and Asia was prophetic. But we know of no creed that has been founded or doctrine that is authenticated on such data. We are credibly informed in recent history, that in the year 1682 one of the most licentious rakes who ever dominated and debased a government, performed the rite of laying on hands to cure scrofula eight thousand five hundred times, and that the ablest men of his time solemnly professed their faith in his miraculous power, and their belief that any failure was due solely to a want of faith on the part of the afflicted.

We are not informed what it is which distinguishes these phenomena from the events, visions, and prophecy recorded in

Holy Writ; and to the popular mind there is more difference in the media by which they are respectively commemorated, than there is in the phenomena themselves. That they cannot be understood ought not to deter a thrifty zealot from utilizing one kind as well as another in promulgating some fanciful faith. If eternal Providence is in need of human assertion and justification, if its credit is on the decline, here are some unused phenomena inscrutable, from which something might be proved if some great genius should go into the appropriate ecstasy, and evolve the scheme to which, or to some part of which, they might be made to appear apposite.

Instead of assuming to help Heaven out of a supposed difficulty, it were better, at least it were in better taste, to candidly admit that eternal Providence is eternally too much for our comprehension. The inward monitor that approves virtue and eschews vice, according to the generally accepted standards of right and wrong, is probably the most efficient promoter of civilization and its essential concomitant—good life. Fear for personal safety may emphasize the zeal with which the good (?) are sedulously laboring to make the world better. But when poetry becomes philosophical and attempts in Eolean strains to tell us all about how and why the Almighty has done thus and so, it finds itself involved in interminable discord. When evil is shunned because it is abhorred; when good is done for its own sake; the conduct will be more acceptable to Him to whom we instinctively ascribe every perfection, than when it is exacted under the intimidation of frightful ghost stories and the menaces of divine wrath. Self-respect is not necessarily self-conceit. Yet, to avoid the imputation of pusillanimity in the creature submitting under the denunciation of damnation, the Creator condescends to confer upon the creature he has created and cursed, the privilege of transforming the curse into a blessing, on terms which it was already known the creature would reject; and negotiating with him as with a responsible equal, the terms upon which divine wrath might be changed to divine love. An infinitely wise and powerful Creator, creates a creature in a certain manner, knowing from all eternity that such creature will provoke Him to wrath and be

damned for his temerity; and the world is flooded with learned nonsense on the purpose and plan of the Creator in such creation.

The observation and experience of man teach that something within admonishes and ever hath admonished that he is the creature of some Power infinitely above him, and beyond the possibility of his comprehension. It is audacious and absurd to speak of the Power in terms of affected familiarity, when the mind staggers at the thought of any one of its attributes. No human mind ever existed that could conceive of omnipresence, nor of the immensity of the space occupied by the Omnipresent. The mind which is inadequate to such a thought certainly has no business with the purposes or plans, of the divine Architect, who, by analogy may be supposed to be infinitely more superior to the work of his hands, than the Sculptor to the lifeless marble.

The difference between Polytheism and Monotheism, indeed between any of the isms, is of little importance when environment and educational prejudices are considered. The test of character is sincerity, and the object of religion is rectitude. Individual salvation and damnation as results of merit and demerit cannot be woven into any system or scheme of which the mind can conceive; and if either is to any extent a matter of grace or of wrath, the whole subject is at Sea, and no argument of any kind can be intelligibly applied to it. It would be a singular sort of grace that damns a world to create the occasion to save here and there an individual out of its perishing multitude.

In the domain of physical phenomena we think we see a perfect system. Nothing appears to depend upon a capricious favor or grace—nothing appears to go slipshod here. The tides and the seasons, growths and decays, recur with apparently unvarying, almost monotonous regularity; and gravitation still tends its subjects toward the great centers. Matter is still within the jurisdiction and control of its Great Author, who from all eternity hath kept, and to all eternity will keep the rotations of the Systems in accord with the Music of the Spheres.

Neither Mind nor Matter can be understood by any human mind. But, if they are distinct entities, it seems that Mind would be of at least equal, if not of greater importance to the Creator of both. When Lucifer, the Lord's whilom lieutenant, was hurled from Heaven to Hell and had sworn eternal vengeance, he might have interfered in some way with the order pervading the material universe. Man was not yet created, and the Rebel has evinced no such magnanimity as to raise the suspicion that he would slight an opportunity for revenge. He may have waited for a more favorable, and, to his diabolical instincts, a more agreeable opportunity; knowing perhaps that man with mind was to be created for the glory of the Creator and to repair the detriment of his defection, and that ninety-nine of every hundred were to become his victims. If so, he must have regarded the Lord a very obliging enemy. Or, his power may not have been so effective against the material universe as against the contemplated town of Mansoul, to be erected and garrisoned against him by the same Power which had "hurled him through the deep into his place." Mind, the soul of Man, created for the glory of the Creator, the last, the greatest and dearest of all His works, and yet the only one made vulnerable to the attacks of the recalcitrant rebel! The Power that created the human mind in the beginning appears to have directed its trend for futurity. It may not be absolutely enslaved, but if it works in accordance with a plan devised for it before its creation, all the poetical philosophy that can possibly be written, can never give color to the idea of individual responsibility and duty. And the ways of such Providence to man cannot be justified in reason, because they cannot be understood.

Fanatics frequently accuse of atheism, those whose manliness spurns the solicitous authority of their superstitions. One of the greatest historians, and one who is frequently charged with atheism, has paid to Christianity, one of the highest tributes it ever received in either history or philosophy. Coming from such source it affirms more in one brief paragraph than is argued in the three hundred pages of rhapsody under consideration. He says, "A candid but rational inquiry into the pro-

gress and establishment of Christianity may be considered as a very essential part of the history of the Roman Empire. While that great body was invaded by open violence, or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigor from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the Cross on the ruins of the Capitol."

A parish priest of the *Established Church* has edited the philosophical history written by this great master of thought and language, and he petulantly complains that, "Christianity alone receives no embellishment from the magic of Gibbon's language; his imagination is dead to its moral dignity; it is kept down by a general tone of jealous disparagement, or neutralized by a painfully elaborated exposition of its darker and degenerate periods." It may be presumed that the priest was acquainted with the history or he would not have assumed to edit it. In such case the malignity of his stricture is not mitigated or excused by its veracity. The historian was no enthusiast, and it seems not to have occurred to him that he might ingratiate himself in divine favor either by suppressing the truth, or by positively lying. His logic may have restrained him from a futile attempt to embellish that which, if it is what it purports to be, is above and beyond embellishment. If he noted the faults of professed Christians, his logic may have rejected the idea that real Christians have faults. If, however, they have faults, forming factors in history, his candor may have forbidden him to whitewash or disguise them, even in the interest of Christianity. Perhaps he thought so holy a cause would not countenance even its own advancement by the perpetration of a pious fraud. If his imagination was dead to the moral dignity of Christianity, he may not have regarded Christianity so much a matter of imagination as the *philosophy* of some of its apologists would make it appear.

In spite of its exhibition of ill nature, the stricture is a compliment to the candor of the historian, the main objection to whom is, he would tell the truth. If he kept Christianity down "by a general tone of jealous disparagement," his method was at least a strange one. He says, "Our curiosity is natur-

ally prompted to inquire by what means the Christian faith obtained so remarkable a victory over the established religions of the earth. To this inquiry an obvious but satisfactory answer may be returned; that it was owing to the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling providence of its great Author." And yet the enthusiast says, "the divine origin of the religion is dexterously eluded, or speciously conceded." It is true he did not attempt to justify or palliate the canting hypocrisy and fanaticism which, in the guise of Christianity at times became the scourge and reproach of mankind; nor did he attempt to justify the doctrine of the system on crudely improvised principles which were incompatible with universal experience and observation, and repugnant to the universal sense of justice and idea of utility. He may have thought he found it an established self-evident fact. He left it just where, and just as he found it; and for the good of the cause and of mankind, it were better its zealots and apologists had followed his example.

In the estimation of the fervid enthusiast, the man whose manliness spurns fanaticism and superstition is a skeptic, an infidel, an atheist. If the doctrines of the apologists had to be accepted as the philosophy of Christanity, atheism would keep pace with the manliness and intelligence of the race. In the Paradise Lost one thing is achieved. The fame of the Bard, if not of the Philosopher, is fixed. How badly it is marred, and how unsightly the poetry is made by fanatical and fallacious philosophizing, are questions depending in some measure upon the development of candid discrimination and manly indpendence in both religion and literature.

CHAPTER IV.

DIVINE DISPENSATION VINDICATED IN POETICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Prologue to Essay On Man Assumes Marvelous Wisdom of Poet—Dissimulation as to Integrity of Purpose—Providential Plan a Confusion—Vindication Necessarily Illogical—To Reason About Providence From what we Know is to Reason From Nothing—Necessity of Man to System a Groundless Assumption—Coherency of System—Freedom and Fatalism Irreconcilable—If Whatever Is is Right Man's Errors are Right—The Ways of Providence Must be Known Before They Can be Vindicated—All Knowlege is Acquired—Conditions Must be Unknown—Poetry May Flourish in Metaphysics—Taine's strictures on the Poet—Foul Blots on the Poetry of the Essay—Indefinite Purpose and Ambition of the Poet.

In 1732 one of the greatest Poets who ever attempted to promulgate a poetical philosophy awoke his St. John to

> " * * * leave all meaner things
> To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
> Let us (since life can little more supply
> Than just look about us and to die)
> Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
> A mighty maze: but not without a plan;
> A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
> Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
> * * * * * * * * * *
> Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
> But vindicate the ways of God to man."

This is a distinct declaration of a purpose to treat philosophically of the relations supposed to exist between man and his Maker, including his moral attributes and characteristics, his appropriate place and sphere in nature, and the divine purpose in his creation and environment. The announcement, with an assurance truly admirable, claims for the philosopher a kind and degree of wisdom which is marvellous, infinitely transcending all our reasonable expectations of a mere man. It is also prefaced by what is meant as a voucher for all the knowledge necessary to enable him to advise his fellow mortals, and even his Maker, of the plan and purpose of Providence, so far as it concerns mankind. He says—"Having proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use

my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to men's business and bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and state; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being." If he knew all this, and he was pledged to the proposition that he did, he was eminently qualified to teach the doctrine and impart the information. As he was further pledged to be candid where he could, the manner in which he has dealt with the subject, and the actual result of his reasoning, will disclose what if anything he really knew about it.

It is an elementary principle in moral philosophy that there can be no duty where there is no choice. In such case the performance whatever it may be is done, if not automatically, yet, in fulfillment or discharge of a function, and not as a duty. Choice, to rise to the dignity of the name, must be an option to do or forbear; it must be absolute, not only unfettered, but unprejudiced by any natural bent for which the individual is not directly and wholly responsible. The fact that the vindication is written is equivalent to a declaration of the free-agency of man, that he is possessed of a discerning and choosing mind which is to be convinced by appropriate reasoning, and that he is to be held liable for failure in duty and not in function.

The above exordium is a bad start for a treatise assuming the airs and proportions of a doctrine in morals, or statement of a scheme in nature, or of the purpose of Providence, or of the relation in which man is placed. The first requisite in such an undertaking is consistency, without which it will itself become

"A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot."

Without descending to captious objections on account of mere verbal inaccuracies, such as appear in the above prefatory promise, there is sufficient ground for valid objection to the substance of the general statement of the dilemma as couched in various parts of the poem. Weeds and flowers (evil and good) are not likely to shoot promiscuously in any well arrang-

ed plan of the Almighty, nor can such plan be a wild. If the scene of man is planned at all it is very badly planned, if it is a garden tempting with forbidden fruit, unless man is absolutely free from fate and wholly responsible for all the consequences of his inherited and inherent qualities and propensities. He cannot understand why he should be tempted unless it is to insure his ruin. If it is to test his fortitude, he cannot understand that it is really *his* fortitude; he does not know what he ever had to do or say in the acquisition thereof, or of his susceptibility to temptation. He finds himself endowed and environed by some power which has never deigned to consult him, and if he had been consulted, he cannot understand how he would have been called upon to exercise any other than the faculties with which he is so endowed, to express the choice to which such faculties and his native tendencies incline him. He cannot understand how he is to be improved by anything like moral instruction, unless he is able to accept or reject the doctrine according to his own judgment and of his own choice. In the formation of such judgment and exercise of such choice, he cannot understand that he is actuated by any other than the faculties and propensities with which he is endowed by the Power which has made and environed him.

Proceeding as the above quotations authorize one to do, to examine the vindication on the hypothesis that its author knew (or claimed he knew) and understood man's sphere in nature, his relation to his Maker, and the proper end and purpose of his being, one will be puzzled at the dissimulation of design apparent in the last couplet of the above quoted exordium: "be candid where we can, but vindicate the ways of God to man." A fond father once started his hopeful son out into the world with the admonition to make money, "make it honestly if you can, but make money." A devout worshipper would not like to think that his God wants a vindication on such terms, or at all events. To say the couplet was written to round out a period or phrase, or to fill a measure, is no compliment to one of the greatest poets. There is little of the pure jingle in anything from his pen. He seldom sacrificed sense to sound. The couplet contains a faithful expression of an unfaithful purpose—

a determination to accomplish his end, candidly if he could, but to accomplish it. If he knew all he assumed to know, there was no occasion for verbal or mental reservation as to the rectitude and philosophic integrity of the proposed argument. Having announced his ability and intent to vindicate the ways of God to man, he proceeds therewith, leaving us with but little assurance of sincerity in the reasoning to be employed, and when *it* is tested, the announcement will appear to be the most striking exhibition of his candor.

That the Almighty should be vindicated implies that he owes his creatures an apology or explanation. If he does, and if it is properly made in the vindication in question, it is done somewhat in the spirit and manner of the rustic who said: "If I have done anything to be sorry for, I am glad of it." But if infinite power and wisdom were brought by the Almighty to his work in the creation of man, who was made in his own image and endowed with reason and *some* wisdom, it is difficult to imagine why he was not gifted with sufficient to know that the ways of the Almighty were right and could need no vindication. Man would naturally suppose that the work of infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, is necessarily perfect. If that work was in part the creation of man, in which he finds much that is evil, his reasonable expectations are disappointed, and the entire subject is at sea. There is then no available starting point from which he can proceed to reason out to an intelligible and satisfactory conclusion concerning it.

Unless the work of the Almighty is imperfect; left unfinished, to be completed by an individual specimen of the work itself, it is decidedly arrogant for man to offer to take it up where He leaves it and finish it for Him. In the prologue or introduction to the vindication, where its object is stated, its course outlined, and its character foreshadowed, the philosopher is involved in a labyrinth of inconsistency of postulation, and insincerity of design so far as concerns the attaining of his object. And when the argument is reached the first postulate (which is interrogatively put) is another assumption of all the knowledge necessary to enable the *cognoscente*, by the use of the usual processes of ratiocination, to make clear and intelligi-

ble to the average mind, the whole system, scheme, and purpose of Providence—so there is neither occasion nor excuse for dissimulation in stating the purpose, or confusion in stating the dilemma.

"Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we *know?*
Of man, what see we but his station here
From which to reason or to which refer?
Thro' World's unnumbered tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.
* * * * * * * * *
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite *must* form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain,
There *must* be somewhere such a rank as man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all."

If the doctrine of the last couplet is true, there can be no question as to whether God has placed man wrong. If it is not true, the basis goes from under the entire argument. If the only question is, whether God has placed man wrong, there can be no other to argue. If whatever respecting man we call wrong, *must* as relative to all be right, he cannot be placed wrong, and there is no question whatever to argue. There is however a very bold assertion, and perhaps it is the purpose of the piece to fortify and sustain it by reasoning; and it appears to be the philosopher's idea that such reasoning

"* * * must full or not coherent be."

Unless the reasoning is both full and coherent, this is a singular dilemma to get into at the beginning of a learned and elaborate philosophical discussion. What is it which makes it plain that there must be somewhere such a rank as man? Is it because all that rises must rise in due degree? What is due degree? What is next to man in the descending scale? What is next above him? How many degrees from man to the Almighty? How many from man to the mollusk? Unless

the degrees are known, how may it be known whether they are due? If all must full or not coherent be, what is the necessary consequence of the extinction of the myriads of species whose fossil foot prints on the shores and shelves of time, are the only (yet conclusive) evidence of their having sometime occupied a place (degree) in the system? To what other species or degree is man necessary? How is he necessary to the system, or to any part of it? Is it that the system may be full, coherent, and rise in due degree from the mollusk to the Maker? Is not the system still coherent, notwithstanding the known extinction of many species having once occupied as many places or degrees? It cannot still be full. What and how many species in the ascending scale, between man and his Maker have become extinct? Does not the rule work both ways? Are we to argue that none have, simply because we find none of their fossil? Have we found all there is to be known? How do we know the *present* existence of the intermediate degrees in the ascending scale? Are we to reason that there are such, because from what we know, there are intermediate degrees in the descending scale? If so, we may plausibly proceed and reason from what we know of the extinction of several species in the one, that some species in the other scale have also become extinct.

This would be tracing Him only in our own, and reasoning from what we know, with as much plausibility as to reason and infer the existence of the Almighty himself from anything we *know*.

It seems to be a stolid sort of philosophy, that extracts comfort or consolation from the dispensation that endows man with an insatiable curiosity, and then mysteriously veils from him the sight of the object of his deepest solicitude. It requires as much ingenuity in reasoning to show that this is really preferable, as it would to ascertain (if it can be done by reasoning) what it is that is kindly kept from his eager eyes.

> "Oh blindness to the future! Kindly given,
> That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
> Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

If we can reason of God and man only from what we know, it seems a difficult undertaking to attempt to show of the former that He is no more concerned in the fall of a hero than of a sparrow, in the ruin of a system than of an atom, or in the bursting of a world than of a bubble. To carry conviction such assertion should be enforced by the statement of some fact known and reasoned from; and the philosopher interrogatively predicates his reasoning on what he knows. If it is ours to trace Him only in our own world, we can know nothing of the Almighty. How are we to know anything of Him? Not from any palpable demonstration certainly. All alleged manifestations of everything divine, have ever been, and in all probability will ever be, interpreted as variously as the several faiths and creeds of their several beholders. If we are to reason upon the subject of the concern or indifference of the Almighty in regard to such catastrophes only from what we know, it is clear that unless we know He is in some measure affected as man, we are to reason from nothing. Unless the philosopher knew He was so affected, the vindication becomes a contradiction of the very postulate upon which the argument is based. What affection or characteristic in any creature do we know of, from which to reason that such indifference is attributable to the Almighty? If it is ours to trace Him only in our own, how are we to know that in all, or any, of His attributes He is to be characterized by divine perfection and goodness? Do we not in our own, see more of evil than good? How are we to know that, as relative to all, this not only may, but *must* be right? If, as an eminent psychologist has said, "* * * as we can only prove by means of premises we must at length come to premises which cannot be proven, and which must be assumed as being either primitive cognitions or primitive faiths;" and if the necessary sequence to such premise is the doctrine reasoned out and deduced therefrom, why not assume the whole matter in controversy at the beginning? If the entire structure is based on assumptions, either of primitive cognition or of primitive faith, what is the doctrine itself but

assumption? Philosophical apologists tell us we must have faith—in what? Why in this instance, in the Being we are only to trace in our own world; and then the philosopher proceeds to portray Him in all respects as unlike any thing we know of, as light is unlike darkness. Where is the evidence which convinces the judgment? Whence the information by which we know the facts? We are only to reason from what we know; now on that, or any kindred subject what do we know? and how? We know in some instances what we regard reasonable and right; but do we know *why* we so regard it? Is it within any instinct or feeling we know of, for it to be a matter of indifference whether a bubble or a world burst? We *know* it is not. If it is ours to trace Him only in our own, how can we attribute such indifference to Him? For all we know He may be so indifferent, but are we not reasoning *against*, instead of *from* what we know, to argue that He is? Could such things be viewed with equal eye (concern) by any intelligent and reasonable being? Or is the God whose ways to man are being vindicated, an unreasonable Being? What do we know, or what can we trace in our own, from which to reason that He is? To argue that He beholds such catastrophes with equal eye, is to argue that He is not in any manner affected by, or concerned in them.

Concern is a comparative or relative quantity or affection, and to be capable of it one must necessarily be susceptible to the deeper or more intense concern in the greater, than in the lesser catastrophe. This is unquestionably the experience and observation of all (we call) reasonable creatures, and the philosopher says it is ours to trace Him only in our own, and to reason only from what we *know*. If concern is not characterized by susceptibility to various degrees of intensity, then all reasoning is idle, and there remains not even a poor apology for the vindication.

What reason have we to suppose that blindness to the future was *kindly* given? That otherwise each would not fill the circle marked by Heaven? Is not the vindication itself a protest against the propriety of such a dispensation? If such blindness is *kindly* given, is it not ingratitude to be prying in-

to the future, and neutralizing the effects of such kindness by telling mankind what one sees there? Does not the vindication involve a prophetic forecast of human destiny?

"So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
* * * * * * * * * *
The soul uneasy and confined, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
* * * * * * * * * *
If to be perfect in a certain sphere
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
* * * * * * * * * *
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear."

This is an incongruous commingling of the elements of prophecy and declaration; prophetic of everything except ultimate bliss, and certainty of that, no matter what the denouement. If the future state or condition is itself problematical, how can its happiness be a certainty?"

" * * * nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown."

Is it to be reasoned out to a moral certainty from anything we know? Is it the necessary result of the progress of mankind? If man was originally perfect and happy, his progress seems to have been the other way. Perhaps different influences are at work now. But what are they? When did they begin? At what period has the ratio of wretchedness to bliss, present or prospective, been greater than it is now? What has reduced it? Was it the

" * * * Christian's thirst for gold?"

To be philosophical a treatise should contain a doctrine, and have a purpose which could be discerned in its perusal. There should be an end in view, an object to be accomplished by its teaching. It should proceed upon a definite, distinct, and an intelligible theory, and consistently adhere to it. How is it with the vindication in question? What is its object? How are we to ascertain it? It is broadly asserted to be, to

vindicate the ways of God to man. But the name or avowed purpose has little, if anything, to do with determining the character of or classifying a pleading. This must be ascertained from its substance; it must be determined from its general scope and tenor.

In vindicating the ways of God to man, so as to convince the judgment of persons not assuming the infinite wisdom essential to know and understand the ways themselves, what should be first done? Should they not first be made known and understood? Would not a mere statement of them, if one were sufficiently wise and candid to make it correctly, be their complete vindication? If man is reasonable and capable of correct judgment, and, if the Almighty is infinitely powerful, wise, and good, it certainly would be. If man is not reasonable and capable of correct judgment it is waste of time trying to convince him of anything, or to vindicate anything to him. If God is infinitely powerful He can do just as He desires. If He is infinitely wise He need make no mistakes. If He is infinitely good He will not do anything wrong. Then a mere statement of His ways to man, if understood, would be their vindication. Man cannot understand their vindication more readily or more easily than he can understand the ways themselves. If he cannot comprehend and understand the ways, he cannot know when they are vindicated in argument or philosophy. And no one knows what they are, or understands them. Many different views or theories as to what they are prevail to-day. Where such several views and theories conflict, which are right and which are wrong? How is this question to be settled? Is it to be done by reasoning? If so, from what are we to reason? If we are to reason only from what we know, what is it we know, from which to deduce the correctness of any one of such theories, and the necessary fallacy of all others?

We know only what we learn, not what we assume; and the phrase "primitive cognition" means nothing. In the nature of things there can be no such cognition. Whatever is cognized (known) must be first learned. We learn in being taught. We are taught by others, and by our own experience

and observation. Reason may aid in the assimilation, but its office is not until a fact is cognized. And even then what assurance have we that reason is so enlightened as to make the proper deduction? If, as McCosh has said, something must be assumed before the process of reasoning is in order, what are the criteria by which to ascertain the validity of the assumption? Unless that is known, how are we to know that the reasoning adopted is germain to the assumption? Unless this is all known, what right have we to urge the validity of the result? To illustrate, we assume something; for instance that "whatever is, is right." We then proceed by reasoning to erect thereon a magnificent Pile, for instance, an Essay on Man.

But unfortunately in building it we use material that is incompatible with the assumption, for instance, the ideas that the "scene of man" is

> "A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
> Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit;" and that
> "In pride, in reasoning pride our error lies;"

and either the assumption or the idea is wrong because they conflict.

We flatter our vanity that we may increase our knowledge, and perhaps wisdom, by means of our own reasoning. But if of the Almighty we are only to reason from what we know, we are only to reason from what we have learned, and not from what we assume, nor from what we may fancy we have reasoned into our *quantum* of knowledge or wisdom. We are not to spin out the reasoning process to any such unreasonable length. The facts, the things known and so reasoned from, might not be very reliable. Their validity would depend upon that of some prior assumption, and the course of reasoning by which they were educed; and so backward *ad infinitum*. So if we are to reason only from what we know, it must not be from anything we assume, nor from what we may fancy we know by means of any inference, guess, or process of reasoning. An eminent psychologist has said, " * * * If we have not knowledge in the premises, we are not entitled to put it into the conclusion."

We do not know that the course of nature includes, or in

any manner or to any extent consists of, or affects, or relates to, the ways of God to man. We may very reasonably *believe* that it does; but according to the philosopher we must *know*, not assume it, before we start therefrom to vindicate those ways in a process of reasoning. That which we believe to be evil, we cannot at the same time know to be good. As relative to all it may be right, but unless we know and understand the relation, we cannot know it is so. The philosopher says these ways are right, that "whatever is, is right." To be right, a way must be good. It cannot be right and be evil. If the Creator had created and continued His creature in His alleged primitive perfect condition, it would have been better than that which we now know him to be in.

An infinitely powerful, wise, and good Creator could have made man perpetually exempt from all tendency to and liability on account of disease and death and sin. If He could not, there must have been a limit either to His power or to His wisdom. If He could and would not, there must have been a limit to His goodness—to man at least. Whatever is may be right, but we do not know that it is. We are only to reason from what we know; and we know nothing from which to reason that it is right, and that the Creator in His infinite goodness to His creature, created him, a million to one, to suffer all the accursed consequences of disease, and death, and damnation. But the philosopher says,

> "Submit:—In this, or any other sphere
> Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear."

This may be correct, but observation leads us to believe that man could *endure* more blessing than we generally see *imposed* upon him. If he could not he is not responsible for the meagerness of his capacity. Some Power made and equipped him, and *blessed* him with fatal tendencies, with a mind whose prime propensity is to reason and rebel, and if he is not capable of, or susceptible to, greater bliss than he actually enjoys, his capacity is thrust upon him by the same Power that made and environed him. If, as relative to all, whatever in man we call wrong *must* be right, then it must be the peculiar relation of man to *all* that makes these ways right. What

is that relation? and what is its peculiarity? Unless one can explain this he is overreaching himself to attempt to vindicate the ways so made right. If it were objected that if man were created as an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Creator *could* have made him, there would be no free agency, still we know nothing from which to reason and infer the necessity, or even propriety, of free agency. It is certainly not essential to, nor compatible with, the fatalism couched in the following:—

"As man, perhaps the moment of his breath,
Received the lurking principle of death;
The young disease that *must* subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength,
So cast and mingled with his very frame,
The minds disease, its ruling passion came.
* * * * * * * * * *
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse,
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse."

Instead of being a free agent, man is born with the fatal disease of mind which must subdue at length, cast and mingled with his very frame; and to aggravate the case, he is endowed with the very qualifications, wit, spirit, faculties, which make it worse. How is he armed against the consequences of these fatal gifts? Unless that shall be shown, what becomes of free agency? Unless there is free agency and absolute freedom of choice, there is no propriety in any effort at moral instruction. The vindication thus appears to be an effort to promulgate two irreconcilable doctrines, free agency and fatalism.

"In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their spheres, and rush into the skies.
* * * * * * * * * *
And spite of pride, in erring reasoning's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."

The first of these couplets implies free agency. There can be no blameworthy error where there is no choice whether one will quit his sphere and soar in the forbidden realms above him. Yet the fatalism unqualifiedly and unequivocally denounced in the last couplet, ought to be sufficient to relieve man of all liability to censure for the error of reasoning pride which is mentioned in the first one. If reasoning pride is not natural

to man, it would be interesting to know how he is endowed with it. It is said to be the mind's disease, its ruling passion, the lurking principle of death, which he receives the moment of his breath, cast and mingled with his very frame. If it is natural to him, it is part of the general order, to wish to invert the laws of which is to sin against the eternal cause. If it is part of such general order it cannot be man's error. If it came the moment of his breath, and is natural to him, and part of the general order, then he who suppresses it in order to submit,

> " * * * inverts the laws
> Of order, sins against the eternal Cause."

If it is the mind's disease, its ruling passion, cast and mingled with his very frame, and came the moment of his breath, it is natural. If respecting man whatever we call wrong *must* as relative to all be right, and if whatever *is* is right, then this very reasoning pride is right, and therein our error does *not* lie.

If there *must* be somewhere such a rank as man, if man is born as perfect as he ought, if the general order since the whole began is kept in nature and is kept in man, if man is born with a ruinous ruling passion, of which Nature is the mother and habit the nurse, and with wit, spirit, faculties, which make it worse; then there can be no such free agency as to warrant any attempt at moral instruction, or any censure for the alleged error in reasoning pride. If to reason right is to submit, the reasoning of the vindication is itself rebellion. It reasons against the ruling passion which it shows to be a part of the general order.

If to reason right is to submit, we are cursed in the gift of the reasoning faculties and propensities. Then man is not as perfect as he ought. If these faculties and propensities are natural and part of the general order, and if we must suppress them in order to submit, then in their suppression we rebel against and subvert the laws of this general order, and submission itself becomes rebellion.

We should not pretend to comprehend the ways of God to man, nor to know that all that is, is right. It may be, but we

find nothing in nature that may be *known* from which to reason that it is. "In the midst of life we are in death." In our boasted civilization we are in crime that would disgrace barbarism. Blood may not flow so profusely, but the shrinkage in that respect is compensated by wickedness of more heinous, corrupt, and cowardly types. Indeed this seems to be the *general order*, and if it is kept in nature and is kept in man, if plagues and earthquakes break not Heaven's design, nor the butcheries of a Borgia or a Cataline, if all subsists by elemental strife, and passions are the elements of life, it requires a remarkable philosophical acumen to educe the blessing to man, to realize that he's as perfect as he ought, or to understand how or why all that is, is right. A person obliged to reason only from what he knows, should never attempt to reach such a conclusion; if he were proceeding to reason it out from something assumed, he should assume the whole matter at once; which, so far as valid reasoning is concerned, is just what the philosopher has done in the vindication in question—his poetry, figures, metaphor, allegory, and assumption, forming no factor in right reasoning. When we confess that,

"The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown,"

we confess away the whole case. If the end is unknown, we certainly cannot know its condition. If we are to reason only from what we know, and if what we know consists of ninety-nine parts of wretchedness and wickedness to one of imagined happiness and goodness, it seems more like assertion than argument to declare that man is,

" * * * In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as he can bear."

If the object of the reasoning in the vindication is to authenticate the divinity of Christianity, it is not only a miserable failure in a philosophical point of view; it is a sacrilegious sneer at the greatest of all miracles, the fact that unlearned peasants and fisherman evolved the scheme of a religion, that makes the greatest conquests and most rapid and extensive progress in localities where flourish the most refined civilization and the highest order of intelligence.

I come now to a more agreeable part of the present undertaking. If any one should say that I have sneered at the philosopher it shall not be said that I am disrespectful to the poet. A memorialist of his has said that he was "aware that the metaphysical was but an indifferent field in which to expect the flowers of poetry to flourish." But I can agree with him in this with respect to the Essay on Man, if at all, only on the hypothesis that in its composition the reasoning is so hopelessly at fault, the poet was not in the field of metaphysics. The same memorialist has said, "it is doubtful, indeed we may add more than doubtful, if Pope ever had any definite system of philosophy."

I am obliged to agree with him in this. If the poet ever had any such system he must have forgotten it before, or constructed it after, he composed the vindication, as no trace of it is to be found therein. But the memorialist is wrong in saying that "the metaphysical is but an indifferent field in which to expect the flowers of poetry to flourish." No matter how faulty or unsound the reasoning may be, the poet, in the composition of the Essay was in the field of metaphysics. It is no more essential to that, that the assumptions, postulates, and reasoning should be faultless, than that they should be so in an argument to a court or jury, to render it forensic.

If the poet has balked or frustrated his main object, and marred the symmetry of the vindication by unwarranted assumption, by monstrous hypotheses and illogical deduction, it only argues the unsoundness of his philosophy, or perhaps that he had no definite system thereof; and not that if he had had such system, he could not have adorned it as profusely and beautifully as he has done the Essay. And to say that it is not beautiful, grand, sublime, is simply to assert the ignorance and coarseness of the caviler.

Indeed many of his postulations, assumptions, and deductions, interrogatively as well as affirmatively put, are metaphysically perfect, and peerless in poetry—such for instance as these:—

"Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
* * * * * * * * * *
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all,
Sole Judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.
* * * * * * * * * *
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?"

"Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied
And each vacuity of sense by pride;
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain."

"Man cares for all * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest.
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than *favored* man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er."

"God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he framed the whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness."

"Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
* * * * * * * * * *
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong."

"For modes of faith let graceless zeal ts fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the word will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend."

"Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend;
Heaven breathes thro' every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul."

"Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame.

* * * * * * * * * *

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man;

* * * * * * * * * *

The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame."

"The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears."

The sense of these selections could not be prosaically expressed in anything near the same or equivalent terms. No linguistic artist living can paint in prose a picture of Bacon and Cromwell, exhibiting the ethical tints of the above in twenty times its space. Its equal cannot be painted in prose. When its equal shall be done, it will be poetical regardless of rhythm, rhyme, and measure.

To say that the flowers of poetry may not be expected to flourish in the field of metaphysics, is to say that the finest style is inappropriate in a discussion of the loftiest theme. If metaphysics is a science of mind or intelligence, it is difficult to imagine a more supernal atmosphere for the spirit of poetry to breathe in.

It was certainly the burden of the bulk of the thought expressed in the great Essay. That the assumptions are false, and the argument fallacious, detracts nothing from the merit,

the beauty, and the grandeur of some parts of the poetry, which have seldom been equalled.

Still, the piece is blotted over with some coarse comparisons and irrelevant allusions. Of pride, the ruling passion, no one would have expected the poet to say,

> "Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
> As Heaven's blest beam turns *vinegar more sour*."

Perhaps this is one of the ornaments with which Taine says the poet's style is burdened. This author speaking of the poet says, "when he had written a work, he kept it at least two years in his desk. From time to time he read and corrected it; took counsel of his friends, *then of his enemies*;" and it is presumably upon the advice of the latter that he left the above ornament in the Essay.

In justifying the relative physical constitution of man and things, how insignificant, as compared with accompanying passages, is his reason for the coarseness of the human vision.

> "Why has not man a microscopic eye?
> For this plain reason, *man is not a fly*."

And recurring to pride, the nightmare of the vindication;

> "She but removes weak passions for the strong;
> So, when small humors gather to a gout,
> The doctor fancies he has driven them out."

And, showing the mutual dependence of all creatures upon each other, the relative advantage and disadvantage of their several situations, and the subordination and servitude in man's supremacy;

> "The *bog* that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
> Lives on the labors of this lord of all."

The porcine pungency of this couplet is perhaps intended to intensify the severity of the rebuke to pride, but compared with other passages in the poem, the couplet seems more like a grunt of the swine than an ornament to poetic style.

As a "speaking picture," it is remarkable, with what celerity the Essay occasionally goes from the sublime to the ridiculous and frivolous, sometimes making the decent in one breath

"Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in a human shape,
And showed a Newton *as we show an ape.*"

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella."

Such samples sound slightly, if at all, like the "concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." They seem more like the frenzy of a dazed or wearied mind which might be supposed to have overtaxed its energy and resources in accompanying flights, the altitude of which has been reached by few, if any other writers. What could be more pertinent or philosophical, than the above allusion to Aurelius and Socrates? Who has ever so powerfully put three paradoxes in three so short and consecutive lines as these.

"Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all,
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world?"

Poetic beauty is not marred by power and grandeur. It is not necessarily effeminate sweetness of expression. Magnificence, grandeur, and splendor are beauty. The Apollo Belvidere is more beautiful than the Eros, or Cupid..

It is said, "his great cause for writing was literary vanity; he wished to be admired, and nothing more;—Pope has no dash, no naturalness or manliness, he has no more ideas than passions; at least such ideas as a man feels it necessary to write, and in connection with which we lose thought of words. * * * In reality, he did not write because he thought, but he thought in order to write; manuscript and the noise it makes in the world, when printed, was his idol; if he wrote verses, it was merely for the sake of doing so." The memorialist closes the paragraph from which the above is quoted, with a compromising compliment to the poet, which, taken in the connection in which it is found, suggests that he himself was not writing because he had thought, unless he had thought both favorably and unfavorably of his subject. If instead of "literary vanity" the caviler had used the term ambition, he would have been nearer the truth, and would have shown more of the dis-

cernment and candor, to say nothing of charity, that characterize the great man, than of the envy and cynicism that mark the midget. But consistency is a jewel with which many of them frequently fail to adorn themselves. This same memorialist further says of the same poet, "A great writer is a man who, *having passions,* knows his dictionary and grammar; Pope thoroughly knew his dictionary and his grammar, *but stopped there.*" In other words, he had no passions. Less than ten pages before this, he said the poet "had no more *ideas* than *passions,* at least such ideas as a man feels it necessary to write, and in connection with which we lose thought of words." The mathematical result is that the poet was barren of such ideas as his critic thought proper for poetical supremacy. But according to his formula, (passions, dictionary and grammar) ideas would be a superfluity. In view of the critic's assertion that "we trouble ourselves no more about adornment, but about truth," it is difficult to conceive why he directed his fusilade of invective against the poetry of the poet, and never noticed the philosophy of the philosopher.

It may be as Taine says; Pope may not have written because he had thought; he may have thought solely to write. His doctrines cannot be concatenated into a doctrine. But his poetry is conclusive evidence of ambition, and does not raise a suspicion of vanity. If he wrote from personal vanity why was it, as the critic says, that "when he had written a work he kept it at least two years in his desk," correcting it from time to time, and consulting both friends and enemies about it?

As discordant as the Essay is, the evident intent of its author was, to so vindicate the ways of God to man, as to eclipse all the apologists who had preceded him, and left the deleterious influence of their alleged reasonings to stigmatize their cause; and as his vaulting ambition could not brook the society of the limited capacities that could occupy themselves in the advocacy of a prescribed faith or sectarianism, he attempted to comprehend all nature, and found himself

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,"

and so impotent and dazed, as to be utterly unable to

"Describe or fix one movement of his mind."

If he was vain, it is not so apparent in the way he wrote, or in his motive, as his ambition is in his selection of a subject. To attempt to justify what it is impossible to understand, or even to know anything of, may be vanity; but if it is, it is of a kind that verges very near if not into ambition. Whoever attempts such a task must (logically and reasonably) admit the debatability of his hypothesis, and all the poetry of all the poets, and all the reasoning they have mangled in meter, is insufficient to restore the apologist, in the estimation of candid judgment, to the position he must lose by such an admission. The necessary legitimate tendency of all apologetics, poetical or other, (if they are allowed to have any effect) is to arouse suspicion; and in cool practical reasoning minds, something more than poetry is necessary to convince the judgment. There is no definite philosophy, nothing but poetry, in the vindication; and while there are hideous blots on the poetry, it is in the main, one of the grandest, most sublime and beautiful poems in the English language.

CHAPTER V.

POETICAL PARASITISM.

Metropolis of Seventeenth Century Literature—Dominated by a Pensioner of Royalty—Paid Panegyric—Loathsome character of Subjects Praised—Malevolent Satire of Those in Disfavor with Royalty—Catholicism Ridiculed in the Absalom and Achitophel—The "Chief Justice's Western Campaign"—Protestantism Ridiculed in the "Hind and Panther"—Kings's Southeastern Campaign—Egotism of the Laureate—Cause of His Popularity.

At the time of the Restoration there was between Covent Garden and Bow Street in London, a place called Will's Coffee-House, which was noted as a resort of the elite in politics and literature. Its habitues were classified in castes, grades, and degrees, varying in consequential airs as well as literary authority. Politics embraced church affairs, and ecclesiastical polity was a matter of as much concern and as learned discussion as divine right, the coronal succession, or the relation of the several estates of the realm. It was the Hub of the literary universe, in the metropolis of civilization; where wit learning and genius were supposed to be concentered, and where they certainly were well represented. Here the Magnate swayed the sceptre as imperiously as his royal patron and prototype in the sphere of his dominion. "To bow to the Laureate and hear his opinion * * * was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast."

If talent could afford to affilliate with candor this was certainly the place where, above all others, they might reasonably have been expected to consort. The Autocrat of this domain might be expected to embody all that was excellent in letters, if not in philosophy. But the literary lick-spittle frisked about and fawned upon his literary Lord, with the same servility as that with which he in turn courted the favor of the Sovereign of a more substantial kingdom. At the time mentioned the realm of Letters was dominated by a phenomenal genius, whose guerdon was not only a support, but the wherewith to gratify

an exquisite relish for princely dissipation. His stipend of two hundred pounds per annum was from the fund wrung by divine right from the toil of the millions, the hewers of wood and carriers of water. It was the price for which he sung the praises of the hereditary oppressors of a people, and he earned it by toadying to royalty in strains inspired by the *quid pro quo*, rather than by a sincere respect for the objects of his prodigal homage. This is apparent in several facts, one of which was his change of faith when political power passed from Protestantism to Catholicism in 1685. Another one is the disgusting flattery with which—for five hundred guineas—he sung the Countess whom he had never seen in such strains as these:—

"A second Eve, but by no crime accurst,
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been
And death had found no entrance by her sin."

In his Annus Mirabilis, predicting a golden era, and attributing it to the energy, valor, and virtue, of as indolent, cowardly, and licentious a rake as was ever by fortuity of birth the scourge and reproach of a nation, he said:—

"Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
From thence our rolling neighbors we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.
This I foretell from your auspicious care,
Who great in search of God and nature grow,
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise His works is best to know."

This search of God and nature, in which the King grew great, may have been going on when, in February 1685, some of his decent subjects repaired to Whitehall to pay him their respects, and found him surrounded with gamblers, and toying with courtezans whose lecheries were the disgrace of their several countries. It may have been when he was receiving a paramour by the back-stairway conducted thither and introduced into the royal bed-chamber by Chiffinch, the official pimp. Possibly it was when he was transforming a scrofulous quaker into a healthy and sound churchman, by laying on

the same hands that had dallied with the most notorious and libidinous strumpets that had ever profaned their sex. Perhaps it was when he procured some ruffians to mutilate the person of a country member, who, in discharge of his political duty had disapproved of the profligacy which squandered on favorites and concubines, the money wrung from his subjects by an oppressive tax, under color of providing for the safety of the realm. At all events, the greatest genius of the age predicts a senseless something in his Country's impending relations with the man in the moon, because a prurient caricature on Kings grows great in search of God and nature.

Adulation is erected into an art, and extravagance is commonplace with the stipendiary wheedler. The Astrea Reddux, on the return of his sacred majesty in 1660, is so full of flunkeyism that the beauty of many of the most beautiful passages in poetry is obscured and rendered disgusting in the use that is made of them. It would certainly disgust a prince not infatuated with inordinate self-conceit. In the light of historical truth concerning the character it apotheosizes, one can have no respect for the integrity of the inspired parasite. He could not have been ignorant of the vices of his idol. No truly great and consciencious man would so eulogize a dissembling voluptuary who had sanctioned the execution of obscure priests for performing the rites enjoined by their faith.

In the Threnodia Augustalis we are shown how beautifully and majestically a monarch can die, but not how the one in question did die, although the bard says;—

> "The same assurance all his words did grace;
> The same majestic mildness held its place;
> Nor lost the monarch in his dying face."

But history has his majesty's soul snatched from perdition at the eleventh hour, by the dexterous daring of his paramour, who "could not enter his room without giving scandal." She caused the French Ambassador to have a priest brought up the same back-stairway (to the royal bed-chamber) which she had so often climbed, but not on such an errand as that of the Portuguese ecclesiastic.

Adulation of royalty was not the only point in which

the poet excelled. Virulent invective was another ready resource. Paid panegyric kept his soul and body together, but vilification immortalized him. Having long inveighed against fickleness in faith, in the post-meridan of his day he gave the lie to his long life, renounced the doctrine of the patrons of his former prosperity, and cringed to a new regime with more obsequiousness than to the first. Of the Rev. Samuel Johnson he says:

> "Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man
> So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan.
> * * * *
> Inspired by want was made a factious tool;
> They got a villain, and we lost a fool."

This alleged villain and fool is not famed for truckling to pelf or power. Something had sustained him under the infliction of three hundred and seventeen lashes at the tail of a cart from New Gate to Tyburn. It may have been character. He had earned the honor by urging the soldiery to defend—not the mass—the Bible, Magna Charta, and the Petition of Right. He had preferred his conscience and personal integrity to royal favor. His traducer however could portray his own apostasy in milder terms—in the contrite colors of conversion.

> "My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
> My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
> Followed false lights, and, when their glimpse was gone,
> My pride struck out new sparkles of its own."

The force of this compunction overtook the professional calumniator only after he had sinned and sneered away his thoughtless youth of more than half a century in the faith which he thenceforth (for £200 per annum) denounced heretical. At the age of fifty years, and when he supposed his King was a Hebrew, he had allied the Jebusites with the Devil. But his Patron on his death-bed had declared himself a Jebusite and the Successor was already an avowed one.

Perhaps he had not the magnanimity to forgive and forget the insolent invective of the mercenary muse against the *Jebusites* and the *Devil*, exhibited in the Absalom and Achitophel; subsequent events leave no other explanation of the sus-pension of his pension.

The ancient and unscrupulous slave of royalty, who had lived so long by pandering to might and mammon, found himself in a dilemma. The new regime was openly Jebusitic. Royal favor was the aliment to which his system was so addicted that without it life were but a protracted fast. In default of the annual £200 a precarious subsistence was for a time eked out by catering to the foul frailties of the pit, and by the adulation of aristocracy. But the flesh pots had to be recovered. Their new dispensers had lately been classed with the Devil in the bitterest terms of the maligner, whose vocabulary consisted mainly of opprobrium. Royal favor was still to be had, and at the old price; payable however in a different specie. The price was the manliness of the famishing bard; the specie, was to give the lie to more than fifty years of his own life. To remove all doubt of genuineness in the purchase, he proposed to make good his late asseveration that renegadoes ne'er turn by halves. He ridiculed the faith in vindication of which, while he supposed his former patron adhered to it, he had immortalized himself in one of the greatest satires ever written. So far Papacy had trained with the Devil, and for the smiles and the ducats of the new potentate, he then proposed to train with Papacy. He forsook his former faith and declared that,

> "Her faults and virtues lie so mixed that she,
> Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free."

Having declared himself a Jebusite his pension was restored, the arrearages paid up, and he enlisted in the service of the Milk-White Hind, immortal and *unchanged* and so lately allied with the Devil. If there were no prior negotiations for the thirty pieces of silver the promptness of their payment indicates a due appreciation of the obligation of an implied contract. Judas Iscariot had the urbanity to betray with a kiss, and the sense of propriety to hang himself. We are not informed that he hounded the victim of his perfidy with contumely and insult. The high priest of English literature of the seventeenth century was of a different mould. He had already sung:—

> "For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves.
> Are bound in conscience to be double knaves."

Had "He chose the apostate for his proper theme" he might, "With proper pains" have "made the picture true"

"And from reflection took the rogue he drew."

Discreetly bidding for the favor of the successor, on the death of his first patron, he exclaimed:—

"A warlike prince ascends the regal state.
* * * *
Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mould are cast,
They and their *poets* are not formed in haste.
* * * *
In all the changes of his doubtful state,
His truth like Heaven's, was kept inviolate.
For him to promise is to make it fate."

The brazen assurance in the proposition that heroes and their poets are not formed in haste is so difficult to distinguish from effrontery, as to suggest a more particular notice of the inordinate egotism which is only equalled by the extravagance of the flattery, and the vituperation of the censure.

"To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who, *by my muse*, to all succeeding times
Shall live in spite of their own dogg'rel rhymes."

These lines occur in a satire in a part which is said to have been written by another. But the piece is said to have been corrected throughout by the bard himself, and an exquisite sense of his own importance is clearly discernible in the twenty-six consecutive lines, which assure us of the justice and mildness of his reproof, and that:—

"With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel."

It contains four distinct declarations that,

"While Judah's throne and Zion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last."

The egotism with which he alludes to himself, is only equalled in the contempt with which he consents to immortalize Og and Doeg. To incur the frown of the prince, entails

the otherwise unprovoked ridicule, and insult of the professional traducer. On as slight a provocation he goes to a greater opposite extreme in magnifying the merit of his master, who in the ordinary course of nature becomes a father. Language, and license are levied to their limit for strains in which to greet the auspicious prodigy.

"Hail son of prayers by holy violence
Dragged down from heaven; but long be banished thence
And late to thy paternal skies retire;
To mend our crimes whole ages would require.
To change the inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy *god-like sire begins.*
* * * *
Now view at home a second Constantine;
(The former too was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches closed
Whose exile many sought, and few opposed?"

This is pretty evenly divided between the god-like sire and the son of prayers. If poetic license were absolute immunity from the restraints of veracity and the obligation of good faith, there might be some excuse for but no justification of the immoderate fustian. The god-like sire and warlike prince whose healing balm your breaches closed, and who, for him to promise is to make it fate, had begged the pardon of a foreign ambassador for daring to convoke his own Parliament without the consent of a foreign King. His own country whose breaches he had closed refused him the sinews of war necessary to maintain the national honor abroad, under a just apprehension that it would be used to render more odious and intolerable the oppression at home. He received from the foreign King at one time more than a hundred thousand pounds with which to corrupt members of his own Parliament against his own country, and to the interest of the implacable enemy of his own people. He exalted to one of the highest positions in his government a sot, who was guilty of more judicial murder and barbarity than any ten men who had ever disgraced the ermine, the hero of the bloody assizes, whose name has become the synonym for every thing vile, coarse, and brutal in a tyrant; and rewarded him with preferment and distinction in exact

ratio with the enormity and frequency of his judicial butcheries. This favorite of the god-like sire had frequently sent popish priests to the gallows, with the grateful assurance that they should be cut down alive, and witness the burning of their own bowels, and he gained his prestige with this warlike prince by affecting a respect for the same faith for the profession of which he had already sent hundreds to their death. He browbeat juries into verdicts of guilty, and sentenced to the stake, the axe, and the halter more than three hundred victims on one circuit, and drove a thriving trade in pardons, receiving fifteen thousand pounds for the life of one man against whom not even a shadow of a case could be made. And the warlike prince and god-like sire jocularly dubbed this cyclone of terror and death his Chief Justice's western campaign. When this beast with the blood of hundreds of his fellow creatures on his hands, slackened in the work of unparalleled barbarity and judicial violence, he received a sharp reprimand from the god-like sire for his timidity; and to retain favor he assured his patron that he should have no further occasion to censure him for such weaknesses as honor or humanity.

There is a peculiarly grim humor in the appellation warlike prince when applied to a King who offered to violate obligations to which the faith of his country was pledged, and to join in political intrigue against a nation friendly and in alliance with his own, if a neighboring monarch would engage to protect him against his own subjects. The plaudit becomes pasquinade. Seen in the light of historical truth the Britannia Rediviva, is a more stinging satire of the bard's Idol, than is the Absalom and Achitophel of the malcontents it so severely lampoons. The warlike prince probably was not so warlike when he was being hustled from a hoy in the Thames by Kentish fishermen and prevented from escaping from his own subjects to his foreign master to whom he had persistently betrayed his country. This southeastern campaign of his, was a very suitable sequel to the western campaign of his chief justice, but it does not appear that he ever referred to it so facetiously.

The character of the prince so extravagantly eulogized and

exhibited for the admiration of posterity, is seen to be one deserving of universal execration. He was a king and a coward, a tyrant and a traitor, a monarch and a miscreant, who never hampered himself or prejudiced a project by anything partaking of the nature of sincerity or good faith. His paid panegyrist worshipped him, looked up to and adored him, and, for a cash consideration, broke out in extravagant praise of the prince who abandoned his own subjects to anarchy and flung the last badge of governmental authority to the waves.

By what right is the respect of an enlightened posterity claimed for the poem, the poet, or the prince? Can a trace of sincerity be detected in any of them? When the motive of the muse is so manifestly mercenary one cannot repress the disgust naturally provoked at the sight of fawning flunkeyism. That pretty things have been prettily said is far from sufficient to entitle extravagant effusions of unmerited eulogy to a place in the classics. If there is a feature in any of it more prominent than its loathsome lickspittleism, it is the rancor of its insolence to whoever is mentioned from whom no favor was to be hoped. The elements of character which command the respect of discriminating men, are courage, integrity, sincerity, consistency, and charity. Has the sneering sycophant left a line in which there lurks even a suspicion of any of these?

Should a world gape at the grandeur of a mind that has spent itself in cringing to authority and jeering indiscriminately at all opposition? Why should satire and eulogy be exempt from the obligations of veracity and moderation, more than any other style? At what period in its history did the Milk-White Hind so conduct itself as to justify the asseveration that:—

> "Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
> Extended o'er the Caledonian Wood,
> Their native walk; *whose vocal blood arose*
> *And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.*"

Was it when the defender of the faith sent Jeffries with the olive branch into the western counties just after the battle of Sedgemoor? Was it when in violation of a safe conduct Huss and Jerome were burned at the stake? Was it when the infant born of a woman in torture was thrown back into the flames

(in Guernsey) to perish with its heretical mother? Was it when Philpot, Ferrar, Ridley, Latimer, Hunter, Haukes, and numerous others of both sexes were burned alive for the sake of their convictions?

A memorialist of this bard in speaking of his satire has said: "There must be an appearance of candor on the part of the poet, and just so much merit allowed, even to the object of the censure, as to make the picture natural."

This candor and allowance of merit are perhaps manifested in the Medal in an allusion to the Earl of Shaftsbury:—

> "Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold
> He casts himself into the saint-like mould;
> Groaned, sighed, and prayed, while godliness was gain,
> The loudest bagpipe in the squeaking train."

The bard himself says: "The true end of satire is the amendment of vice by correction. And he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease." The word honestly would seem to render the proposition quite irrelevant. Upon a careful examination, a trace of honesty is not discernible in anything from his pen. Apothegms, truisms, proverbs, ever so correct in themselves, may delude the unwary when deftly applied in some connections; but when properly scrutinized they may also disclose the deeper culpability of the fraud so affecting the air of sincerity. Whatever may be the *true* end of satire, its end seems here to have been to indulge and countenance vice. If palpable exaggeration and falsification are vices, if flattering and encouraging personal vanity are vices, if inculcating contempt, rancor, and cruelty, and palliating the foulest of crimes are vices, then the proposition is irrelevant.

It is seldom we observe a character without some redeeming trait; some feature to mitigate the offensiveness of its more revolting features. If the tree is to be judged by its fruit the discovery of the mitigating feature in this instance will be difficult. Aside from the falsification, flattery, and rancor, which characterize the works under consideration, there is probably but one other mark rising to the dignity of a trait of

character to be detected in them. That is the self-conceit of their author. No really great man ever boasted of his own greatness. Such a boast is a sure sign of contemptible egotism and littleness.

When one page of his writings contains four distinct and positive declarations that his song and fame shall forever last, there is an exhibition of the very vanity that ought to insure their early oblivion.

It is true he has said many good things, and has well said many bad things; and that he was a master of meter, and a ruler in rhapsody, and rhyme. His reign in the domain of seventeenth century literature was a fit counterpart to the reign of his two royal patrons in their realm. History has branded them all with duplicity, with cringing and contemptible servility, with cowardice and cruelty, in short with infamy. Why he or they should be canonized in politics or literature is a problem, the solution of which may be left to some one ambitious to account for the caprices of fashion.

That such an author has a conspicuous place in the history of literature, or in the memory of a learned posterity, is not a very gratifying reflection on the state of literary ethics. While merit should be emulated and duly honored, its just reward does not require a premium on servility, aspersion, or mendacity. The question occurs: to what may we attribute the vicious taste that not only tolerates but approves of such a loathsome libel on letters? How is it engendered, or corrupted to such a state as to relish such rot?

It argues a deplorable dearth of manliness, that such slush is a recognized component in accepted belles-lettres; and no one could advisedly say that the author's character gave it a credential. The statement of the cause of its popularity, would scarcely be taken as a compliment to the prevailing integrity and independence. The poet was a protege of the prince. In his court at the coffee house he was surrounded with a miscellaneous company, who eagerly evinced their devotion to the prince by obsequious admiration of the paid panegyrist. They vied with each other for his casual attentions, and caught at his sayings with an avidity, born of a superstitious reverence

(if not for the man) for the consideration in which he appeared to be held by royalty. His position not only enabled him to prescribe the tone and attributes of the lore of the age, but his influence perniciously affected the habit of thought, and wrought mind to see nothing but excellence in anything from his pen.

That the mind capable of some of the thought which he has given the world, should also be capable of the vilification upon the one hand, and the sickening adulation on the other, that disfigures his self-erected monument and mars his memory; and that the world should read with rapture and applaud to the echo, are not very gratifying reflections to those who would look into antiquity with reverence, or at the present in pride.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILOSOPHIC FUME, MYSTICISM, ECCENTRICITY, AND EGOTISM.

Literary Heterogeneity—Books Should go Upon Their Own Merit, and Not Upon the Prestige of Their Writers—Style Best Suited to Writer May be Disgusting to the Reader—Folly of Philosophizing in Terms of Buffoonery —Sentiment of the Sartor Resartus Deserves Decent Expression—Author Impersonated in Teufelsdrockh—Art of Printing Disbands Armies and Cashiers Senates—Defiance of Politico-Religious Oppression—Cringing to Royalty—Indifference to the Marvellous—Coarse Vulgarity of Allusion—Instance of Similarity to Kant's View of the Cosmology—Nature Not an Aggregate But a Whole—Persistence of Force—Smithy-fire—Matter Exists Spiritually, to Body forth Ideas—Infancy of Teufelsdrockh—Unprecedented Egotism of Philosopher—Stricture on European Educational System—Great Ability Squandered in Eccentricity and Buffoonery—The French Revolution, *A History*—Norse Jarl—John Sterling—Mother Goose in Men's Clothes—Spring Poetry—Witty Criticism of English Biography—Undue Importance Given a Mountebank—Important Historical Fact and Deep Philosophy Rendered Ridiculous.

To review an omnivorous Reviewer, Essayist, Philosopher, Novelist, Biographer, and Historian; one whose writings run riot through ten thousand pages of rhapsodical rant, may be an ungrateful, but it cannot be a trifling undertaking. When an Author becomes a literary Nomad, recognizes no boundary to any department of the Realm, assumes to know it all and attempts to tell it all, on all subjects, he may so bury the good he knows beneath his heterogeneous Pile, that the labor of extracting the treasure from the trash is an unprofitable one. The versatility and volubility of a Pedant, as exemplified in the range of his writings, have deterred some having use for their time, from a minute review of even the philosophy of the ponderous mass.

As in certain lines of judicatory, there are some leading cases regarded as exponents of a particular doctrine; so in literature, no matter how wide a range the writer may take, there may be found among his works, some particular product which may properly pass for the key-note of this philosophy, if he has one, and of the writer, whether he has a philosophy or not.

In such a case a judicious selection from his literary cornucopia, and a candid consideration of the specimens chosen, may result in a just estimate of the literary worth of such writer.

Perhaps one of the most grievous, certainly one of the most prevalent, faults with the authors is they will write. It should be an inviolable rule in the Ethics of Literature, that no one should demand the attention of the reading world unless the matter he may have for exhibition is worthy its attention; and it is of no less importance that the matter be exhibited, if at all, upon its own merit; and not upon the prestige of its author, nor with the display of gorgeous tinsel in which it is too frequently embellished,—to distortion. Eccentricity, dogmatism, and vastidity are no symptoms of genius, and while they may sometimes unfortunately obscure merit, at other times and more unfortunately disguise demerit; they generally imply an overweening estimate of the importance of their employer. One who has inflicted upon the world ten thousand pages, nearly every one of which evinces deep learning, and many of which proclaim the profound philosophy of their writer, might have contributed materially and beneficially to Literature, had his egotism and wordiness been kept in due subordination; had he kept himself less prominent in his productions; and curbed them within reasonable limits.

In one of his essays the writer, some of whose works are now to be considered, declared that "the grand point is to have a meaning, a genuine, deep, and noble one; the proper form for embodying this, the form best suited to the subject and to the author will gather round it almost of its own accord."

One objection to this is the assertion that the form attending the utterances of sincerity will be best suited to their author, leaving their reader to the chance of edification according as the form may or may not distort the truth; render it clear or unintelligible; engage or weary and disgust the reader. The form best suited to the subject *and* the author, the subject being in the author's hands, is necessarily the form best suited to the author; and this may so obscure the genuine deep and noble meaning with which his soul is aflame, as to puzzle

the reader to determine whether the author sports with grandiloquence in the expression of platitude, or dresses sublimity in homespun. There are many methods of showing great learning, without exhibiting very profound wisdom; and wisdom itself may be so smothered in learning, allusion and metaphor as to render a volume of jargon (in thought as well as language) as worthless as it may be unintelligible; when, by the use of an appropriate medium, the author's meaning might have been expressed in an instructive and agreeable form.

While there may be no insuperable objection to the use of allegory, the Sartor Resartus is in name and form, a striking instance of its abuse; and the fact, which is undeniable, that its author had a meaning, only intensifies the disgust with which one turns from the nauseating rant in which a weighty and a serious subject is philosophically discussed, and at the same time grotesquely caricatured. Though Locke was probably unwarranted in saying, the manner of doing is of more consequence than the thing done; he was warranted in common observation in saying upon that depends the satisfaction or disgust with which it is received. It is a mistake to attempt to philosophize in unphilosophical terms; and caricature in word-painting is a fouler blemish than when done in the correlative art. When one in the use of such style, shows a capacity for something meritorious in an appropriate one, he cancels the claim of indifference to the fate of his own fame, and could scarcely be considered sincere in admonishing the reader to keep his mind "directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book." The doctrine is not nearly so conspicuous as its writer.

The philosophy of the rant under consideration is one of the deepest of its time; and if it were not nick-named and travestied beyond the bounds of pardonable buffoonery; were its doctrine taught in tranquil and temperate terms it would be difficult to estimate the obligation of Literature to its author. The description of the last banquet with Teufelsdrockh, (Devil's-dirt) the mythical genius of the rhapsody, where he, amid volumes of vile tobacco smoke and the fumes of Dutch beer, "with low soul stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel,

though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: 'The cause of the poor in Heaven's name and ———'s,'" is an allegorical declaration of a philosophic ruffian or buffoon, that in the struggle where Wealth and Power oppress Poverty and Weakness, his sympathy is with the oppressed. The approval with which the toast is received is a pregnant hint that the wise are of the same benevolent bent.

The sentiment is commendable—deserves better than to be mangled in such brutality as espousing the cause of the poor in the name of Heaven and Hell; or representing the mythical exponent of the idea as probably an angel of darkness; and when it is observed that over the shoulders of the myth, the Philosopher is inordinately complimenting himself, one is so disgusted with the egotism as to be scarcely able to concede to the doctrine its actual merit. In a frenzy of fulsome flattery he says. "And yet, thou brave Teufelsdrockh, who could tell what lurked in thee? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roofwise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. * * * The secrets of man's life were laid open to thee; thou sawest into the mysteries of the Universe farther than another; thou hadst *in petto* thy remarkable Volume on Clothes. Nay, was there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine; still more in thy meek, silent, deep seated Sanscullotism, combined with true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation? But *great men* are too often unknown, or worse, misknown."

A philosopher assuming to philosophize in the roaring blackguardism of the piece in question, deserves the former fate, to be unknown; and if, as in the case in hand, he really is a Philosopher, he may expect the latter, to be misknown. Why should the mythical genius of the philosophy be called Devil's-dirt? What was the remarkable volume on Clothes and who was the wonderfully profound and gifted Teufelsdrockh, other than the (Tailor patched) Sartor Resartus and its author? And why should he obliquely call attention to him-

self by directing it ostensibly to the philosophy which deserves better than to be slimed over in such rot?

Few have had a deeper and truer insight into the nature of things in general; or held sounder opinions upon most of the debatable propositions in Moral Science; or could more forcibly declare a doctrine; or more vividly present and illustrate an idea, a condition, or situation, than this blatant and eccentric egotist. There is nothing in the English language superior to his night scene in a city, covering about two pages in the chapter called Reminiscences. It is a terribly true representation of the subject, done with a pencil of living flame, dipped, in all the colors in all their vividness that dim and darken and brighten human existence. But it is blemished by the disgusting daubs of his irrepressible egotism and caricature.

In the chapter lampooned with the appellation "The World in Clothes," the Pedant with his ventriloquous goose-quill has the mythical Magian of Weisnichtwo descanting upon Appearances, Evolution, and Progress; thundering into the ears of the Then and its Future volumes of the voice of incoherent wisdom in less than one page; and in terms which burn their impress indelibly into the understanding and memory. That "the first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration," is somewhat enigimatical, if it has any significance. But that "the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest Serene-Highness; nay, thy own amber-locked snow-and-rose-bloom Maiden, * * * has descended like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling, Aboriginal Anthropophagus;" that "not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-genesis and self-perfecting vitality;" that "he who first shortened the labor of copyists by device of Moveable Types was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world;" that "the first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwart's pestle through the ceiling" and the last will "Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual;" and that the descendent of the Man-eating Monster "collects apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and

says to them, make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow, and sin for us, and they do it;" are a motley medley of masterpieces. They are a true pen-picture of progress and evolution, blurred all over with the self-conceit and eccentricity of the artist. Such a depiction of the transition from "the maker of the first wooden-dibble," to the masterly manipulator of mechanics and men, is at once a profound sermon in philosophy, and an unparalleled panorama of human history. To the discerning reader the last quoted passage portrays the entire British politico-economic and social system.

One chapter under the silly sobriquet of "Aprons" appears to be devoted to some branch of the general subject, but the allusion is so vague and rambling that it is difficult to decide what philosophical significance it has. The opening paragraph, pregnant with notable historical fact, suggests a formerly prevailing spirit of integrity and defiance of politico-religious oppression, in the mention of the woman "who *threatened* Sovereign Majesty that she would catch her husband's head in her Apron, rather than he should lie and be a bishop." That the Landgravine, who on her husband's death was by his brother deprived of her regal state, and afterwards, being offered restitution refused it and obstinately devoted her life to religious charity, is hopelessly unintelligible in the connection in which it is found; unless it is intended as an instance of the Pedants familiarity with the data of history. It makes no point and points no moral in the general philosophy.

Another chapter, entitled "Miscellaneous-Historical," is sufficiently miscellaneous to deserve that part of its title and render it unintelligible as anything, unless it is a sneer at a fantastic fashion in personal attire. The allusion by the way of comparison to the fancy of Teniers the Flemish painter, and Callot the French engraver, may be relevant illustrations of the implied extravagance of such fashion. A contemptible cringing to royalty is well illustrated in the mention of Raleigh spreading his mantle to protect the feet of the (virgin?) Queen from the mud, but its import as localized was probably never known to any one but its author. The mention of the trifles which fortuitously immortalize some men, smacks somewhat

of a rebuke to such an ambition as that which seems to have inspired it. Taken synthetically, the chapter is an object lesson in the art of humility; but its precepts are to be gleaned from a mass of garish verbiage which seems to have served its main purpose if it relieved its writer, unless it was chiefly intended to weary and disgust its reader.

In the next chapter, entitled "The World Out of Clothes," there may be found buried at the usual depth, beneath the usually rotten rubbish, some very significant suggestions, interrogatively and assertively put. For instance, "which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net-quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? * * * have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal; as existing in a universal Here, an everlasting Now? * * * thus let but a rising of the Sun, let but a creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable."

Then follows a chapter called "Adamitism," and after it one called "Pure Reason," in both of which the purpose seems to be to show that the great difference among men, as to the part they play and the attention they receive in the world, is due to circumstances more than to themselves.

The argument is symbolized in the farcical fantasy of Clothes. In the former chapter he inquires, "Was not every soul, or rather every body, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so last night; a forked Radish with head fantastically carved?" In the latter he inquires, "Are we Opossums; have we natural pouches like the Kangaroo? Or how, without clothes, could we possess the master-organ, soul's seat, and true pineal-gland of the body social; I mean a purse?"

And in the latter chapter, as though culling the works of the alleged Teufelsdrockh he says, "Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My Lady, and how it would be everywhere Hail-fellow well met, and Chaos were come again; all which to any one that has once fairly pictured out the grand mother-idea, Society in a state of Nakedness, will spontaneously suggest itself." And such rot as this has place in what passes current as a philosophical dissertation on the

state of the Social Fabric; and a writer of a history of English Literature, assuming the airs of a Critic, ranks the genius of this raving Riddler with that of such men as Macaulay; and even gives the advantage in the comparison to the Literary Lunatic, of whom it is doubtful if he knew what he meant, or that he meant anything intelligible to himself or to any one else, by what he has said in several of the above extracts.

The sickening fustian is followed by some immoderate self-praise, administered obliquely and as an encomium of the alleged Teufelsdrockh, and leads to the expression of some ideas deserving a better garb than that in which they are arrayed. He says, "The grand unparalleled pecularity of Teufelsdrockh is, that with all this Decendentalism, he combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative; whereby if on the one hand he degrades man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the Gods, 'To the eye of vulgar Logic,' says he, 'what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A soul, a spirit, and divine Apparition.'"

Then follow some paragraphs, the sentiment of which if put in moderate terms would redeem the chapter, and tend to entitle it to its appellation of Pure Reason; but which as usual is bespattered with the mire and the muck of a mind which employs the most outlandish vehicle of expression when its thought is the most sublime and philosophical. The real sentiment pervading those paragraphs, put in rational and temperate terms would be one of the most stinging rebukes ever administered to the upstart audacity of Skepticism. It probably was Kant's inspiration when he wrote, "The World around us opens before our view so magnificent a spectacle of order, variety, beauty, and conformity to ends, that whether we pursue our observations into the infinity of space in the one direction, or into its illimitable division in the other, whether we regard the world in its greatest or in its least manifestations, * * * even after we have attained to the highest summit of knowledge which our weak minds can reach, we find that language in the presence of wonders so inconceivable has

lost its force, and number its power to reckon, nay, even thought fails to conceive adequately, and our conception of the whole dissolves into astonishment without the power of expression—all the more eloquent that it is dumb."

But there is nothing besides the sentiment, certainly nothing in the expression, to indicate that the Philosopher obtained his cue from the Critique. It is indeed deplorable that such sentiment and philosophy as those paragraphs contain should be made ridiculous and disgusting by the use of such loathsome similizing as, "Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender?" In all the phenomena in Nature a Philosopher might have found something for illustration, more in keeping with the gravity of his subject; something that would be at least decent on paper. But he seems to think there is in Literature a principle, analogous to poetic license, by which he might with impunity be coarse, vulgar, and vile, provided he were sufficiently arrogant and learned.

The eleventh chapter, entitled "Prospective" and covering eight pages, closes the first book of this remarkable Work. In the second paragraph the Philosopher surpasses himself in the art with which he blends self-praise (put as usual, obliquely and with a string to it) with a proposition suggesting, if not containing, more sound philosophy than many *noted* authors have embodied in their life-work. "Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, *this of Nature being not an Aggregate, but a Whole.*"

The doctrine of the Persistence of Force is anticipated and graphically, though of course grotesquely, epitomized or rather foreshadowed in some of the fragments of fustian with which this chapter abounds. For example, " * * * Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at the Sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; therein with iron-force, and coal-force, and the far stranger Force of Man, are cunning infinities and battles and

victories of Force brought about; it is a little ganglion, or nervous center, in the great vital system of Immensity."

Here the Philosopher seems to lose his equipoise and relapse into his characteristic fume about Clothes; and the rage of the residue of the chapter, in which frequent flashes indicate momentary recurrences of lucid intervals, is, that "All visible things are Emblems," and that "Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body it forth*." And he *bodies forth* the burden of the balance of the book in the mazy metaphor that " * * * in this one pregnant subject of Clothes, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done and been; the whole External Universe and what it holds is but Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the Philosophy of Clothes."

It were tedious and unprofitable to trace the tangled and mangled thread of this chapter further; but if its actual doctrine—what it is, as the Philosopher says *at bottom*, were put in any other form than his despicable drivel, its purport might be a matter of intelligent speculation. If its title, "Prospective," signifies anything relating to its import, perhaps the reader may deduce its signification from such inquiries as, "Had Teufelsdrockh also a father and a mother? did he, at one time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on spoon-meat?" or this, " * * * what is Man himself, and his whole terrestrial life, but an Emblem; a Clothing or visible Garment for that divine Me of his, cast hither like a light particle, down from Heaven?" or this " * * * examine Language; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of natural sound) what is it all but Metaphors, recognized as such, or no longer recognized; still fluid and florid or now solid-grown and colorless?"

The second book, opens with a chapter called Genesis, which seems to be intended as a revision of a biography of the Mythical German Philosopher, and is essentially romantic throughout; some scenes reflecting credit on the Artist; and some morals are pungently pointed. There is a pretty picture of the evening of the life, in domestic felicity, of an ancient battle-scarred Prussian Grenadier; blended with a depiction, of more questionable merit, of a mysterious stranger suddenly

yet ceremoniously entering his lowly cot, depositing a silk covered package, hastily admonishing the dumb-founded inmates to care for it, and as suddenly and forever disappearing. Of course the package contained the "red-infant" Teufelsdrockh, and the perplexity of the aged pair soon subsided into a resolution to nurse the involuntary intruder "though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood." Later the Myth bewails the wickedness and of course the woe of the unnatural parent who thus cast him upon the charity of the aged strangers, saying, "Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been, or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often have I fancied how in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot at, and slung at, wounded, hand-fettered, ham-strung, brow-beaten and bedeviled, by the Time-spirit in thyself and others, till the good soul first given thee was seared into grim rage."

The infant's development was marvelous. "Infinite was his progress; thus in some fifteen months he could perform the miracle of speech! To breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg; wherein as yet all is formless; powerless; yet by degrees organic elements and fibers shoot through the watery albumen; and out of vague Sensation, grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay Poetries, and Religions!"

The next chapter entitled "Idyllic," purports to sketch the village life of the youthful Philosopher, and teaches some excellent moral lessons, disfigured of course by the ranting style of expression. For instance, "Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break; too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as mere zero to Should, and for the most part as the smallest of fractions to Shall."

But in the next chapter, entitled "Pedagogy," there is an exhibition of the most stupendous self-conceit ever put upon paper, the Philosopher himself affecting amazement at the unfathomable depth of the enigmatical philosophy of Clothes and the transcendent genius of its Founder or exponent, characterizing him "A dangerous difficult temper for the modern Eu-

ropean." Then comes a protracted growl (of thirteen pages) at the Educational and Economic Systems of the Mother of Civilization; and even the Continental Universities are likened to square enclosures in Crim Tartary with eleven hundred striplings turned loose in them, and "certain persons under the title of Professors, being stationed at the gates to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission fees." After showing when and how Gullibility may be utilized, he personifies the English Growing Hopes in one *Herr Toughgut* who "had a fair talent, unspeakably ill-cultivated: and, bating his total ignorance, for he knew nothing except Boxing and a little Grammar, showed less of that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury, than for most part belongs to Travellers of his nation." And the chapter closes in a severely satirical allusion to "the now obsolete sentiment of Friendship."

A translator of the writings of Antoninus has said, "When a man writes anything, we may fairly try to find out all that his words must mean, even if the result is that they mean what he did not mean; and if we find this contradiction, it is not our fault, but his misfortune." He might appropriately have added, "and the misfortune of the victims whose curiosity prompts them to read the rot, whose patience is taxed in its perusal, whose expectations are disappointed in the result, and whose sense of propriety is shocked at the sight of a philosopher making a fool of himself;" and if he were *translating* the Sartor Resartus, there is reason to believe he would have done so. Who is most deeply concerned in the results of a literary undertaking? If it is merely the means of the writer's subsistence, or of his acquisition of wealth or fame, his failure may be *his* misfortune; but if it purports to be a *bona fide* effort to promote intellectual progress, his failure, where he might have succeeded, is his fault, and the reader's misfortune.

Any one containing within himself in so eminent a degree as Carlyle the elements of success, "sins against the eternal cause" when he disfigures his philosophic dissertations in the turgid tumult of a self-conceited crank. If he was unwilling to conform to the established usage of the realm, or even republic, and would only pay in his tithe with his trash, a dignified

self-respect on the part of the literary public would require it to decline his offering. That he was a profound philosopher is apparent in the above extracts from his Sartor Resartus. In one of his Latter Day Pamphlets, entitled Jesuitism, he says, "Do you ask why misery abounds among us? I bid you look into the notion we have formed for ourselves of this Universe, and of our duties and destinies there. If it is a true notion, we shall strenuously reduce it to practice,—for who dare or can contradict his *faith*, whatever it may be, in the Eternal Fact that is around him?—and thereby blessings and success will attend us in said Universe, or Eternal Fact we live amidst; of that surely there is no doubt. All revelations and intimations, heavenly and earthly, assure us of that; only a *Philosophy of Bedlam* could throw a doubt upon that. Blessings and success, most surely, if our notion of this Universe, and our battle in it be a true one; not curses and futilities, except it be not true. For battle, in any case, I think we shall not want; harsh wounds, and the heat of the day we shall have to stand; but it will be a noble godlike and human battle, not an ignoble devil-like and brutal one; and our wounds, and sore toils (what we in our impatience call miseries), will themselves be blessed to us."

To those doubting the possibility of a *Philosophy of Bedlam*, I would suggest a perusal of the epileptic delirium which he has taken the precaution to label "The French Revolution, *A History*." While every page (and there are eight hundred and eighty-two of them) is pregnant with historical fact, or with such allusion thereto as shows the writer's familiarity, therewith, yet without the label no one would suspect that the preparation was intended as a History. Not an average of one entire expression in it in ten, either of fact or doctrine is put in the temperate terms of a philosopher or historian; and yet it is full of both philosophy and history.

It may be considered that in order to justify the attention given him, I made the assertion that he had "a meaning, a genuine, deep and noble one;" and that assertion may be considered as devolving on me the duty of stating what that meaning was. To my mind it was duplex; he had two meanings;

one dominant, the other servient; the latter being the "genuine deep and noble one;" subservient to the former which was not so noble; the gratification of an irrepressible ambition to be seen heard and felt in Literature—which he has realized.

To the question, what has he done for Literature? it may be answered, Mountains of paper, floods of Ink, and vast physical force have been expended in placing the massive monument to his mysticism and buffoonery before a wondering world. Extracts from some of the leading periodicals of his time indicate that he had set the *Literati* all agog by the dark and dubious allusion of his burlesque and rant; and that he had them seriously guessing as to the actuality of some of his absurdly improvised characters and incidents. On some occasions when he seems to have tried to be rational and serious, and to regulate his style of expression, the irrepressible would break out in another form, distorting the direct statement of historical fact. Speaking of an ancient Norse Jarl, King Sverrir, he says, "His Birkebeins and he had certainly a talent for campaigning which has hardly ever been equalled. They fought like devils against any odds of number; and before battle they have been known to march six days together without food, except, perhaps, the inner bark of trees, and in such clothing and shoeing as mere birch-bark." If such a feat were physically possible, he is entitled to some credit for the moderation with which he admits that it "has hardly ever been equalled." And for the purpose of invoking confidence in the statement, he need not have conceded the propriety of distinguishing between the *inner* and *outer* bark of the trees. If the Jarl had had an army of Dr. Tanners, he might have made such a march in a desert country; and perhaps he could have subsisted them on such food as the *inner* (or outer) *bark* of the Dogs of War.

In one of his biographies, covering two hundred and fifty seven pages, the world is apprised of the fact that the father of his hero owned a cow which "had calved," and that "young John, still in petticoats, was permitted to go, holding by his father's hand, and look at the newly arrived calf; a mystery which he surveyed with open intent eyes, and the silent exer-

cise of all the scientific faculties he had; very strange mystery indeed, this new arrival, and fresh denizen of our Universe; 'Wull't eat a body?' said John in his first practical Scotch, inquiring into the tendencies this mystery might have to fall upon a little fellow and consume him as provision."

Prosy old Mother Goose in men's clothes. This biography which is composed largely of letters from the hero to the biographer, contains one in which the hero informs the biographer that his "little Charlotte desires me to tell you that she has new shoes for her Doll, which she will show you when you come." In another the hero very elaborately hesitates between encomium and stricture on the Sartor Resartus; or rather, indulges immoderately in both; but closes with the courteous confession that he had not done justice to his "own sense of the genius and moral energy of the book."

If the reader wonders who was the hero of the biography he will still wonder after hearing his name. From the biography however it may be learned that his name was John Sterling, that he was prepared for, but losing his health failed in the ministry; that he moved about for a time seeking health, and writing letters to his friends, including his biographer; that he also wrote Spring Poetry, the following among other specimens of which his biographer has, unfortunately for his Hero's fame, given to the World.

> "But Anne, at last her mute devotions o'er,
> Perceived the fact she had forgot before
> Of her too shocking nudity; and shame
> Flushed from her heart o'er all the snowy frame;
> And struck from top to toe with burning dread,
> She blew the light out and escaped to bed."

How refreshing it seems to turn from such sickening slime to some of the finest flashes of humor, blended with seriocomic yet *bona-fide* criticism of the then prevalent rage for biography; which are the more ironical that they appear in some of his own biographical notices. In a hybrid or cross between an obituary notice and a biographical sketch of one Jean Paul Frederick Richter he says, "Dr. Johnson, it is said, when he first heard of Boswell's intention to write a life of him,

announced with decision enough, that, if he thought Boswell really meant to *write his* life, he would prevent it by *taking* Boswell's. That great authors should actually employ this preventive against bad biographies is a thing we would by no means recommend; but the truth is, that, as rich as we are in biography, *a well written life is almost as rare as a well spent life.*" * * * "Except by name, Jean Paul Frederick Richter is little known outside of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country, is his saying, imported by Madam DeStael, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics: 'Providence has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, to the Germans that of the—air.' Of this last element, indeed, his own genius might easily seem to have been a denizen."

An adventurer called Count Cagliostro, whose stock in trade was effrontery and tact, and whose occupation was imposture, is immortalized in seventy pages of the most vituperative, extravagant, and enigmatical denunciation conceivable. The biographer narrates his birth as follows, " * * * Know, then, that in the year 1743, in the city of Palermo, in Sicily, the family of Signor Pietro Balsamo a shop-keeper, were *exhilarated* by the birth of a Boy. Such occurrences have now become so frequent that miraculous as they are, they occasion little astonishment:—old Balsamo for a space, indeed, laid down his ell-wands and *unjust* balances; but for the rest, met the event with equanimity. Of the possetings, junketings, gossipings, and other ceremonial rejoicings, transacted according to the custom of the country, for welcome to a new-comer, not the faintest tradition has survived; enough, that the small new-comer, hitherto a mere ethnic or heathen, is in a few days made a Christian of, or as we vulgarly say, christened; by the name of Guiseppe. A fat, red, globular kind of fellow, not under nine pounds avoirdupoise, the bold imagination can figure him to be; if not proofs, there are indications that sufficiently betoken as much. Of his teething and swaddling adventures, of his scaldings, squallings, pukings, and purgings, the strictest search into history can discover nothing; not so

much as the epoch when he passed out of long clothes stands noted in the Fasti of Sicily."

The course of the *New-comer* is then traced in terms egregiously enigmatical, and embellished with frequent "Flights" of fantastic philosophising on all sorts of subjects, not even remotely germain to the biography, until he is found in the heat of life's battle. "Beppo then, like a Noah's raven, is out upon that watery waste of dissolute, beduped, distracted European Life, to see if there is any carrion there. One unguided little raven, in the wide-weltering Mother of Dead-Dogs:—will he not come to harm; will he not be snapped up, drowned, starved, and washed to the Devil there? No fear of him—for a time. His eye (or scientific judgment) it is true, as yet takes in only a small section of it; but then his scent (instinct of genius) is prodigious; several endowments, forgery and others, he has unfolded into talents; the two sources of all quack-talent, Cunning and Impudence are his in richest measure."

It seems strange that one assuming the airs and proportions of a High Priest in Literature, a connoisseur in Criticism, a modeller or moulder of taste, a historian of the French Revolution, of Cromwell and Frederick the Great, could have the time or the inclination to trace a vagrant Quack through a half century of cozenage and adventure and hide and seek with the Police all over Europe. But the consequence of his subject, its importance to the reader, as well as the manner in which he dealt with it, seemed to be of little concern to him. It was his business to *write*, and the World's *duty* to read; and having once obtained recognition he kept the floor until he had shown Mankind how one with the rarest gifts, with almost superhuman energy, with an apparently inexhaustible fund of historical fact, with infinite versatility, with the deepest and soundest philosophical acumen, with absolute mastery of language, and marvelous copiousness of thought, could squander the whole in a disgusting serio-comic exhibition of himself.

The facts he has perpetuated are abundant and important, the philosophy he has promulgated is deep and true; but both are to be extracted from a mazy mass of unique obscurity, enigma and riddle; the key to which in most instances is the

fantastic self-assertion of its writer. To the question what has he done for Literature? it may be fairly answered, he has taken his place and asserted himself therein, in attitude and ejaculation, at once the contortionist and clown of a Literary Circus.

But I have too far and too tediously traced this traducer and encomiast of human character. Further detail were unprofitable, and, I need not add, unpalatable. But I think I have shown that all I have claimed for him as a really profound philosopher is but a moderate estimate of him in that respect, and that all that I have denounced him for in the way of eccentric egotism and blatant black-guardism is but a charitable characterization of him in that respect. In the same strain he pursues the same vein throughout the great mass of his collossal works, and seems to be in the Zenith of his glory when "bodying forth" some idea superbly sublime, in terms grotesquely ridiculous.

CHAPTER VII.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY IN MODERN ATTIRE.

Translators Should Translate and not Paraphrase—Historians Should Narrate and not Philosophize—Equivalence of Thought Psychologically Possible—Equivalence of Expression Philologically Possible—Literary Economy—Recriminations of Translators and Editors—Modern Reader's Assurance that He gets the Meaning of the Ancient Writer—Provisional Validity of Lucretius' Philosophy—Economy of Nature in Time and Space—Religion and Superstition—Parallel Between Invocations of Lucretius and Milton—Disagreement Among Translators—Improvised Data of Philosophy—Its Weakness for Parallels—Primordial Atom Impossible—Annihilation and Diminution Impossible—Self-Propulsion Impossible—Nature Only Another Name for the Almighty—Freedom Attributed to Irregularity of Voluntary Atomical Motion—Mediæval Papacy's Attempt to Enslave Thought—Mortality and Immortality Conclusively Proved by Reasoning of Lucretius and Socrates—Insuperable Antinomy—Disgusting Allusions of Philosophers—Literary Toadyism.

A translator of an ancient poetical philosophy, in some remarks on the life and poem of his author, has attributed the error in biography and history to the fact that "the learned conjecture, and the less learned affirm;" the result of which would seem to be that the unlearned might forever remain so.

He might with sufficient propriety have included translation in the same stricture, as his own declarations in the same remarks sufficiently disclose its errors and their causes. In history, biography, and translation, the object ought to be a faithful and accurate rendition of the truth; the true office of the historian is to narrate the facts relating to his subject; and that of the translator is to translate a writing from one language into another.

If the historian, instead of or in addition to narrating the facts, makes what he may deem learned deductions therefrom, or elaborately philosophizes thereon, he may display his own genius to a world, which might be more edified in knowing what was and is, that in knowing what a profuse pedant may think of it. If the translator, instead of rendering what is said in one language into its actual equivalent in another, paraphrases, amplifies, or abridges it, he may show his reader

what he in his scholastic wisdom thinks his author ought to have said, without letting him very deeply into the secret of what he actually has said.

It is within the principles of psychology that there may be actual equivalence of thought among all the cultured races; it is also within the principles of philology that any thought expressible in any language may be rendered in terms exactly equivalent in the language of any cultured race. Language is commensurate with thought, and universally adequate to its office; and its office is not, as some cynic has said, to conceal or disguise thought.

In most translations in vogue there are, in the introductory parts and in marginal notes, many severe strictures upon the rendition in other translations of what are said to be important parts of the original. The great majority of persons desiring to know the content of writings in languages different from their mother tongue, cannot afford to acquire the use of such language; and to obtain such knowledge they must rely upon the translators, who frequently, and with contemptible pedantry, transcribe lengthy and perhaps important passages of the alleged original text into the alleged translation.

It cannot be very gratifying to the reader to find the translators disputing about the correctness of each other's renditions of what they call important parts of the original, and accusing each other of paraphrasing, amplifying, abridging, misunderstanding and corrupting it. Such behavior will convince him that there is dishonesty or inefficiency about it somewhere, and without a knowledge of the original, in which case a translation were superfluous, he becomes a disappointed and disgusted spectator of a reproachful wrangle among the learned, with no means of knowing, and with but little reason to believe, that he gets the actual equivalent of the original from any of them.

Judging from the past this may be destined to be a mere fruitless complaint, but no candid reader will say it is an unjust one. Very few have taken the pains, or contented themselves, to make methodical statements or records of the facts forming the body of their alleged histories, and if they are candid in their

mutual criticisms still fewer have given the actual equivalent of the writings they have assumed to translate. Those sufficiently learned and who have assumed the duties of either office generally write as though they imagine they were too learned, and instead of furnishing their readers with the actual substance and leaving them to their own inferences, they generally make of their work an occasion to display their own genius and philosophical acumen, and relegate the historical fact they record, and the actual product of the author they translate to a comparative obscurity.

Many histories cover one and the same period, relate to the same general subjects, and record identical facts which come from the same sources. If they agree in substance, some are necessarily superfluous and could well be dispensed with; if they disagree, some are worse than superfluous and should not have been written. Agreement here relates to narration of substantive fact—all in excess of which is neither biography nor history, but is the learned superfluity which goes current as philosophy. If it is justifiable as philosophy, and is merely to be based on and illustrated by the historical fact chronicled in the same connection, then the philosophy is the real occasion for so augmenting the volume of literature, and no more fact should be chronicled in such connection than will suffice for the necessary data and illustration; and the work should sail under its true colors, it should avow itself a philosophy and not a history.

In vindication of this complaint as to the rendition by some persons of the writings of others, I quote from one of the translators of Lucretius. After naming numerous editions of the alleged original text he says, "But all other editions were thrown into the shade by those of Lambinus of which the first appeared in 1563, the second in 1565, and the third in 1570. Of all editors and expounders of Lucretius, Lambinus still deserves to stand at the head. He is accused by Wakefield of *inconsulta temeritas*, injudicious rashness, in intruding his own conjectures into the text; and by Eichstadt, of having had too high an opinion of his own judgment and ability; but though there may be some grounds for such accusations, his character

as an editor is still of the highest order. He brought to his work a powerful mind, and, knowing that Lucretius always intended to write sense, he took upon himself to put sense, perhaps at times too arbitrarily, into verses which had been left meaningless by transcribers."

So an edtior whose character as such is of the highest order has put sense into passages of the original text, "perhaps at times too arbitrarily." If the transcribers had left such passages meaningless, it may have been because they found them so. They may have been too conscientious to put sense into them. As transcribers it was their office to make literal copies of the original, and the law presumes they did their duty; and but for the strictures above mentioned, and the vicarious confession above quoted; it would presume that the editors and translators have done theirs.

The translator in question mentions sixteen editions of the alleged original, all of which he says are in many respects corrupted and unfaithful; and eight English translations, and says they are all more or less inaccurate, and accuses one translator of inserting five of his own lines between the tenth and sixteenth lines of the first book. If his charges are true, some of the matter he has translated may not be that of his alleged author; how much, is a matter of mere conjecture. In such case the reader can have but little assurance that he gets a single thought of Lucretius' from the alleged literal translation following such damaging declarations. As above indicated, he must take it on trust from the translator, who in turn appears to have taken it on distrust from the transcribers and editors; and to have accused every editor and all other translators of inaccuracy, even the editor whose character as such is of the highest order.

In some instances there may be good reason to believe that the modern reader of the ancient classic gets substantially the content of the original, among the best of which reasons may be the evidence inherent in the body of the composition itself. Perhaps the most convincing evidence of the validity of the claim that the writings of the Bible are of divine inspiration, is that to be found in the writings themselves. While it might

so far as we know be possible that they are not, and probable that in successive transcriptions editions and translations they may have lost some of their pristine purity, and may have been more or less corrupted, yet taken entire, they are so far out of the usual course of the literature of any age, that it is more difficult to believe they are a mere human invention, than to believe they are what they purport to be. Notwithstanding the great number of persons who appear to have written them, the ages intervening, the vastly different stages or degrees of civilization prevailing, and different circumstances under which they are said to have been written, they might, so far as their own characteristics as a literary composition are concerned, all be attributed to one and the same pen. So it may be with some of the philosophy of the sages of antiquity, but not conspicuously so with that now attributed to the poet Lucretius. It bears no internal indication that it was not composed by many, but rather the contrary.

The qualitative, relative, or provisional validity of some of his reasoning, is made more problematical than it otherwise need be, by a dispute among his translators as to the proper rendition of the word *religione*. Some contend that it is religion, others that it is superstition. The provisional validity of his reasoning is that with reference to the data then available, the stage of science prevalent when he wrote. By subsequent investigation many of his ideas are exploded, which, as to the data then available may have been rationally legitimate deductions. When he objected to universal centripetal gravitation, and insisted on absolute vacuums, the earth had not been circumnavigated, and the telescope had not explored *our* part of the sidereal system and located its center in the Sun.

But apart from such considerations, and on his own hypotheses as to the data then available, the validity of his reasoning is in some measure to be estimated according as he meant either religion or superstition by the term *Religione*; his philosophy appearing to have been written to overthrow whichever it was he meant. His translator says, " * * * neither Epicurus nor Lucretius attacked the belief in the gods, and in punishment after death, as a Superstition, but as a Religion. It is

a Superstition to us, but it was a religion to men of those days." And he insists that by the term *Religione*, Lucretius meant religion, and that he did not believe in divine intervention in human affairs; but he names four other translators who he says all "concur in rendering this word by Superstition." If that which may be a superstition to one may be a religion to another, it can have no invariable validity of character itself, but must be to this one and that one just whatever their respective mental moulds may make of it. Otherwise the difference between religion and superstition is unintelligible, or rather we cannot intelligibly conceive an actual difference in kind between them.

So it will appear that the provisional validity of the reasoning in the philosophy of one who is said to be one of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, depends in some measure upon his meaning by the use of one word, about which there is among the learned an irreconcilable dispute, and among both learned and unlearned, little if any certainty that he used it at all; his greatest editor having taken "upon himself to put sense, perhaps at times too arbitrarily into verses which had been left meaningless by transcribers."

No reasoning can be valid, on any supposable hypothesis, which attempts to account for Nature or any of its phenomena otherwise than as the manifestation of a Power (call it divine or otherwise) which is hopelessly and forever beyond the comprehension of the human mind. Modern metaphysic manifests this, or the whole system is worse than idle. If we know anything of nature, we know that nothing therein of which we can conceive is entirely without purpose. That some of the purposes of some of its phenomena may not appear to us to be good, may be due to our inability to discern them, and even if some of them are known to be essentially evil, they are still the purposes of the existence of the matter or phenomena in nature manifesting them.

We know that time and space are, and that they are for some purpose, that they comprehend all phenomena of which we can conceive, whereby one of their purposes is known, and known to be so far fulfilled. We know that there is no such

thing as absolute waste, destruction, or annihilation of any thing of which we can conceive, tangible or intangible, corporeal or incorporeal, within the economic system of nature; at least that the mind cannot conceive such absolute waste, destruction, or annihilation. We know that all tangible phenomena of which we can conceive as being, can occupy only so small a portion of space that the proportion of their volume as we can conceive it, to that of the immensity of space, is so small that no comparative relation or proportion between them or in their extent can be imagined. We know then that there is an inconceivably vast extent of space unoccupied by any phenomena of which we can conceive; at least that the mind cannot conceive of matter and its phenomena as occupying all Space, nor, comparatively speaking, any considerable portion of it.

From what we know of the economy of nature, we have no right to assume that the apparently unoccupied portion of the extent of space is really unoccupied and without a purpose. What occupies or pervades it, and what is its purpose? Is it not occupied and pervaded by the Ubiquitous Spirit of its divine Architect, the Originator of the purpose everywhere manifest in all we know of in nature? And does He not occupy and pervade it to execute such purpose, and such other inscrutable will as He may have? Reasoning from what we know, must we not answer in the affirmative? Does not such a belief lie at the very base of any possibly true religion? If so, and if Lucretius used the term *Religione* in the sense of religion as now understood, the reasoning in his philosophy (as translated by Watson) is necessarily fallacious even on his own hypothesis, considering the data reasoned from and the end reasoned to; while if he meant superstition and superstition is essentially different from religion, some part of it may have been valid, as relative to the data available in his time. When it is remembered that he wrote more than nineteen hundred years ago, when polytheistic image worship was the religion of State, the learned consulted the haruspices and sibylline leaves, and the most important affairs turned upon the omens

of entrails and flights of birds, the wisdom of some of his postulates and deductions (if they are his) is truly wonderful.

Assuming, as I believe some parts of the philosophy justify me in doing, that by the term *Religione*, if he used it, Lucretius meant superstition in a sense essentially different from religion, his purpose appears to have been to emancipate the Roman mind from a base thralldom to that superstition, and thereby promote rather than oppose what he may have regarded religion. According to one of his translators he exclaims,

> "O wretched mortals—race perverse and blind.
> Through what dread dark, what perilous pursuits,
> Pass ye this round of being, know ye not
> Of all ye toil for nature Nothing asks,
> But for the body freedom from disease
> And sweet, unanxious quiet, for the mind?"

He seems to have been religious, as he understood religion. According to the literal translation in question he begins his philosophy by invoking "Bountiful Venus, mother of the race of Aeneas, delight of gods and men, who, beneath the gliding constellations of heaven, fillest the ship-bearing sea and the fruit-producing earth; since by thy influence every kind of living creature is conceived, and springing forth hails the light of the sun. * * * Since thou alone dost govern all things in nature, neither does anything without thee spring into the ethereal realms of light, nor anything become gladsome or lovely; I desire thee to be my associate in this my song, which I am essaying to compose on the nature of things, for the instruction of my friend Memmius, whom thou, O goddess, hast willed at all times to excel, graced with every gift." This recalls Milton's invocation of the

> " * * * heavenly muse, that on the secret top
> Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
> That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
> In the beginning how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos; or, if Zion hill
> Delight the more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
> Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
> Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
> That with no middle flight intends to soar

Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest; thou from the first
Was present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding o'er the vast abyss
And madst it pregnant."

The main difference between the two invocations is in that of the heathen being full of animation, while that of the Christian is full of stately gloom, the difference in the names by which they knew their Deities being of but little consequence. But I am at a loss for some means of harmonizing the chief postulate of Lucretius' invocation, with that of the one hundred and fifty-ninth line of the first book of his philosophy, that "all things are done without the agency of the gods." According to the invocation it would seem that very little if anything was done without the influence of a goddess; but it may have been at one of these points that some of his editors or translators have taken upon themselves to put sense into his verses. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that one who in his time, place, and circumstances, was capable of some of the thought in the philosophy attributed to him, would run recklessly into such palpable contradiction; or would, in the beginning of such a work, invoke the association of that which, by the very invocation he must recognize as a divine Superintendent of terrestrial affairs, unless he believed in such divine superintendence; and such belief would in most minds constitute a religion. It would be a religion to us, and we must suppose it was a religion to him. Unless he had such belief, and his philosophy (not that of those who have put sense into his verses) consistently harmonized with it, the philosophy was a self-destructive contradiction. If he had such belief, and has not frequently stultified himself, he has been terribly mangled by the butchers through whose ingenuity and scholasticism his alleged philosophy has been preserved and transmitted to us.

In view of the fact that those of the learned who have concerned themselves most with it cannot agree as to some points vital to its validity as a process of reasoning, and that some of

them have taken upon themselves to put sense, presumably their own, into his verses; and in view of the irreconcilable contradiction between various parts of it, the profound wisdom of some of the propositions and the grotesque absurdity of others, the student of what is called Lucretius' Philosophy as now rendered in the English language, can have no means of knowing whether he reads Lucretius, or him and a half dozen of his ambitious and scholarly mutilators.

There is probably no more groundless proposition propounded in any philosophy, than the attempt to attribute freedom of action in animated nature to an alleged deviation from a straight line in atomical motion, which deviation is only claimed to be infinitesimal; and is assumed because it cannot be proved to be absolutely direct on account of the imperceptibility of the atoms and their motion, and contrary to the analogy of the perceptible motion of perceptible matter. One translator has him say " * * * if all motion is connected and dependent, and a new movement perpetually arises from a former one in a certain order, and, if the primary elements do not produce any commencement of motion by deviating from the straight line to break the laws of fate, so that cause may not follow cause in infinite succession, whence comes this freedom of will to all animals in the world? Whence I say is this freedom of action wrested from the fates, by means of which we go wheresoever inclination leads each of us? whence is it that we ourselves turn aside and alter our motions, not at any fixed part of space, but just as our mind has prompted us? For doubtless, in such matters his own will gives a commencement of action to every man; and hence motions are diffused throughout the limbs." "For Weight forbids that all effects be produced by strokes, and as if by external force; but the circumstance that our mind itself is not influenced by external necessity in performing every action, and is not, as if under subjection, compelled only to bear and suffer, this circumstance the slight declination of the primordial atoms causes though it takes place neither in any determinate part of space, nor at any determinate time."

Another translator puts the proposition in the first of these

two quotations thus, "Whence is our liberty of action? Ask of the atoms themselves; if their motion be invariably direct, there arises from this motion a chain of fate and necessity; if there be collision, (supposing collision to take place with perfectly direct motion) there arises from it the same necessity. To declension from the right line only, therefore, can liberty of action be attributable." Another renders it thus,

> "Had all one motion uniform, the new
> The anterior copying, if throughout
> Primordial seeds declined not, rousing hence
> Fresh springs of action, potent to subvert
> The bonds of fate, and break the rigid chain
> Of cause on cause eternal,—whence, resolve,
> Flows through the world this freedom of the mind?
> This power to act, though fate the deed forbid,
> Urged by the will alone? The freeborn mind
> Acts, or forbears, spontaneous; these the will,
> Doubtless, alone determines, and, at once,
> Flies the fleet motion through the assenting frame."

That the data is improvised upon the flimsy foundation of mere absence of disproof is apparent. And the absurdity of the theory of deviation is manifest when it is "acknowledged that atoms decline a little from the straight course, though it need not be admitted that they decline more than the least possible space; lest we should seem to imagine oblique motions, and truth should refute the supposition. For this we see to be obvious and manifest, that heavy bodies, as far as depends on themselves, cannot, when they fall from above, advance obliquely; a fact which you yourself may see. But who is there that can see that atoms *do not* all turn themselves, even in the least, from the straight direction of their course?"

If they should "turn themselves even in the least from the straight direction of their course," their motion would certainly be so far oblique, "and truth should refute the supposition." If primordial atoms are universally inanimate, if their animation only results from their combination, they cannot "all turn themselves even in the least from the straight direction of their course." If they are inanimate, and are impelled by an extraneous force, so far as they are themselves concerned their motion

is a necessity, and the direction of their motion is as much a necessity as the motion itself. And so far as human cognition or valid reasoning is concerned, force and necessity may reach their goal as well by a devious as by a direct course.

Perhaps one of the worst drawbacks from philosophy is its weakness for parallels, in its eagerness to discover which it resorts to all sorts of visionary and absurd assumptions. To suppose any relation or affinity between mind and primordial atoms of inanimate matter requires a severe strain of mind; and without such relation or affinity, any supposable direction of the motion of such atoms, however impelled, cannot be conceived to have any possible effect or influence on the action or condition of mind, so far as freedom is concerned.

Another illustration is that by which the difference in their sizes, and the greater penetrative powers of some atoms is proved; " * * * light passes through horn, but water is repelled by it. Why? unless the atoms of light are less than those of which the genial liquid of water consists." Another translator puts it metrically thus,

> "Light the clear glass pervades, while lymph recoils;
> Whence springs this difference, but that subtler seeds
> Rear the bright sunbeam than the fountain form?"

If, instead of horn or glass felt were used in the illustration it would have yielded more moisture than light, notwithstanding the difference in size of the atoms and subtlety of the seeds. If primordial atoms are the extreme points that "certainly exist without parts, and consist of the least possible natural substance," of pure solidity, "endowed with an eternal, simple, and indissoluble existence from which nature allows nothing to be broken off," they are ultimate units, incapable of further division. It would seem then that there could not be such a difference in their sizes that some could while others could not pass through any particular substance. It is impossible to imagine a difference in the size of things, without imagining some larger than others, which cannot be if all are the least possible and of pure solidity. One must also imagine the possibility of the larger being reduced by division to the size of the smaller. These are inexorable requirements of thought, or

which there can be no evasion, from which there is no escape.

That the "primordial atoms are therefore of pure solidity, which, composed of the smallest points, closely cohere," means nothing. It is a self-destructive proposition. There can be no cohesion in an absolute and indissoluble unit. There must be parts to cohere. If atoms are composed of the smallest points, which are without parts, they are without magnitude, they have no dimension, neither length, breadth, nor thickness; and can impart none to anything into the composition of which they enter. Neither can they be of pure solidity, because they cannot be or constitute substance. Nothing but substance can be imagined to have solidity, and substance must have dimension, length, breadth, and thickness, which it cannot derive from atoms if they are mere points, without parts and without dimension. No indivisible dimension can be imagined, infinitude is as palpable in the direction of the minute as in the direction of the vast. If the alleged atoms are the least possible points, without parts, they are necessarily without dimension, and no number of them can constitute any quantity of substance. It is not admissible to speak of quantity of such atoms, because without dimension quantity cannot be imagined any more than we can imagine dimension without parts.

The primordial atoms of Lucretius' philosophy, indissoluble and without parts, are nothing, they never physically existed. So his two chief postulates, that nothing is ever produced from nothing, and that all substance is produced from such atoms, are contradictory. He was requiring too much of his friend Memmius when he told him he "must be prevailed upon to acknowledge that there are bodies which exist having no parts, and consist of the least possible substance; and since they are so, since they are indivisible and undiminishable, you must also concede that they are eternal." The word least is ruinous to this proposition. Least cannot be predicated of any substance except with relation to its dimension in comparison with that of some other substance, and indivisible dimension cannot be imagined. The proposition however contains one legitimate supposition. If anything is undiminishable it must be eternal. If it is undiminishable it cannot be annihilated; it

cannot begin to go out of existence. But it need not be indivisible to be eternal, for division cannot be imagined as diminution. It is mere separation of parts, change of form, condition, and place.

Annihilation, which cannot be thought at all is more palpably unthinkable without supposing diminution, whether the annihilation is attempted to be thought as instantaneous, or as being ages in doing. Nothing can occur in time without occupying some portion of time; nothing can be supposed to occur at an absolute point between two several portions of time, and without itself occupying some portion of it, because time is continuous and is not interrupted in its course; and whatever occurs therein must have some duration, be some time in doing. It is said to be demonstrated that musical sounds may be produced by vibrations numbering four thousand in a second of time; but they must each have some duration or the entire number would not occupy a full second. If it were impossible to demonstrate that there could be more than four thousand vibrations in a second of time it would not follow that more are impossible. If it were impossible to demonstrate that the alleged primordial atom was reducible in dimension, or divisible, it would not follow that it was irreducible or indivisible. All that is argued in either case is the inability of the human capacity. Annihilation of substance, then, which cannot be thought at all, becomes, if possible, more palpably unthinkable without some duration, without occupying some time, during which diminution must be supposed to proceed, in order that at the end of which annihilation might be supposed to result, if it were supposable at all. Then whatever cannot be diminished must be eternal, because it cannot be annihilated. But it does not follow that anything (substance) must be indivisible in order to be eternal. I think I have shown that no substance can be, or be supposed, indivisible, and hence divisibility and indvisibility are no factors in considering the question of the eternity of atoms of any substance.

I said above that division cannot be imagined as diminution, that it is mere separation of parts, change of form, condition, and place. A moment's reflection, or one illustration is

sufficient to demonstrate this. As it proceeds in the physical world, simply the process of disintegration, it, and the counteracting and concurrent process of integration combine to form the final process by which the indestructibility of tangible matter, and hence the life of the Universe, is said to be maintained. Then so far from being inimical to the eternity of atoms or of substance generally, it is essential to it. If division meant diminution, evaporation would soon terminate all aquatic existence, and the mineral particles extracted by the growth of vegetation from the earth, and diffused by its consumption and decay in impalpable gases, would long since have sent its soil into nonentity.

I doubt if any philosopher has ever more forcibly propounded the doctrine of persistence of force and eternal integration of matter, forming a plurality, or rather an infinity of sidereal systems and habitable worlds; but there are two serious objections to it, in that it ignores disintegration, and claims that the inanimate atoms of matter are self-propellent. The difficulty of the absence of disintegration is supposed to be obviated by the supposition of an infinite number of atoms. But as I have above shown that the necessary result of his own doctrine is that his atoms cannot constitute substance in any quantity, the proposition is not aided by such supposition. An infinite number of nothings cannot constitute a something, and disintegration remains a necessity if integration is to continue. Besides both integration and disintegration are so palpably physical facts, that it is not a little surprising that such a reasoner would attempt to account for the continuity of integration on the hypothesis of an inexhaustible number of atoms to draw from, even if he allowed them to have dimension so that they could by combination constitute quantity of substance. He is translated as saying, "But by no means can it be thought probable, when space lies open in every quarter, and when seminal atoms, of incomputable number and unfathomable sum, driven about by everlasting motion, fly through the void in infinite ways, that this one globe of earth, and this one heaven, have been alone produced; and that these innumerable particles of matter do nothing beyond our sphere; especially when

this world was made by merely natural causes, and the atoms of things, jostling about *of their own accord* in infinite modes, often brought together confusedly, ineffectually, and to no purpose, at length successfully coalesced;—at least such of them as, thrown together suddenly, became in succession the beginnings of great things, of the earth, the sea, the heaven, and the race of animals. For which reason it is irresistibly incumbent on you to admit, that there are other combinations of matter in other places, such as is this world, which the ether holds in its vast embrace."

A few pages thereafter he speaks of disintegration as working the ultimate destruction of matter, but not as a process concurrent with and reciprocal to integration, which it must be, if the indestructibility of tangible matter is to be maintained.

About three hundred years before his time another philosopher, in his last colloquy had said, "See now O Cebes that we have not agreed on these things improperly, as it appears to me; for if one class of things were not constantly given back in the place of another, revolving as it were, in a circle, but generation were direct from one thing alone into its opposite, and did not turn round again to the other, or retrace its course, do you not know that all things would at length have the same form, be in the same state, and cease to be produced? * * * And if all things were mingled together, but never separated, that doctrine of Anaxagoras would soon be verified, 'all things would be together.'"

By how much is the present doctrine of evolution, the persistence of force, integration and reciprocal disintegration of matter in advance of that of twenty-two centuries ago? Verily it seems "there is no new thing under the sun." Three hundred years after Socrates drank the hemlock, Lucretius is represented as reasoning that integration will perpetually prevail, forming numberless sidereal systems of habitable worlds, drawing the supply from an inexhaustible fund of primordial inanimate atoms, without parts or dimensions (nothings), inanimate yet self-propellent, and yet that disintegration will outstrip such process and eventually annihilate all matter. A motley medley of contradiction; no less palpably a contradic-

tion to itself, than to his aphorism that "nature resolves each thing into its own constituent elements, and does not reduce anything to nothing."

A metrical translator has him likening the life of the Universe to that of an animal, saying,

> " * * * This the ceaseless course
> Of things created. But those chief, with speed,
> Waste into nought that boast a bulk immense;
> Since wider, here, the surface whence, each hour,
> Flies off the light effluvium, nor with ease
> Winds the fresh food through all the mighty mass,
> By ceaseless strife exhausted, and a store
> Asking far ampler than the store received.
> And from without by blows tumultuous urged;
> Blows that, resistless, from what e'er adjoins,
> Ply their full vigor till the victim yields.
> Thus shall the world's wide walls hereafter sink
> In boundless ruins; thus, though yet sustained
> By food appropriate, and preserved entire.
> For not forever will her powers digest
> The due recruit, nor Nature's hand supply."

It would seem that if "nature resolves each thing into its own constituent elements," matter, on being disintegrated would be resolved back into the primordial atoms of things, which, if they were the same constituent elements would again jostle about of their own accord, if they had previously done so, and repeat the process with the same, or with analogous results. If they are the same constituent elements, they would probably be of the same nature (as originally) and have the same power and propensity to jostle about, and re-combine instead of "waste into nought."

How easily a link may be omitted, and how fatal the omissions to the force and effect of a chain of sand, or of—wind.

Ridiculing the idea of the ubiquity and omnipotence of any God, he is represented by a metrical translator as saying,

> " * * * all Nature shines at once,
> Free in her acts, no tryant to control,
> Self-potent, and uninfluenced by the gods.
> For, O ye powers divine, whose tranquil lives
> Flow free from care, with ceaseless sunshine blest,—

Who the vast whole could guide, midst all your ranks ?
Who grasp the reins that curb th' Entire of things ?
Turn the broad heavens, and pour, through countless worlds,
Th' ethereal fire that feeds their vital throngs ?
Felt every moment, felt in every place.
Who from the low'ring clouds the lightening dart,
And roll the clamorous thunder, oft in twain
Rending the concave ? or, full deep retired,
Who point in secret the mysterious shaft
That, while the guilty triumphs, prostrates stern
The fairest forms of innocence and worth ?"

When duly considered the apparently troublesome inquiries assume something more in the nature of a dissent from the generally accepted use of words, than a denial of the actuality of an omnipotent and omnipresent Power or Being. If "all Nature shines at once, free in her acts, no tyrant to control, self-potent," then Nature must be an omnipotent and omnipresent Power or Being; and the dispute assumes proportions too vast to be justified on the ground of alleged impropriety in the use of a mere name. By "ye powers divine" he may have meant the members of the celestial cabinet, senate, or synod, the Micheal, Raphael, Abdiel, Uriel, Uzziel, etc., who figured so conspicuously in the armed armistice, and final capitulation of Eden to the powers of Darkness, then but recently expelled from "the precincts of light."

If Nature is "self-potent and uninfluenced by the gods," it must be superior to them; it must be the Supreme Being which some assume to know by the name of God, denominated by the philosopher Nature; and the identity is in no sense and to no extent dependent on the recognition of a parallel or equivalent for his suppositive subordinate gods. I believe he nowhere positively ascribes an equivalent for their alleged tranquility of life and unconcern in human affairs to Nature itself; but on the contrary rather holds that nature by immutable fiat orders and controls all existence whatever; which with the exception of the unimportant difference in name, and the then prevalent recognition of the intermediaries called gods, is almost equivalent to the main tenet of the most dogmatic theology of to-day.

While doubting, or rather disputing, that there was any god among all their ranks who could "grasp the entire of things turn the broad heavens and pour through countless worlds the ethereal fire that feeds their vital throngs," he was recognizing that there was some Power which could and did do it, and he called that Power Nature, and held it to be "uninfluenced by the gods." One can almost see here a parallel for the Protestant protest that the Almighty is not propitiated by the Catholic invocation of saints.

But the last of the above quoted inquiries is not so easily disposed of.

> "For O ye powers divine. * * *
> * * * midst all your ranks
> Who point in secret the mysterious shaft
> That, while the guilty triumphs, prostrates stern
> The fairest forms of innocence and worth ?"

It would seem that some Power does so point the mysterious shaft, and that the philosopher was duly appreciative of the fact. His query is, who of the gods it is, implying that while it is done, it is not done by any of them, and that he attributes it to Nature, who shines at once free in her acts, self-potent and uninfluenced by the gods. But Nature as above shown is only his appellation for the Supreme Being or Power.

The most troublesome part of this inquiry is its covert imputation of injustice and bad economy in the course of the Power, Being, or Nature which so prostrates the fairest forms of innocence and worth while guilt triumphs. Here the mind is forced to a halt. One assumes to know all about Nature, attributes an alleged freedom of human will and action to an imagined deviation from a direct line in the motion of alleged self-moving primordial atoms of inanimate matter. We might reasonably expect him to go on and explain the principle of justice and economy on which that same Nature prostrates the fairest forms of innocence and worth while guilt triumphs. The mind was never harassed with another so important and perplexing a problem. Why should innocence and worth suffer while guilt triumphs ? It is vastly more important to benighted mortals to know this than to be informed that their own freedom of action

is due to a fancied circuity of direction in the motion of self-propelled primordial atoms of inanimate matter.

The philosopher finds an alleged freedom of mind and action in animated nature, and attributes it to an alleged promiscuous voluntary motion in alleged primordial atoms of inanimate matter. Mankind could be no *more* than curious to know this. He finds an alleged system of economy and justice in Nature under which innocence and worth suffer while guilt triumphs, and attributes this to—nothing. Mankind could be no *less* than deeply concerned to know this. One of these propositions is no more inscrutable than the other, for both are absolutely so. The data from which to reason out one of them is as available as that from which to reason out the other, for there is absolutely none for either of them. And the reasoning by which the imagined solution of the first problem is reached, is shown to be in many instances fallacious, and in some instances self-destructive. While this may have been reason sufficient for not attempting a solution of the latter and more important problem, it clearly is not the reason it was not attempted. A careful examination of the whole work results in the disclosure of nothing indicating that the problem itself ever occurred to the philosopher. I doubt, however, that any one ever lived, having capacity sufficient to distinguish between good and ill, or to conceive of them, who has not wondered and longed to know the reason why innocence and worth should suffer while guilt triumphs. Fervid zealots and owl-wise optimists gravely declare that it is the holy will of an All-wise and benevolent Creator, who wisely and benevolently orders all things for the weal of the elect; and then they tax their mental resources beyond endurance to show how and why the direst curses are the dearest blessings. And yet they affect a condescending pity for the wicked, idolatrous, benighted Brahmin who practically applies such doctrine by self-torture.

The problem remains as hopelessly insolvable as ever, yet no more so than others upon which lives have been spent (wasted?) in many instances in unintelligible speculation; but which are to-day as far from a solution as ever. The impor-

tant thing which all philosophers ought to remember, and which too many of them seem to forget, is, that they are themselves possessed of or endowed with merely human mind and capacity; and that their writings, if they have any legitimate purpose, are for the perusal of persons possessed of or endowed with merely human mind and capacity. If any mind ever comprehends and gives a valid solution of either of these two problems, or knows that animated action is absolutely free; or that it is controlled by an immutable fate or imperious necessity; to say nothing of knowing how, and being able to demonstrate why it is so in either case, it will be more than a mere human mind or intelligence. Still it is of the very nature and essence of the human mind for Reason to be incessantly and forever propounding her hopelessly unanswerable problems, so palpably so, that the mind in which the flame does not incessantly burn ought scarcely to be dignified with the name of mind.

Arguing the mortality of the soul, that it is begotten, born, and dies with the body, the philosopher is translated as saying, "First, then, I say, that the mind, which we often call the intellect, in which is placed the conduct and government of life, is not less an integral part of man himself, than the hand, and foot, and eyes are portions of the whole animal. * * * I now affirm that the mind and soul are held united with one another, and together form of themselves one nature or substance; but that which is, as it were, the head, and which rules the whole body, is the reason, the thinking or intellectual part, which we call mind and understanding; and this remains seated in the middle portion of the breast. For here dread and terror throb; around these parts joys soothe; here therefore is the understanding and mind. * * * It therefore necessarily follows that the nature of the mind is corporeal, since, it is made to suffer by corporeal weapons and violence. * * * So small are the traces of the natural principles, which reason cannot remove by her dictates, that nothing hinders men from leading a life worthy of the gods."

If these extracts were made solely with a view to captious criticism, the purpose would easily be detected on an examin-

ation of the first three hundred and twenty-three lines of the third chapter, from which they are taken. It will there appear that the philosopher insists that mind is a corporeal substance, forming an integral part of the body; that mind and soul are identical, forming one substance; and that "the primordial atoms, by the motion of the elements among themselves, so actively intermingle in the substance of the soul, that no one can be separated from the rest, nor can their power become divided by any interval, but, being many, they are as it were the power of a single body;" and yet, that the natural principles are inimical to the weal of mankind, are opposed to reason, but may be so far removed or overcome by reason that man may thereby be enabled to live a "life worthy of the gods;"—that such good life depends on the division of that which is indivisible, and the eradication of one part by the other part of the indivisible substance.

Strange as it may appear, one of his most strenuous arguments that mind (soul) is a corporeal substance, and forms an integral part of the body, as the hand, foot, and eyes, is, that at death it may depart without in the least diminishing the quantity of the corporeal substance of the body, saying, "when it escapes from the body, it carries away no weight with it."

The necessary result of any effort to give an accurate natural history of the mind, if persisted in, is to land the ambitious speculator in an inextricable labyrinth of absurdity, confusion, and contradiction. The mind is one of the wonders in presence of which, "thought fails to conceive adequately;" and as illogical as the very thought of the attempt may be, the argument in which it is usually conducted is, if possible, still more illogical.

But when we come to examine the philosopher's several (twenty-six) arguments that the soul is mortal, we behold some of the most striking analogies, and encounter some of the strongest reasoning, merely as reasoning, ever put upon paper. The second is that, "when the body is shaken by the prevailing power of time, and, the strength being depressed, the limbs have sunk into infirmity, the understanding then halts, the tongue and the mind lose their sense, all parts fail and fade

away at once. * * * It is produced together with the body, and grows up together with it, and both, as I have shown, overcome by age, decay in concert." The third argument is, that "the mind in disease of the body, often wanders distracted; for it loses its faculties, and utters senseless words. * * * Wherefore you must necessarily admit that the mind is also dissolved, since the contagion of disease penetrates it. For pain and disease are each the fabricator of death. * * * " The sixth argument is that "the mind may be healed, like a sick body, and wrought upon by means of medicine;" but the remainder of this one is not without its faults; for instance that division and transposition are incompatible with continual existence. The sixteenth argument is, " * * * if the nature of the soul exists imperishable, and is infused into men at their birth, why are we unable to remember the period of our existence previously spent by us, nor retain any traces of past transactions? For if the power of mind is so exceedingly changed, that all remembrance of past things has departed from it, that change, as I think, is not far removed from death itself."

Indeed there seems to be no possible confutation of such argument; unless it consists in a denial of the postulate that mind and soul are identical, are but two names for one thing. If mind is soul, and has its periods of helpless infancy, of buoyant youth, of robust manhood, of vigorous middle age, of senile decline; may it not have begun with the physical birth; may it not decline and end with the physical decay and death? When and where has it ever been known to exist apart from a physical existence? If it is at all affected by disease, may it not be utterly destroyed by it? If it is at all affected by the decrepitude of old age, may it not be entirely exhausted by it? If it is affected sympathetically by affections of the body, and is never known to exist apart from body, does not this imply a relationship too intimate and too gross, to be maintained by anything which could be conceived of as capable of a separate, independent, ethereal existence?

I am not assuming to argue either the mortality or immortality of the soul. I am merely considering the validity of the

reasoning in the philosophy attributed to Lucretius. As arguments the above quotations are simply unanswerable. If mind is soul, and if the immortality of the soul is a question, the solution of which is to be reached through any process of reasoning, it would seem that Lucretius had almost put an end to the debate. If the result should be the overthrow of traditions, faiths, and hopes, which have appeared to bless while they have merely deluded, it may be due to the irrepressible tendencies of the very subject of the discussion; whose prime propensity is to reason, even when admonished that reasoning is rebellion. One can have no more control of the trend of his thought than he could have of its determining whether it will act at all. The sum of the intelligence which prevails to-day is the result of the voluntary, unrestrained, independent thought of those who have dared to think; and no restraint, guidance, or control of it can be imposed or urged with even a simulation of justice. It may be enlightened, educated, cultured; but any, the least check or curb proposed to it is an attack upon the manliness of the man, an inexcusable invasion of the inalienable inheritance of every individual ever born; and is no more justifiable in behalf of any one creed or faith than in behalf of any other. Mediæval Papacy attempted its control, restraint, suppression, and extinction; and her anathemas resounding through all time remain an ever enduring reminder of her bigoted superstition and stupidity. If speculation leads to, or results in, the demolition of fanciful faiths and fabrics, the thinker is still by nature endowed (or cursed?) with the faculty and propensity. But there seems to be no necessity for such result. If a faith and a religion prevail because it is actually demonstrated that they actually benefit their adherents, that they are an actual blessing to the race; the fact is no less a fact merely because the faith and religion are neither reasonable nor logical. Whatever is either reasonable or logical must be so merely from a human standpoint; and the human mind to be itself reasonable and logical, to be even candid with itself, must admit that there are some things which it can never comprehend; that there is no way by which it can determine and demonstrate whether the soul is mortal or immortal, and that any effort to do so,

even in argument ever so reasonable and logical, and overwhelmingly unanswerable, is itself utterly unreasonable and illogical. Soul may be substance, or it may not be substance; it may be mortal, or it may not be mortal. The question may constantly obtrude upon each and every mind among all the millions of millions of minds existing and to exist, it is not and never will become a legitimate subject of any human reasoning or logic.

A greater proportion of the great thinkers may now believe in the immortality of the soul than have ever before so believed; the question, so far as reasoning is concerned, is no less an open one. The great thinkers have ever been in the minority. Among a hundred minds of equal capacity, of similar constitution and culture, ninety-nine may have reasoned themselves into a belief in the soul's immortality, while one with just as much (and no more) plausibility has reasoned itself into the belief in its mortality. But popularity is no factor in the account. So far as reasoning is concerned, plausibility is the test, and it is not affected by number. Popularity varies, and if it were a factor in the controversy, the soul might at some stages of belief be mortal while at others it is immortal. The question presents an insuperable antinomy, which fact alone conclusively demonstrates that the question is not a legitimate subject of human reasoning.

So that, as unanswerable as the above quoted arguments may be, they are merely an unreasonable application, an illegitimate use, of the most eminently reasonable arguments. Equally cogent and unanswerable is the reasoning of the greatest Greek for the immortality of the soul, in the following quotation from his last dialogue. Its data consist of no assumption, are absolutely valid in every respect, and as a process of reasoning it is in all respects strictly legitimate, and every inference is natural and necessary.

"Observe then, said he, what I wish to prove. It is this—that it appears not only that these contraries do not admit each other, but even such things as are not contraries to each other, and yet always possess contraries, do not appear to admit that idea which is contrary to the idea that exist in themselves, but,

when it approaches, perish or depart. Shall we not allow that the number three would first perish, and suffer anything whatever, rather than endure, while it is still three, to become even? Most certainly, said Cebes. And yet, said he, the number two is not contrary to three. Surely not. Not only, then do ideas that are contrary never allow the approach of each other, but some other things also do not allow the approach of contraries. You say very truly, he replied. Do you wish then, he said, that, if we are able, we shall define what these things are? Certainly. Would they not, then, Cebes, he said, be such things as, whatever they occupy, compel that thing not only to retain its own idea, but also that of something which is always a contrary? How do you mean? As we just now said. For you know, surely, that whatever thing the idea of the three occupies must of necessity not only be three, but also odd? Certainly. To such a thing then, we assert, that the idea contrary to that form which constitutes this can never come. It cannot. But does the odd make it so? Yes. And is the contrary to this the idea of even? Yes. The idea of even, then, will never come to the three? No, surely. Three, then, has no part in even? None whatever. The number three is uneven? Yes. What, therefore, I said should be defined—namely, what things they are which, though not contrary to some particular thing, yet do not admit of the contrary itself; as in the present instance the number three, though not contrary to the even, does not any the more admit it, for it always brings other particulars. Consider, then, whether you would thus define, not only that a contrary does not admit a contrary, but also that which brings with it a contrary to that which it approaches will never admit the contrary to that which it brings with it. But call it to mind again, for it will not be useless to hear it often repeated. Five will not admit the idea of the even, nor ten, its double, that of the odd. This double, then though it is itself contrary to something else, yet will not admit the idea of the odd; nor will half as much again, nor other things of the kind, such as the half and the third part, admit the idea of the whole, if you follow me, and you agree with me it is so. I certainly agree with you, he said, and follow you.

"Tell me again, then, he said, from the beginning; and do not answer me in terms in which I put the question, but in different ones, imitating my example. For I say this because, besides that safe mode of answering which I mentioned at first, from what has now been said, I see another no less accurate one. For if you should ask me what that is which, if it be in the body, will cause it to be hot, I should not give you that safe but unlearned answer, that it is heat, but one more elegant, from what we have just now said, that it is fire; nor, if you should ask me what that is which, if it be in the body, will cause it to be diseased, should I say that it is disease, but fever; nor if you should ask me what that is which, if it be in number, will cause it to be odd, should I say that it is unevenness, but unity; and so with other things. But consider whether you sufficiently understand what I mean. Perfectly so, he replied. Answer me, then, he said, what that is which, when it is in the body, the body will be alive. Soul, he replied. Is not this then, always the case? How should it not be? said he. Does the soul, then, always bring life to whatever it occupies? It does indeed, he replied. Whether, then, is there any thing contrary to life or not? There is, he replied. What? Death. The soul, then, will never admit the contrary of that which it brings with it, as has been already allowed? Most assuredly, replied Cebes. What, then? How do we denominate that which does not admit the idea of the even? Uneven, he replied. And that which does not admit the just, nor the musical? Unmusical, he said, and unjust. Be it so. But what do we call that which does not admit death? Immortal, he replied. Therefore, does not the soul admit death? No. Is the soul, then, immortal? Immortal."

I said that "the question presents an insuperable antinomy, which fact alone conclusively demonstrates that the question is not a legitimate subject of human reasoning." I have now shown two examples, one from each of two diametrically opposite arguments of the question, one conclusively establishes the soul's mortality, the other conclusively establishes its immortality. The data in both instances are unquestionable, the reasoning in both are strictly legitimate and absolutely unans-

werable. The result amply justifies the assertion that the question is not a legitimate subject of human reasoning. Still it is forever persistently presenting itself to every human mind; even those who claim they know the soul is immortal, are constantly fortifying themselves with arguments that it is so. The question is the bed-rock of all religion, and there is no possible solution of it. It can be met only by faith; egotists may sneeringly say, by credulity, by superstition.

The difficulty is not to be obviated by any possible purification of the reason itself; at least by any purification of it by human agency or means. A criticism of the processes, speculations and deductions of the human reason, may serve to vindicate some such processes, speculations and deductions that may be legitimate, and expose the fallacy of others which may be illegitimate; but they must relate to subjects within the possible comprehension of the human mind. The capacity of the human mind cannot be amplified by any human agency, however much the mind may be developed, cultured and skilled by such agency. It may be taught to philosophize and speculate and refine on all sorts of subjects, and may convince itself and others that it has finally reached ultimate truth; but when it reaches ultimate truth so as to preclude the possibility of a directly contrary conclusion of the same question being established by argument equally as legitimate as that by which it was established, it will be where its subject was of a physical, and not of a spiritual nature. The question which has been constantly discussed by the greatest of minds for many thousands of years, and is still as far as ever from being settled, is practically beyond the possibility of settlement by human minds. If every person living believed in either the mortality or immortality of the soul, such belief might properly be called a universal faith, but it could not be properly called a universal knowledge. Indeed it could not be knowledge, nor could it contain any element of knowledge; and if it should be based on the results of any process of reasoning it would be groundless, because the exact contrary could be established by reasoning equally as valid and unanswerable.

I do not pretend to deny that Lucretius formulated and

wrote each and every proposition in the philosophy attributed to him; but I think I have shown that those of the learned by whom it has been passed down to us, and served up for us, have rendered the supposition extremely problematical. I shall now show that some of them have rendered it (the philosophy) exceedingly unsavory. It will not be necessary or even profitable to trace each of the main tenets or lines of thought severally to their necessary results, so I shall close with a brief survey of the fourth book, which is preeminently the psychological part of the philosophy.

One or two instances of its self-contradiction, and inconsistency with other parts of the work, may tend to justify the suspicion already hinted, that the work is not even substantially the production of any one pen, but rather that of several pens.

It will be remembered that in speaking of light he says, it consists of atoms which are much more minute than those of which "the genial liquid of water consists;" that they are so minute that they "pass through horn while water is repelled by it;" that "Light the clear glass pervades, while lymph recoils."

As in all other efforts at psychological elucidations, images are here important factors; and he supposes them to consist or to be composed of thin coats, or layers of the substance of the object of vision, flying off the outer part of the objects and being impelled by an inherent force, with inexpressible velocity, and by coming in contact with the visual subject, producing images. He says, "But when objects which are bright have stood in the way, as, above all, a looking-glass, neither of these effects happens, for neither can images pass through it like a garment, nor be divided into parts before the smoothe surface has succeeded in securing its entireness." But on the very next page he says, " * * * they can easily penetrate any substance whatsoever, and, as it were, flow through the intervening body of air."

It is somewhat difficult to believe that the same man who wrote the foregoing argument that the soul (mind) is mortal, also wrote the silly swash about images, from which the above is quoted; to say nothing of the obscenity and rot in which

some of the objects of vision (images) are disgustingly depicted in the latter part of the book. Speaking of this feature one translator says, "A serious and attentive reader of this truly learned, as well as poetical discourse, whether male or female, cannot possibly, I think, peruse it without the acquisition of some degree of useful knowledge; and even the medical professor himself cannot but be astonished at the copiousness of his research, and the accuracy that accompanies much of his reasoning." Another has said, "There is here no impurity of language, nothing that may not be mentioned with propriety. If anything shall appear objectionable, such appearance is to be attributed not to the fault of the poet, but to that of the reader."

This may partake somewhat of the nature of a question of taste, but let us see one sample of that which does appear there; let us see if it is not impurity of language, and worse, of thought.

"Yet not forever do the softer sex
Feign joys they feel not, as with close embrace
Breast joined to breast, their paramours they clasp,
And print the humid kisses on their lips.
Oft from their hearts engage they, urged amain
By mutual hopes to run the race of love.
Thus nature prompts; by mutual hopes alone,
By bliss assured, birds, beasts, and grazing herds,
The task essay; nor would the female else
E'er bear the burden of the vigorous male,
By mutual joys propelled. Hast thou not seen,
Hence tempted, how in mutual bonds they strive
Worked oft to madness? how the race canine
Stain with their vagrant loves the public streets,
Diversely dragging, and the chain obscene
Tugging to loose, while yet each effort fails?
Toils they would ne'er essay if unassured
Of mutual bliss, and cheated to the yoke."

So this vivid vision of "the female bearing the burden of the vigorous male," of the canine copulation in the street and the struggle to disconnect, contains "no impropriety of language, nothing that may not be mentioned with propriety." The mere appearance of impropriety is attributable to the fault of the reader. If this is true, there could be but little if any

occasion for such a vigorous defense of it. If there is really no impropriety in it, it is strange that the translators ever thought to defend it. They had better have been engaged in an effort to cultivate the taste, the sense of propriety of the reader up to that æsthetical pitch, at which he might duly appreciate the delectable morsel. As the majority of them were Doctors of Divinity and Masters of Arts they were probably equal to the undertaking, and if so, they are at least in that particular delinquent in the discharge of their duty. Is it not remarkable how a D. D. or a L. L. D. or an M. A. or an F. R. S. can make things go in Literature? How they make us relish the rankest rot, the vilest venom, and the absurdest asininity?

Lucretius may have regaled the fastidious æsthetes of Roman Letters of the Julian epoch with such putresence, or he may not have done so. If his translators have "put *sense*, perhaps at times too arbitrarily, into verses which had been left meaningless by transcribers," it is reasonably certain that no bones have been broken in an effort to put *decency* into the verses last quoted. They may have had more sense than decency, but a reading posterity need not groan under the burden of its obligation to them for their suggestions of propriety in the use of language, nor for their formula for purity of thought. Philosophic speculation is somewhat short of data for its illustrations when it is compelled to resort to such things as the carnal coition of dogs.

One of the erudite translators says, "I have observed that my author addresses himself only to high and cultivated intellect. The remark applies here with peculiar force. Lucretius was too much a man of sense, too well acquainted with human feelings, not to know that the higher order of minds are little liable to seduction from the gross exposures of nature; and only to such minds is his poem addressed."

While minds worthy of the name may not be seduced by such exhibitions, it would seem to be a singular sort of "high and cultivated intellect," that would not be disgusted by them. Yet such seems to be the sentiment of some of the learnedly arrogant priests, who assume to fix the standard of excellence and prescribe the intellectual pabulum of a reading world. So

long as a truckling *canaille* is subservient to a lordly aristocracy in literature, so long will it impose its peter-funk on its confiding clientage, and continue to deprave taste to the standard essential to a market for its wares. When the reading masses grow out of the slovenly habit of perfunctorily reading through the volumes they peruse, and adopt a habit of energetically, systematically, and critically thinking through them, there will begin to prevail a manliness in taste that will spurn the imperious authority of the learned autocracy that thrives more by means of the want of discrimination among its reading tributaries, than by virtue of its own intrinsic ability and wisdom.

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURE'S POET.

Treasures Among Trash--Symmetry of The Ages—The Poets Medium Between Optimism and Cynicism—Civilization a Constant Rhythmical Growth —Good and Evil Necessarily Relative—Poetry of Nature an Effusion of the Soul and not a Product of Genius—Personal Merit an Absurdity—Constitution and Environment—Integration and Diffusion—Mechanical Cause of Feeling and Emotion—Contemptible Spirit that Seeks Consolation for Ill in the Reflection that Others also Suffer—Attention an Effort—Universal Weakness for Flattery—Philosophy Works over the Old More than it Develops the New—Celestial and Terrestrial Paternity of Man—The Coolest Deductions of Physics as Extravagant as the Wildest Flights of Poetry—Hymn to Death.

The chief concern of the rambler in the realm of Literature being the discovery of the true and the beautiful, it is gratefully refreshing to pause in contemplation of such achievements as the Ages, the Thanatopsis, and the Flood of Years; and other masterpieces of the unassuming Bard who has unconsciously adorned, dignified, and meliorated Republican Letters. These three pieces, occupying less than sixteen pages, come as near as any literary production to comprehending all comprehensible nature; and exhibiting it in its truest and most beautiful aspects. The Ages, in thirty-five short stanzas is at once a profound sermon in philosophy, a vivid panorama in history, and a majestic march of the Muse. The man who could write either of them was a prodigy. He who did write them was a benefactor. No one can read either of them thoughtfully without appreciable intellectual profit.

I have remarked that prolixity may sometimes obscure merit, and at other times disguise demerit. An instance of the former may be seen in a poem called Sea Dreams, written by a monarchical Laureate who bore the Bays for forty years, where he says:—

> " * * * he that wrongs his friend
> Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
> A silent court of justice in his breast."

If among the thirty-five stanzas of The Ages there is not one

that could be dispensed with without disfiguring the symmetry of the poem, it may be regarded a compactly built structure. In the first six stanzas the reader is introduced upon a mighty and majestic scene of constancy in change, nature's variable stability; and assured that:—

> " * * * Eternal Love doth keep,
> In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep."

In the seventh stanza a sincère solicitude for the destiny of mankind is expressed in the inquiry which cannot be made in any other terms so well as in those of the poet himself.

> "Will then the merciful One, who stamped our race
> With his own image, and who gave them sway
> O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
> Now that our swarming nations far away
> Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day
> Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
> His latest offspring? will he quench the ray
> Infused by his own forming smile at first,
> And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed?"

It is the business of the balance of the poem to answer these inquiries, to compose this concern, and to assure human hope; not in improvised commonplaces without meaning, or susceptible of many meanings; not in vague and glittering generalities, the refuge of all optimism; nor by the graceless attempt to mould mind to imagine a senseless solution of insolvable mystery, or affect an air of fancied security in a situation of possible, or rather probable peril.

The answer and assurance are given in the next stanza; the twenty-seven following it are but an elaboration and a metaphysical vindication of them; the rationally legitimate deductions of enlightened reason from the inflexible facts of history, compendiously summarized, and arrayed in all the beauty and grandeur of the most imaginative and prophetic poetry.

> "Oh, no, a thousand cheerful omens give
> Hope of yet happier days, whose dawn is nigh.
> He who has tamed the elements, shall not live
> The slave of his own passions; he whose eye
> Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
> And in the abyss of brightness dares to span

> The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
> In God's magnificent works his will shall scan
> And love and peace shall make their paradise with man."

Evolution, the development of soul or culture of character, is finely, yet forcibly posited, and upon it is confidently based the hope of one of the most sincere lovers of mankind, one of the greatest representatives of the good in human nature, for the ultimate destiny of the race. He justifies the hope, so far as reasoning is capable of demonstration, in the universal retrospect then taken. If from the prehistoric (or even later) barbarism, in which:—

> "Then waited not the murderer for the night,
> But smote his brother down in the bright day,"

to the civilization now prevalent, the transition was not abrupt, but was almost imperceptibly gradual, was the occasionally interrupted yet almost constant growth of good; the logical implication is the continuous diminution of what is now denominated evil. The Prophetic Muse that could comprehend the past in its magnitude, might with as much reason as sentiment, forecast ever increasing felicity as the necessary logical result of the process of evolution, the progress of which we have no reason to believe will ever be suspended, because we cannot even imagine a time when it was not going on. This does not necessarily imply the continuous concurrent existence of absolute evil in order that there may be a ground for the progress to be going from to the good, for neither absolute evil nor absolute good is a supposable quantity. Neither evil nor good can be supposed except as relative, in which case both may continuously prevail (or exist) while there is a continuous diminution of the one and concurrent increase of the other.

The "rhythm being manifested in all forms of movement," is aptly illustrated in the poet's exhibition of tropical tyranny driving virtue from the eastern nations by reducing them to slavery; of its flight to the vales of glorious Greece, where Liberty awoke and flourished for a time, until from prosperity it relapsed into a disdainful arrogance and oppression and Greece went down beneath the weight of her own infamy; a view of a similar process in Rome, the result of similar causes;

all interrupting, or rather diversifying and rendering rhythmical the constant course of human progress, now culminating in the greatest known liberty to man in a then unknown world; the influences of which are being reflected upon the same shores from which it was so expelled. The illustration is perhaps the most concise and comprehensive view of human progress ever presented, and the most inspiriting prospect ever rationally contemplated by man; who may now realize that:—

> "Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
> Throws its last fetters off. * * * *
> * * * * * And we may trace
> Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
> Till the receding rays are lost to human sight."

This is not the groundless extravagance of a zealot, nor the ebullient fervor of an enthusiast; but the legitimately logical deductions of a philosopher from the sternest phase of facts; a purely poetical picture of prospect, verified by common observation and experience, past and present. To know as we do, that man in his present state, man as we now know him, has evolved from man in a former far inferior state, yet without being able to even approximate the degree or extent of such inferiority; to know that the course of such evolution is still constant though varying, or rhythmical rather; fairly implies that it will continue, if from no other cause, from the mere persistence of force until it reaches results, the grandeur of which may be as impossible to predict as the lowliness of his former state may be impossible to conceive. That

> " * * * we may trace
> Afar, the brightening glory of its flight
> Till the receding rays are lost to human sight."

is a strictly legitimate corollary from the opposite view, the reflection on that part of the process of development now accomplished. We may retrace the course of progress to a great extent; but we cannot even in thought come to its source. We may prognosticate the course of progress to a great extent, but we cannot even in thought come to its end. Its "receding rays are lost to human sight." That the further development of man will forever follow and continuously conduce to his

happiness, is implied in the fact that his previous development has forever followed, and has continuously so conduced. That it will be occasionally interrupted and diversified by seasons and scenes of retrograde tending to his unhappiness, is implied in the fact that it has been occasionally interrupted and diversified by such seasons and scenes with such results. They are exhibitions of "the rhythm being manifested in all forms of movement."

That on the whole the results, so far as they can be mentally aggregated, will be the increased and ever increasing felicity of the race, is at once a legitimate deduction of the most inexorable logic, and one of the most gratifying contemplations that ever thrilled the heart of a poet. Human happiness cannot be more, and it is not likely to be less, than human goodness; and he who inculcates goodness augments happiness. The great priests of Nature who infuse into the minds of men rationally true ideas of their place and destiny in Nature, who cheer them with hope for the future legitimately deduced from or based on the known facts of the past, add to human happiness by facilitating intelligent human goodness. The master who takes up a subject of the deepest concern to every individual living, and treats it philosophically yet poetically, exhaustively, yet without tedium; who enlightens while he entertains and frequently enraptures, and then quits when he is done, is a real benefactor of mankind. It does not imply that the poet failed to duly appreciate the gravity or sublimity of his subject, that he did not treat it in a nasal twang of endless rhyme, and obscure it by his own prominence in the poem.

While it may not be likely that litigation will ever cease or even decrease merely because it is the policy of the law that there be an end of litigation, it may be equally as improbable that verbosity will ever cease or even decrease merely because it is the policy of literature that there be an end of words; that is, of words without ideas, or words unnecessary for the expression of ideas. But here we have an illustrious example of an author whose writings plainly show that in what he wrote he was actuated by such policy. Rhythmical rhyme and metrical melody are merely incidental to the expression of the

thought. No great campaign is deliberately planned and mapped out to cover any particular or prescribed scope, area, or extent of territory with couplets, strophes, and flights. But a doctrine, a deep and true one appears to have been completely organized in the mind of a philosopher, and when he proceeds to give it (not himself) expression, the figures and ideas array themselves in proper order, and march to the music of one of the greatest Psalmists that ever praised his Maker in singing the grandeur of his works.

Temperament, which is a factor in environment, is undoubtedly as fortuitous to the individual as any of the elements, or agencies which figure in his fate. The Poet certainly was not a captious pessimist, yet he cannot properly be regarded a credulous optimist. He may not have been blameworthy for his inability to recognize good in every thing, and he may have been entitled to little credit for his *ability to fail* to see evil in some things. He was so constituted and informed that to him the fabulous golden age was

> "A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
> Moans with the crimsoned surges that entomb
> Cities and bannered armies. * * * "

Yet he was of such a temperament and constitution and so informed that he could

> "See crimes, that feared not once the eye of day
> Rooted from men, without a name or place."
>
> "Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven;
> They fade, they fly—but Truth survives their flight;
> Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven."

He seems to have seen the world progressing with variable constancy from evil to good, while there yet remained, and will ever remain, evil to be extirpated and good to be attained to. There can never be such thing as either good or evil without the other although they are direct opposites of each other, and one constantly increases at the expense of the other and as it decreases. Both are infinite, yet in the one case, more is being constantly added to its infinity, while in the other, that which is infinite is being forever diminished and still remains infinite, and must forever continue in order to give the contrast

by which the good is to be known as really good. The man who is so constituted that he can behold the worst side of nature, or see life and character in their worst forms, without himself becoming a misanthrope; who can see a rhythmically constant development of what is good in nature; see life and character ever becoming better until there is no comparison between their present and their former states, without himself becoming an enthusiast, must be of a peculiarly equable serenity. He who can exhibit all this to his fellow man, show him all its evils and all its blessings, and neither weary nor disgust his reader; keep the beholder's attention constantly riveted upon the scene he paints, and never exhibit himself in the transaction is certainly one of the artists of nature.

He it is who makes the impression that modifies the character of his thoughtful reader, that leaves him better than he finds him. That the human mind is susceptible to impressions is our only assurance of culture; and this susceptibility must have characterized the very one by whom the culture is to be promoted, or he could never have acquired the capacity therefor. Such susceptibility to impressions, which can be neither more nor less than a phase of the temperament, or one of its incidents, is an accident to the individual. He is neither blameworthy nor praiseworthy for having it in any degree; no more so than for his physical constitution, or any of his native tendencies. It may be objected that the result of this reasoning, if it rises to the dignity of such name, might be the obliteration of all distinction between the evil and the good every where prevailing, or supposed to be prevailing.

It does not necessarily follow. Disquisition on all subjects, in order to reach results, must conform to law. All questions must have two sides. Without probabilities and differences between them, there can be no question. Where there is no question there must be absolute certainty. Certainty cannot be an appropriate subject of disquisition but of assertion or declaration. Disquisition implies doubt and difference, and in most cases the apparent reasonableness of contradictory ideas. It is the office of disquisition by reasoning to remove such doubt and adjust or settle such difference; and when it is done,

there results an augmentation of knowledge, in which there may be as near an approach to certainty as the mind is capable of. But the process must be strictly legitimate, or the result is likely to be wrong, in which case there can result no trustworthy knowledge, but mere delusion. Susceptibility to impressions being the basis of all culture, and being purely fortuitous to the individual, the result of his intellectual development depends upon the manner in which he is impressed by the factors constituting his environment. Man is born with his tendencies and his susceptibilities, their modification, from whatever source it may come, is his education, his culture. Those who assume to teach proceed necessarily upon the theory of their subjects being so susceptible, and that they have themselves been properly impressed by the factors which have constituted their environment and are thereby adapted to the office, and possessed of the means necessary to accomplish the improvement which should be the prime object of all literary effort. The means themselves may be ever so various, but it is characteristic of the soul that its pabulum is more gratefully relished and more assimilable when duly seasoned with that which entertains, than when taken in the stern and tedious form of unpolished and unadorned philosophy.

To the charge of unnecessary digression I would suggest that one take the philosophy of the poem in question, and no deeper or truer one was ever written, and clothe it in terms purely philosophical and prosaic, and then compare it with The Ages, and it will appear that I have kept within close range of the main point in this dissertation, which is to show the superiority and grandeur of the truly Republican intellect of the man whose works I would exhibit in their true character, to those who seem to have recognized in them merely some comparatively pleasing poetry. The language may afford some specimens of finer and perhaps more poetical poetry, but such philosophy as he teaches seldom finds expression in such terms as he uses. They are adapted to the improvement of the mind which is capable of appreciating them, because the thought they convey is adorned in a garb well suited to it, and which makes it decidedly fascinating; the thought insinuating itself

into the mind, while *it* regales itself at an exhibition of the beauties of poetry. The matter is not merely palatable, it is delectable; and to read it without being favorably impressed, implies either a diminutive capacity or perverse obstinacy in the reader.

The poet has written for the edification of the reader, the artist has painted for the entertainment of the spectator; and each stroke of the pen and pencil is an eloquent appeal to the better instincts of man. No ostentatious humility, no perplexing mysticism, no imperious mannerism, exhibits the author or the artist with such personal prominence as to divert attention from the subject. The place and destiny of man was his subject, and his heart was filled with it. While he wrote for the race he was essentially American and instinctively Republican in his literary proclivities, the result of his environment and its impressions upon him, and which to him were fortuitous. His conception of typical man was unavoidably imbued with the idea he had unavoidably conceived of the typical American; and no travel study and observation could ever eradicate or neutralize it. And it is all the better for literature and for man that they could not. That he happened to be born west instead of east of the Atlantic, that his surroundings were such as to conduce to his being imbued with republican instead of monarchical sentiments, that he was susceptible to the impressions which made or moulded his character to what his works clearly show that it was, that he had the native ability constituting the raw material of which such a character could be constituted, or from which it could and did evolve, were matters for which he was in no way responsible, and to which neither merit nor demerit can be ascribed.

Snarling cynicism may ask, "then upon what account is he entitled to be praised?" The answer is obvious. Upon none whatever. "Why should he be praised?" Again the answer is obvious. For his own sake he should not be. He did not write for praise. He happened to be in touch with the prevailing sentiment of his age and country, and happening to be so inclined, he utilized his fortuitous gifts for the betterment of man. Those capable of appreciating him and his influence,

come nearer favoring and honoring themselves than him, when they manifest such capacity and appreciation in their attempts to accord him the meed of his merit.

In simplicity and grandeur the meditation on the subject of death, which is in reality a great sermon upon the subject of life, is probably the most remarkable exhibition of the power of human weakness ever made in so small a compass. The very substance which soon must go:—

> "To mix forever with the elements,
> To be a brother to the insensible rock
> And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
> Turns with his share, and treads upon,"

in two brief pages takes a broad and comprehensive view of the great, the grand, the awful, yet the common destiny of man. Life is exhibited as merely a temporary suspension of death, and as only in and amidst death. Its very breath is a combination of exhalations from the decaying substances which were once animated in the same manner, and inspired by the same spirit which inspires the poet to sing this dreadful dirge of destiny. The substance of the same mind which gives to the world this, the truest and most highly wrought of all views of the end, or rather metamorphosis of earthly existence, realizes that "the oak shall send its roots abroad and pierce" its mould and extract therefrom the substance that will one day in another state, form the gibbet from which the culprit may be launched into eternity, and encase and entomb all that is mortal of future emulators of the example of the poet. The zenith of his civilization is a *quasi* cannibalism where the living of to-day feast and fatten on the substance of the dead of yesterday; on the vegetation and animal flesh extracted therefrom, which in turn has in nature's great chemical laboratory itself extracted the substance of its growth from the decaying bodies of nature's earlier poets and priests who have sung her praises and preached her precepts to primeval man.

> " * * * * As the long train
> Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
> The youth in lifes green spring, and he who goes
> In the full strength of years, matron and maid,

The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them."

Though separated in the volume by more than three hundred pages, the Thanatopsis and The Flood Of Years seem to be so essentially alike that they might well be taken for merely separate parts of one and the same poem. They both so picture the great pageant of Nature, that the momentary flash of an individual existence becomes so insignificant, that one almost loses consciousness of his own existence in contemplation of the awful grandeur of the whole as there presented.

" * * * * How the rushing waves
Bear all before them. On their foremost edge
And there alone, is Life. The present there
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. * * *

* * * * * * *

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in every one of these
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrows, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air. * * * "

In view of such scenes as these it is difficult to conceive how one of the greatest known physicists could say that "all our feelings and emotions from the lowest sensation to the highest æsthetic consciousness, have a mechanical cause." This may be true, but if the vivid views of Life and Death in the Flood Of Years are æsthetic consciousnesss, it would seem to require a remarkable abasement of them or of such consciousness, or else a remarkable exaltation of mechanics, to render it possible for there to be between them any thing in common. If hope, despair, envy, emulation, pride, humiliation, courage, fear, grief, joy, and the like are feelings or emotions, and if they are within the range of sensation and æsthetic consciousness, it would seem that the Savant of Sound was putting it strong in saying that all our feelings and emotions have a mechanical

cause. Bryant had feeling and emotion and gave it beautiful expression when he wrote,

> "Sadly I turn and look before, where yet
> The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
> Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope."

He seems to have seen the great cavalcade of humanity trooping to the trump of the threnode of all life, and the thrills of his heart reverberating throughout The Flood Of Years could not very appropriately be attributed to a mechanical cause. In contemplation of the awful destiny awaiting all life, in retrospection of

> "The silent ocean of the Past, a waste
> Of waters weltering over graves,"

the emotion, feeling, sensation, or forsooth, the æsthetic consciousness which burst forth in the flame of poetic fire in the light of which The Flood Of Years is so vividly painted, seems to be a very fine product indeed to owe its existence to a mechanical cause.

But an unnecessary and unprofitable dispute about cause may become a mere play upon words; while the actual discernment and due appreciation of excellence may be thereby obstructed or possibly prevented. And what is merit? Is it the condition, state, or quality of deserving approval? And what are the qualities which entitle one to approval? Is not the most important one sincerity? Is there an expression of thought in all Bryant's poems which is delinquent in that respect? Is there a dearth of deep and true philosophy in the three poems especially noticed? And do they not imply their author's acquaintance with the wisdom of the physicists and geognosts, in which scoffers and wiseacres see the utter demolition of the basis for the hope that buoyed his spirit, and with which he sought to exalt the spirit of his fellowmen? Optimistic sophistry may engage in the charitable enterprise of attempting to convince mankind that all things in nature are ordered by Omniscient Wisdom and Benignant Benevolence for the greatest good of all and of each; but it has never yet logically and effectually reasoned the pain out of punishment,

the damage out of disease, or the dread out of the contemplation of death. It may sometimes offer a pseudo-consolation in the reflection that misery might have been more miserable, and in the malignantly grateful assurance that others have suffered, and others still must suffer perhaps more intensely than the dupe of such sickening solace.

Philosophy has a different office, Time was when it even affected to plume itself with a stoical indifference to all passion and a supremacy over all affection. But true philosophy finds in the order and economy of nature an abundance of distress, which stubbornly refuses to be talked into delight. It finds in man a susceptibility to this distress, in its countless forms and conditions, which stubbornly refuses to be talked into insensibility thereto. It also finds in nature an abundance of the raw material for the production of enjoyment; and in man the appropriate predilection and capacity to utilize and realize upon it *when properly prompted*. Nature's priests who *happen* to strike the right vein in their sacerdotals, or who do strike it whether fortuitously or purposely, they whose life works are intelligent effort at the betterment of man, being intelligent endeavor to bring him into more cordial harmony with the inflexible facts and fiat of nature, are the real, and should be the properly accredited missionaries to our mundane mirk; and there resounds not to the trump of such fame, a nobler name than that of the author of The Flood Of Years. Were the predilection and capacity of man so unyielding as the two former qualities or quantities with which philosophy must deal, the distress, and man's susceptibility thereto, all effort at melioration would be idle. In modulating them to the tune of man's necessary existence and environment, philosophy performs the highest and holiest function of its office. The apparent apathy of the subject of its solicitude renders it politic for philosophy to utilize another characteristic of the subject of its concern; the prevailing *penchant* for entertainment at exhibitions of the mysterious and the poetical. By this means it arrests and holds the attention, without which it can impart little benefit.

Sustained attention is the result of effort, either of the one by whom it is given, or of the one by whom it is evoked.

There is less difference in the respective totals of what is actually known by the several savants assuming the miter and ephod in literature, all of them knowing next to nothing, than there is in their several capacities to profitably impart that which they think they know. The human mind is almost universally *endowed* with a weakness for flattery, which delights in the *quasi* compliment of being required to figure out for itself the result of a proposition when it is barely hinted in something purporting to be propounded more as an entertainment of the recipient or pastime of the proponent, than as an actual discipline to the one or dogma of the other. The author who assumes that his readers know some things, and then makes his allusions accordingly, sufficiently obscure to excite curiosity and reflection, yet not so obscure as to defeat or discourage speculation, does more by such method than is possible by any other to promote genuine manly independent thought, and hence the highest order of intellectual development.

If intellectual development is the object of book-writing, no measure could be so effective as to put men to thinking. Some authors, and most writers (for there is a marked distinction between them) seem to want to do even the thinking for their readers. When one's writings become more conspicuous for their compass than for their substance, he becomes more eminently a writer than an author; and while it might be asking too much to require him to hold his tongue (or his pen) until he is prepared to make known something theretofore unknown, yet authorship ought to imply some originality. And this originality ought to pervade more than the mere form. Still many of the wisest saws the most gravely put, are old and hackneyed truisms remoddled and rehashed for the edification of a reading rabble which is expected to see merit and originality in something, the substance of which they may have always known, merely because some word monger has tricked it out in new colors.

If suggestion is one of the most potent factors in literature, potent for the promotion of the progress which all candid persons must admit to be the noblest aim of its votaries, our late

Laureate has couched more in the same compass than any known poet; and he has more effectively suggested than any known author. It would not be in good taste to extend the comparison to the mere writer. He points you to nature. He does not attempt to see it for you, but if you read his poems as they deserve to be read, he enables you to see it for yourself.

At the risk of tedium to the reader I make another quotation, and this time from the poem entitled "Earth," which occurs to me as a fitting factor in this humble effort to exhibit in their true light, the works of one of the greatest men that ever adorned the noblest of all callings.

> "Earth Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong,
> And heaven is listening. The forgotten graves
> Of the heartbroken utter forth their plaint.
> The dust of her who loved and was betrayed,
> And him who died neglected in his age;
> The sepulchres of those who for mankind
> Labored, and earned the recompense of scorn;
> Ashes of martyrs for the truth, and bones
> Of those who, in the strife for liberty,
> Were beaten down, their corses given to dogs,
> Their names to infamy, all find a voice.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> What then shall cleanse thy bosom, gentle Earth,
> From all its painful memories of guilt?
> The whelming flood, or the renewing fire,
> Or the slow change of time?—that so, at last,
> The horrid tale of perjury and strife
> Murder and spoil, which men call history,
> May seem a fable."

Having made this quotation, and casually turning the leaves of the volume, I am impressed with a sense of the impropriety of directing special attention to any one, instead of to any other of the poems, and the selection seems more a chance than a choice, for if excellence is sought it cannot be missed in opening the volume at random. I believe that history has never been defined with more accuracy, nor perhaps with more melancholy, than as "the horrid tale of perjury and strife, murder and spoil;" and that few persons have manifested so fine a sense of justice as to imagine that Earth herself should "Uplift

a general cry for guilt and wrong;" or a more profound appreciation of providential punition than that which inspired the note that "heaven is listening."

But to be as prosaical, even as cold-blooded as physics or metaphysics dare be:—suppose number were adequate to the calculation of the aggregate bulk of the once living bodies which have sprung from and returned to the earth; suppose "all our feelings and emotions, from the lowest sensation to the highest æsthetic consciousness have a mechanical cause," then why should not Earth uplift a general cry for guilt and wrong? Has not every atom of its superficial substance at some time figured in the formation of animated existence in some form? When biologists inform us that life and death are mere stages of a chemical process, a form of integration and diffusion of matter, the substance of which comes ultimately from the earth, generated therefrom by the influence of light and heat from the sun, they declare the existence of such relation between man, and his Mother Earth and Solar Sire, as justifies the poet in giving vent to his mechanically caused emotion, indulging his mechanically caused fancy and mechanically imagining the existence of such a mechanically caused sympathy as would prompt the earth to "Uplift a general cry for guilt and wrong," and such a mechanically caused solicitude on the part of the solar side of the parentage, as would insure that "heaven is listening."

If the sun impregns the earth, fructifies it with the life which does and suffers the guilt and wrong, if "heaven's blest beam" generates and maintains the motion which takes form in the human life which is in great measure itself feeling and emotion, then heaven may well be supposed to be solicitously listening to the earth's general cry for guilt and wrong, and perhaps all feelings and emotions may as well be supposed to have a mechanical cause.

At his advent upon this scene, the weight of the average individual is generally sufficient to tip the beam at nine pounds; and if he maintains his individuality for the average period, it may reach the average of about one hundred and forty-nine pounds. To say nothing at present about where the first nine

pounds come from, suppose we inquire whence the additional one hundred and forty pounds? The question is generally brushed aside with the worse than no answer that "he grows." We know the *medium* through which the first nine pounds come, the parentage, which we know to be from that very fact, devotedly attached to and solicitous for the new individual. But they are only the *medium* through which is transmitted about one-seventeenth of the final form and substance of the subject of their love and solicitude, and are not in any sense the creators or origin of it, or of any part of it. The medium through which is transmitted the additional one hundred and forty pounds may not be very discernible, but the additional one hundred and forty pounds is not in the individual until it comes to him, and it cannot come to him without coming from some *where*, and through or by means of some *medium*. This *where* and this *medium* have about sixteen times as much in the individual as the known parentage has, which parentage is only a medium through which the first seventeenth part was introduced, took form, not existence, because it existed before in some other *where* and in some other *form*.

We see and know the love and solicitude of the *medium* we recognize for the individual they introduce, not produce; and we recognize therein the most beautiful aspect or feature of human existence. We see that love and know that solicitude to continue for years after all the product which was introduced by that medium has disappeared from the individual, and even after several septennial changes have substituted entirely different substance in the individual from that which constituted him when he first took form and was introduced as an individual upon the scene; after the atoms of indestructible yet ever changing matter which once formed a Cain or an Iscariot have entered into the composition of a Brooks or a Bryant.

There is in the earth and its gasses a source from which all this substance comes to form the individual, and in nature a medium, apart from the apparent parentage of the first seventeenth, through which sixteen seventeenths of it is transmuted into him. If physics posits this much, and it certainly does, why may not poetry imagine that love and solicitude of the

same quality pervade the bosom of the Mother Earth and the Celestial Sire for their offspring? Does not the poet in doing so, logically follow the physicist? Indeed, is not the physicist himself the first and most fanciful poet? As wildly as the poet may soar, his imagination must pierce heaven in its flight if it is to keep pace with the speculations of the staid and matter of fact physicist who attributes all results, even feelings, and emotions, to a mechanical cause. Take the soberest and most profound advocate of the doctrine of biogenesis, and trace his dogmas to their necessary logical results; and if they are true, they justify the most visionary and chimerical whims of the muse. His cardinal point is that life can only come from pre-existent life, and abiogenesis is an absurdity with which he has no patience. With him, evolution, the complex chemical process which Force is performing in nature's boundless laboratory, is a mere affiliation of atoms or units of substance according to their chemical affinities, into organisms, temporarily existing and possessing characters composed of the sum total of the tendencies of each atom or unit of substance entering into the organism, as modified by the agglomeration and environment. Some of these organisms, among which is man, when once organized, display a characteristic which the philosophy of biogenesis denominates heredity, and upon which its advocates confidently base much of their argument for the doctrine. The same philosophy also traces these organisms, including man, to their elements in the earth and its gaseous envelopment, and attributes all feeling and emotion to mechanical causes; and teaches that evolution is itself rhythmically followed by dissolution, and that the formative atoms or units of substance are repeatedly redistributed to their elemental spheres in the earth and its gaseous envelopment.

Mechanical causes are necessarily manifestations of force upon the subject which it causes to have the feeling and emotion. Of what is that subject composed so as to be susceptible to the mechanical cause exerted or procured by force? Physicists say it is composed of atoms of air (or its gaseous components) which has rushed in tornadoes, and been breathed by itself in millions of millions of organisms from time unthink-

able; and of earth (or its components) the entire substance of the surface of which has often arisen, walked upon itself, done deeds of daring, committed all kinds of crime, and hid itself again in its own bosom; and of water (or its components) which has often drenched and drank and drowned itself—and if they are correct in this and other of their deductions or declarations, each atom or unit of substance must all along have possessed the peculiar tendency which in such combination contributes to mould the character of the individual organism into the composition of which it happens to enter.

If the atoms had not such tendencies as contributed in combination to mould the character of the organism in which they combine, there could be no such thing as heredity of character or characteristic in organisms related to preceding and succeeding each other. Every atom of the substance composing the individual organism of man is gone therefrom, and others substituted in their stead during the first seven years of its existence as an individual, and changes no less complete take place during each and every succeeding seven years of such existence. So that while those atoms which constitute the first seventeenth part of the ultimate individual organism, may have been tinctured with traits of character by the medium through which they have combined to form such individual organism, and by which it is introduced in such form, yet that medium clearly cannot impart any of its traits of character to the atoms subsequently accruing, and being substituted for those; it cannot impress its characteristics on an organism, the constituent atoms of which have not come in contact with it. And within seven years from its introduction upon the scene as such, the individual organism contains not an atom of the substance of which it was composed when being introduced by such medium, not an atom that is known to have ever come in contact with such medium, but is constituted of other and distinct atoms.

These septennial changes which biologists call periods of the process of waste and repair, are said to complete themselves every seven years. If the quality or tendency constituting heredity of character or characteristic is not in the primary

atoms themselves, independent of the medium by or through which the individual organism is introduced upon the scene; and if such quality or tendency is imparted to such atoms by such medium, to be by them imparted to such atoms as subsequently combine with them and take their place in the individual organism and constitute its growth, there may result inextricable confusion in the final formation of the character to be produced by such combination and inherited from such medium. The waste will carry off those atoms which would tend to produce or maintain certain characteristics imparted to the individual organism by the medium of its introduction; while the repair is supplying others to be tinctured with traits by remaining atoms of very different qualities or tendencies. All the moral courage, mental capacity, gentleness, or trait of any kind which the individual organism may inherit from the medium of its introduction, may entirely disappear from it during the first seven years of its individual existence and heredity may fail to permanently entail any ancestral characteristic, unless it be the tendency to change.

Perhaps there are persons to whom this may appear chimerical; but it is a legitimate and logical deduction from the tenets of the prevailing philosophy, or I am seriously at fault in my law and in my logic; or I fail to apprehend in their true inwardness, the doctrines of the prevailing philosophy. And some one who has not attentively read, may inquire what business the apparent digression can have in such a dissertation on the philosophy of Bryant's poetry; and if the inquiry shall be thoughtfully and seriously made, I will at least have put the inquirer to thinking; which will of itself save a literary effort from being a total failure.

While I should not do that for the doing of which I have already expressed a general censure, that is, offer to do the reader's thinking for him, perhaps I ought to make more manifest, the purpose of the digression. I have proceeded in this chapter to consider the philosophy of the writings of Nature's Poet. I have said but little of the poetry merely as such, because, while I esteem it highly, yet in nearly all his pieces the philosophy so overshadows the poetry that they become

poetical philosophy, rather than philosophic poetry. My purpose latterly has been to trace some of the tenets of physics to such results as to show that the philosophy, in what some may regard the mere vagaries of an unrestrained and delirious imagination, is equally as conservative and rational as that of the avowed physicist, who affects a condescending commiseration for the weaklings who cannot, or at least who do not, attribute all feelings and emotions to a mechanical cause.

No philosophical speculation can result in establishing a belief more rationally justifiable than that reasoned out in the poem entitled "The Prairies," although the piece seems to be little more than a bare allusion to a race whose existence and extinction in a very remote antiquity are implied in the mounds:

> "That overlook the rivers, or that rise
> In the dim forest crowded with old oaks."

It is one of the instances in which the author puts his reader to thinking, and when the propositions implied in the poem are carefully thought out, and considered in the light of prevalent philosophy, they are found to be far more philosophical than poetical; but no more suggestive of really profitable speculation than the inquiry:—

> When we descend to dust again,
> Where will the final dwelling be
> Of thought, and all its memories then?"

In other words, what becomes of the soul?" And the answer is to be gathered from the expressions of faith and of hope in which almost all his psalms are deeply intonated.

I am at this point constrained to offer an apology for, or rather a vindication of, my apparent departure from the theme and thread of my discourse, to ramble amid the maze of metaphysics. On another occasion I have said that nothing is known absolutely, but that whatever is known is known only in relation. Merit is only known as such in contrast with demerit; good is good only in contrast with evil; sense is sense only in contrast with nonsense. That which has asserted and justly established its claim to respect and confidence, thereby becomes a standard by which the merit of other attempts of a

kindred type may be tested. The greatest philosopher the world ever knew delivered some of the finest discourses philosophy ever produced, on the most sublime subject philosophy ever considered, in discussing a subject unfit to be named in modern literature. And he does not appear to have engaged in the discussion of the unnameable subject seeking an occasion to deliver the particular discourse, but to have delivered it in order to maintain his argument and position in the discussion.

I have not descanted in metaphysics solely for the purpose of asserting what some may regard my chimerical views, but to vindicate my claim that Bryant was essentially a greater philosopher than poet. This can be done only by testing the philosophy of his poetry by the established standards, or by the necessary logical results of its legitimate deductions. And when they are traced to their logical results, and are found to involve ideas and suppositions which would stagger the extravagance of a poet, he may justly be regarded the more conservative and rational of the two classes of philosophers. When he asked the question, (substantially) what becomes of the soul? he voiced the universal cry that rings forth from the aching void in every human heart that ever pulsed; the irrepressible and insolvable problem that has perplexed every mind that ever meditated; and which was never more rationally responded to than in his piece entitled "The Two Graves." The response there given is in keeping with the description of the nature of the soul itself, given by the greatest of all souls twenty-two centuries ago, when he said, "For every body which is moved from without is soulless; but that which is moved from within possesses a soul, since this is the very nature of the soul. But if this be the case, that there is nothing which moves itself except soul, soul must necessarily be both uncreate and immortal."

But neither of these philosophers has expressed anything more than his faltering faith on this subject. Neither of them knew, nor has any one else known, that he or they were nearer the truth than the doctrinaire of any other conceivable theory. Still they have both, and so have others, cultivated

the general intellect and promoted mental attainment by devoting their lives to the consideration of subjects palpably and hopelessly beyond the power of all human minds to comprehend. They both strive to get back *to* first principles, but no mind can ever get back *of* them.

But if as Socrates has said, the nature of the soul is the spiritual embodiment of motion; if it is moved within and of itself and not by means of anything from without; then has the poet well sung, and the philosopher better said:—

"'Tis said that when life is ended here,
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere;
That it visits its earthly home no more,
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.'
But why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off, to a long, long banishment?
Talk not of the light and the living green,
It will pine for the dear familiar scene;
It will yearn, in that strange bright world, to behold
The rock and the stream it knew of old.

'Tis a cruel creed, believe it not.
Death to the good is a milder lot.
They are here,—they are here,—that harmless pair,
In the yellow sunshine and flowing air,
In the light cloud-shadows that slowly pass,
In the sounds that rise from the murmuring grass.
They sit where their humble cottage stood,
They walk by the waving edge of the wood,
And lost to the long accustomed flow
Of the brook that wets the rock below,
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,
They watch, and wait, and linger around,
Till the day when their bodies shall leave the ground."

But as beautifully as this begins and proceeds, the last couplet is a blur upon poetry; and it is an unaccountable departure from the principles of philosophy implied in the Thanantopsis. I have shown that there he was in line with the physicists who teach that when the bodies of the aged pair would leave the ground, they would go as impalpable gases, the atoms of which, in nature's inscrutable chemistry, would agglomerate in other forms of life, vegetal, then animal, and

again return for a time to the earth, at once the universal sepulchre and nursery of all life.

But the offence is rare, and is redeemed in many of his musings; notably in the Hymn to Death, of which he says:—

" * * * I will teach the world
To thank thee. Who are thine accusers?—Who?
The living—they who never felt thy power,
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch,
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
His fetters, and unbarred his prison-cell?
Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliverer!
God hath annointed thee to free the oppressed
And crush the oppressor. * * * *
* * * * * * * . *
* * * * * Thou dost avenge,
In thy good time, the wrongs of those who know
No other friend."

It is quite beyond my purpose to attempt to exhibit all the excellencies, poetical and philosophical, in Bryant's poetry, which would require an exhibition of nearly all his poetry. But if there is not a cruel satire (which can scarcely be imputed to him) there seems to be at least a ghastly philosophy in the attempt to derive consolation from the ravages of the grim destroyer; yet he appears to have done so without in any degree degrading or departing from the spirit of manliness and magnanimity constantly pervading his works. He shows death with its icy claws dealing a double blow, the most vindictive vengeance, and the mildest mercy in one stroke.

" * * * Nor dost thou interpose
Only to lay the sufferer asleep,
Where he who made him wretched troubles not
His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too."

But human weakness asserts its puny strength in the delight with which he beholds the wreaking of vengeance:—

"Oh, there is joy when hands that held the scourge
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold."

But this is very natural, and Bryant was pre-eminently nature's poet.

I have said that the wise themselves know next to nothing. What is wisdom? Are its definitions more than mere synonyms? Does it not partake more of the character of a condition or qualitative, than of a quantity or substantive? Is not the state or condition of being conversant with and appreciative of nature, as nearly a correct definition, and even description of wisdom in the abstract as can be given? If so, was not Bryant a remarkably wise man? Now in all that he has written, what single fact has he made known? Has he in anything done more than give to the world the impressions made upon himself by the phenomena in nature, the constituent factors of his environment? If so, what is it? More than thirty centuries before he wrote, the Prince of complainers is reputed to have said, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." And all the learned jargon with which the world has since been continuously deluged, has not advanced the standard an iota.

Still, a great deal that is written is not in vain; prominent amid which are the works of this philosophic Poet. If he has not actually produced and given to the world something theretofore unknown, perhaps it is because "there is no new thing under the sun;" but he certainly suggests very suggestively, and if his works are attentively read the reader will be put seriously to thinking. The result must necessarily be left with him, but if he is properly susceptible to impressions, and will put himself in Bryant's way, he will be properly impressed, and royally entertained.

CHAPTER IX.

OBSCURITY AND PROFUSION AS INDICATIONS OF GENIUS.

Criticism vs. Production—Culture the only legitimate Purpose of Literature—Its Purport not Generally Understood—The Masses Affect a Taste for that Which they cannot Comprehend—Pedantry Displays Writer's Resources Without Promoting Reader's Intellectual Attainment—Obligations of Writers—Scene of the Table Round—Legendary Origin of Arthur—Excalibur the Cross-Hilted Sword—Poetry's Weakness for Similitudes—Gareth's Inspiration—His Mother's Dissimulation—His Exploits—Geraint Casually Meets the Queen—Insulted by Dwarf of Stranger Knight—Traces the Vermin to their Earth—Entertained by Yniol—In Love with Enid—Overcomes Edyrn—Marries Enid—Jealousy and Brutality—Absurdity of Plot and Denouement—Merlin and Vivien—Romance Overdone—Lancelot and Elaine—Over-virtuous Rake—The Holy Grail—Ambrosius and Percivale—The Blunting and Glancing and Shooting of Love—The Nun's Vision—Lancelot's Bastard Galahad—The Siege Perilous—Second Death of Merlin—Descent of the Grail—The King Fighting on the Frontier While his Knights Revel at the Table Round—Arthur's Return—The Order Disperses in Quest of the Grail—Enoch's Translation Out-done—Percivale Meets a Widow who had been His first Love—Invited to Marry—Pelleas and Ettarre—Her Insolence to the Queen—His Persistent Suit—Gawain's Intervention and Perfidy—Pelleas' Magnanimity—Repairs to the Cloister—Rushes Therefrom, Rides Down a Crippled Beggar, Attacks Lancelot, is Overthrown, Follows Him to Arthur's Hall, and Insults Lancelot and the Queen—Modred Appears—The Last Tournament—Tristram and Dagonet Philosophize—Nestling's Rubies, Prize at Tournament—Awarded to Tristram—His Amour with Isolt—Mark's Way—Insipidity of Denouement—Guinevere—Modred Hounds Her Trying to Learn Facts that Everyone Knew—His Hatred to Lancelot—The Queen's Flight to the Sanctuary—Madness of Farewells with Lancelot—Her last Interview with Arthur—Passing of Arthur—Battle in Lyonesse—Chancel and Cross in Heathen Wilderness—Elaborated Disposition of Excalibur—High-toned Twaddle—Beauty of The Enoch Arden—Unphilosophic Philosophy of the In Memoriam.

It is so much easier to detect error than to produce that which is meritorious, that vain ambition and low capacity are prone to seek distinction in disparaging that which they cannot comprehend. The most intelligent and candid criticism may be mistaken for the cynical sneer of inferiority, depending upon the relative prestige of the Reviewer and his subject. Hence the Reviewer must bring to his undertaking an author-

itative title, or come prepared to demonstrate the validity and force of his strictures. In the one case opinion is all he need express, and no reason for it is required; while in the other demonstration is requisite, and opinion without conclusive argument will bring its presumptuous possessor into contempt.

The prime purpose in Literature is culture, and the Reviewer undertakes to distinguish matter likely to promote it, from that which has not such tendency. As a motive or excuse for thrusting one's self into prominence, the mere entertainment of the reader is little better than the profit of the writer; and is too frequently expected to inure to the writer's profit and prominence in quickening a market. When writers have once attained to prominence it is too frequently observable that their energies relax, that they thereafter merely write, appearing to expect plebeian readers to read and imagine they are entertained—that they will not dare to see plain obtuseness where by fashion's fiat they are bid to behold inscrutable genius or covert wit,—and as to culture—that they do not grasp the most irksome and obscure enigma implies its defect, which genius and wit are too busy (displaying themselves) to repair.

In Literature the masses are mere followers, and popularity is the intensified echo of the casual commend of the leaders. The psuedo-Republic of Letters is an arrogant Oligarchy, and the smile or frown of its Lords is the life or the death of the untitled aspirant to distinction and usefulness. The run which some trash has cannot otherwise be explained. Much of it is read by many who never suspect its purport, the purport of much of it is never apprehended by its writers, and much of it is without purport; but it passes muster by the capricious favor of upper-tendom, or the prestige of its writers, and a servile serfdom responds in plaudits and patronage as unintelligible as the learned obscurity itself, an affected taste for instead of a due appreciation of which is the popular mark of culture.

The writers of the Idylls, the Apology, and the Excursion, may have known what they meant in those monuments to their memory, but they have successfully concealed it from the great masses of their readers; still, most readers are unwilling

to confess a coarseness that could not relish reading them. In other words and plainer, they glory in their shame, affect an exquisite taste for that which they cannot taste, and are most supremely happy when most superbly hoaxed.

There are few worse drawbacks from the usefulness of the exhibitions of the genius of the great than the profuse pedantry pervading them, showing that they were intended more to display their writer's resources than to augment the wisdom or promote the culture of their readers; and strange as it may seem, the more obscure and eccentric they are, the more they are revered by the amazed masses mistaking exuberant verbiage for copious thought. A common event or an idle and absurd legend may become a great epic, it may be made unintelligibly profound by artistic distortion of idiom, iteration may become plenary inspiration, the moral may be even more obscure than the matter, interspersion of trite philosophy may set a world wondering at the wisdom of the oracle who darkly tells it that which it already clearly knew.

It can make no difference what style one affects in assuming literary proportions, so far as concerns his obligations to mankind. He impliedly undertakes to give to the world something in consideration of the honor he expects it to give him; and while the relation is not necessarily one of mere traffic, yet obligations are mutual and reciprocal. The world profits by the existence of genius only when it is properly exerted, until when it owes nothing to the casual custodian (and perhaps abuser) of the talent. An author assumes to teach, and his work should be a thing divine, it may endure and wield an influence. It is inexcusably frivolous, no matter how pompously or solemnly it may be done, to go to the palpably unreal for subject matter unless it is more entertaining than the real, which it cannot be except to a perverted taste; and when it is considered, as it should be, that an author ought to have a fact to make known, a doctrine to declare, or an idea to express, worth his reader's attention, it is worse than idle to take their time and toil with that which can no more than display the genius of the writer, unless it be to further vitiate the taste of the reader.

Mindful of and actuated by such considerations, and realizing that success lies only in actual demonstration, less than which means the contempt of an arrogant regime for that which (if it deigns to notice it) it will denounce an upstart audacity, I approach my subject; not attempting to take any one from the pedestal upon which Fame may have set and enshrined him, but candidly to inquire by what right and for what reason it has done so.

About fifteen centuries ago the speck which has long swayed the scepter of civilization was a dark, dank, and dismal domain of forest, fen, and ferocity; the gloom of which was but slightly relieved in occasionally organized rapine. A fecund Fancy, to inspire us with veneration for the chivalrous magnanimity of a half naked barbarism, creates characters whose improvised characteristics are as hopelessly out of joint with the times *of* which it speaks, as its depictions thereof are discordant with the times *in* which it speaks.

Distance lending enchantment to the view in time as in space, an object obscurely seen against an ambiguous background with which it confusedly blends, takes its form for the observer from his fancy. Vision, mental or optic, is seldom content with indistinct images; and where no definite outline individualizes its subjects, more effort is required to suppress the effort to complete them, than to delude the vision with Fancy's conceited complement of them. The remoteness of the scene may make it difficult to furnish that which is superadded to the subject from kindred or congruous matter in space or in time, and when it is finally decked out in Fancy's capricious colors it may be more a caricature than a plausible presentation of it. Legend may have created or preserved the name and fame of some hero, alleged to have lived at some time and place, which may be well known to have been an age and region of beastly barbarism. Reason suggests that if he lived and was famous, it was for conspicuous success or excess in that which most distinctively characterized his time and place.

While history does not deny, it very cautiously concedes, that Arthur (Artus) may have been chief of the Silures; but it

positively affirms that they were a tribe of barbarians who had not meliorated the ferocity of forest life in South Wales in the fifth century, and records an abundance of fact irreconcilable with his having acquired the celebrity which ancient legend and modern poetry accord him, for such traits and deeds as such legend and poetry attribute to him.

While it is physically possible that after the times of Cæsar, Strabo, and Tacitus, and before those of Llymarch, Myrdhin, and Thalliesin, these savages may have become so enlightened as to make cheese, it does not appear that they had made parchment of the skins in which they were clad and inscribed thereon in their war paint any authentic record of such progress. The absence from history of such information implies that at the time of "The Coming of Arthur" they were still clad in skins, dyed with woad, and that forests were their cities, with logs and mud for castles, in which they feasted on flesh and milk. Some modern conservative and candid chroniclers of historical fact allude to the martial myth in terms more rational than poetical, and one of them concludes that: "The events of his life are less interesting than the singular revolutions of his fame;" from which the natural inference is that what we know of Arthur mainly consists in what we don't know. Waiving the significance of the fact that very few of the names of either persons or places immortalized in the poem are mentioned in any credible history, and conceding that they may have existed and been known as there named; it remains to inquire if the plan, the plot, and the performance of the piece called The Idylls of the King, are not more strained, unnatural, and glaringly preposterous than the narrative is improbable.

According to the most authentic information available Arthur must have come from some forest fastness in South Wales, where the more refractory of the vanquished aborigines from accessible parts of the Island had sought relief from the restraints of Roman rule. A chief of a tribe of savages, clad in skins and war paint, fed on flesh and milk, too ignorant to make cheese, living in mud and log huts in the forest, is not likely to be actuated by such magnanimity as to go disinterest-

edly to the relief of another such chief of another such tribe, when they are so little acquainted that the ancestry of the one is a hidden mystery to the other. The mind recoils from the proof of the liberator's ancestry, made to the liberated by incantations, before he would consent to a family alliance with his benefactor. It is even more unnatural that the "fairest of all flesh" should stand by the castle wall to watch him pass, in a country where the wolves stole and devoured children, and in default of brood of their own lent their fierce teat to human sucklings. Had there been castle walls on the Tiber when the wolf suckled the founder of the Eternal City, the shades of Romulus and Remus might be alarmed for their laurels.

The description of Arthur's coronation, graphically given to King Leodogran by "Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Belicent," where among other prodigies she saw the Lady of the Lake give him his huge *cross* hilted sword whereby to drive the heathen, is no more discordant with the idolarty and human immolation practiced in his own tribe, than the allusion in the preceding stanza to the cross and those around it and the crucified is with the fright of the missionaries sent there by the Pope near a century later. Excalibur seems to have had too many miraculous origins; at another time Arthur wrenched it from a stone floating in a lake.

It is no less unnatural or absurd, that when King Leodogran had diplomatically hesitated sufficiently to assert his royal dignity, and was by the childish recital of grotesque manifestations of the supernatural convinced of his deliverer's dignity, and had sent him the fairest of all flesh on earth (as he had all along intended to do) that the royal nuptials should be solemnized by so distinguished an ecclesiastic as "Dubric the high saint, chief of the church in Britain," when it is remembered that Christianity was first introduced there more than a century later, and the King of the most civilized of the British States would only hear the missionary in open air, for fear of sorcery in case he should submit to hear him in an enclosure.

Still worse is the allusion to the final rupture with Rome. precipitated by the impolite and impolitic avarice of Arthur's imperial and imperious wedding guests from "the slowly fad-

ing Mistress of the world." Arthur himself did not beam with the delight which usually thrills a bridegroom, but seems to have refused the tribute with more defiance than decorum. Leodogran had just "groaned for the Roman legions here again, and Caesar's Eagles;" and the groans of the Britons were unheeded, although they were emphasized with an offer of the very tribute now so gruffly refused.

The coming of Arthur is entirely too heroic for the time and place in which he came.

I have objected to philosophy's weakness for parallels, which is itself paralleled in poetry's weakness for similitudes. Gareth was inspired to his valorous deeds by a very prosaical circumstance, one which would have had but little significance for a person unaware that he was destined the hero of some Idyll. It is as reasonable to suppose that the denizen of the forest of the fifth century expected to be lionized in the poetry of the nineteenth, as to suppose that he was spurred to his errantry by the incident which is said to have fired him with its chill. Standing near a mountain stream swollen with cold snow he is said to have:—

> "Stared at the spate. A slender shafted Pine
> Lost footing, fell, and so was whirled away."

That he "stared at the spate," is a poetical way to say that he beheld the river flood. At all events it is said that way in a very fashionable and aristocratic poem. "The last tall son of Lot and Belicent" seeing the sapling whirled away in the cataract, was impressed with a sense of a senseless stream swollen with cold snow, unconsciously doing the Maker's will, (conforming to the law of gravitation) while he, having sense and wit, and teeming with hot blood, lingered in vascillating obedience in his good mother's hall. The capacity to *catch on* was wonderfully developed. He was a very susceptible youth, and the rebuke was too much for him. The sapling's fall and flight in the flood suggested some false knight or evil king going down before his lance, if lance were to his use, and he swelled with ambition and burned with an indefinite thirst for the gore of some false knight or evil king. And he proposed

to slake this indefinite thirst as soon as he could disengage himself from his mother's apron strings. After a prolonged puerile parley with his mother, begging that he might go to glory, she finally consented that he might "follow the Christ, the King, live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King;" but only on a condition such as mothers seldom impose on their ambitious fledgelings. He surprised her, and marred the picture of princely pride softened with filial love so laboriously wrought; and exposed his mother's dissimulation, her pretense that the condition was meant to test his love instead of prevent his going. He accepted her terms and agreed for "a twelve-month and a day, to serve with scullions and with kitchen knaves."

Readers of romance may spoil its effect in their eagerness to anticipate its denouement; or they may discover it were waste of time to read up to it. Where time and attention are to be discreetly invested, a glance at the conclusion may show the folly of tracing the thread through the tangle to the event. The reader of Gareth and Lynette who toils through more than thirty pages of distorted idiom stiltedly displaying a rapid succession of factitious predicaments to see it peter out in a tame conjecture as to the fate of its hero, is poorly compensated for such disappointment in the amusement it may have been to trace the devious turbulence of the knight in his errantry. While minor matters are minutely attended to, that which is of most importance to its hero, and of greatest interest to the reader, is brushed aside with scarcely a surmise as to its issue. The inference is, that having flashed from Arthur's kitchen to Lyonors, castle, having walked lengthwise (following Christ) over three invincible foes, having burst Death's bubble and shown Lynette and Lyonors that "after all their foolish fears and horrors it was only proven a blooming boy," the Meteor married one of them. The colors and trappings of the chargers, the arms and attire of their riders, the places of the several encounters, the preliminaries thereto and the precipitations thereof, the blows struck in each, by whom, and their effect, and many more matters are carefully noted, and the reader is left to guess which of the heroines the hero married.

The Queen having overslept (dreaming of her lecherous lover Lancelot) came late to a chase, and Geraint casually came to where she and her maid were waiting to witness the sport. While engaged in familiar banter resembling the refined repartee of the nineteenth century more than the coarse jest of the fifth, they noticed a strange knight lady and dwarf passing. True to the instincts of her sex the Queen burned with a curiosity to know who the knight was and sent her maid to inquire of the dwarf. He resented the intrusion—striking the maid with his whip. Except the usual short sword he wore, Geraint was unarmed, but he valiantly approached the formidable dwarf and demanded his master's name. The dwarf gave him a similar though more severe hint to attend to his own business, striking him in the face with his whip, making the blood fly. Geraint's magnanimity saved the dwarf, and he returned to the queen proposing to avenge the insult done her in her maid's person, and to track the vermin to their earths. It is strange that he did not think of avenging the insult done the Queen in her maid's person until he received a lash of the same whip. If the dwarf had politely told him his master's name it might have spoiled a story. But Geraint then started on an expidition of knight-errantry to kill the stranger for his dwarf's rudeness, the Queen bid him God-speed and promised to dress his bride (when found) like the sun. So far as the poem is concerned the chase is abandoned, indicating that it was had solely to bring these characters upon the scene, and give Geraint the occasion to display his daring, and his devotion to the Queen. He followed the stranger and his retinue for twelve hours, until the vermin reached their earths.

His next quest was a night's lodging, and arms with which to fight the foe who was unaware of his existence, and whose dwarf had shown his own (not his master's) bad temper. He found every one busy preparing for a tourney to be held next day. He finally found a ruined castle occupied by Yniol, his wife, and daughter Enid. Coincidence is the soul of romance, and Yniol had been deprived of his earldom by the same vermin whom Geraint was pursuing (Edyrn, the son of Nudd) because he had refused him Enid in marriage. Yniol kept

Geraint over night and armed him next morning for the fray with Edyrn who had not yet learned of his existence, to say nothing of his grievance. The town gathered at the lists to see Edyrn's mistress as usual at his command take an undisputed prize and were dumbfounded to hear Geraint cry "forbear, there is a worthier." But I do not understand the bustle and hurry in the preparation of arms the day before if there was no contest expected. If it was a foregone fact that Edyrn would take the prize without a fight, and the town had gathered as usual to see his mistress go through the accustomed perfunctory ceremony of receiving it, there could have been but little occasion for the hurry in preparation of arms which Geraint found on his arrival at the town, tracing the vermin to their earths. However, to the general consternation, Edyrn was forced to fight. Our hero of course overthrew him, placed his foot on his breast, extorted his name and his promise to apologize to the Queen for his dwarf's rudeness (which he probably learned of at this time) and his promise to restore his wronged uncle Yniol all his possessions. He then married Enid, but not until he had humiliated her by forcing her to go to Arthur's court in her old clothes to be by the Queen clothed "for her bridals like the sun."

The honey-moon was spent at the Table Round, but some scan. mag. being bruited about, involving the Queen's fair fame, Geraint, although he discredited it, became alarmed lest Enid incur a taint, and he took her and hied him to his own marches. Arriving there and revelling in the requital of his love to the neglect of public affairs, he soon became the object of opprobrium which Enid noticed before he did. She was hanging over him one morning before he awoke, deploring the bad state of his affairs, soliloquizing, and blaming herself with his reproach, and he awoke to catch disjointedly the last few words of her monologue,—"Oh me, I fear that I am no true wife." Coupling this fragment with her occasional sadness, her tears then moistening his bosom, the chivalrous knight who had scorned the scandal of the court jumped at the chimerical conclusion that his own Enid was "Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur hall." This is very vague and indefinite

jealousy, and it flames on a very slight provocation. Truant wives seldom weep on the bosoms of their injured husbands.

It were idle to trace them through all the terrible tests to which he then put her love, fidelity, and endurance; but he made for the frontier, driving her before him in the same "faded silk" in which he had mortified her when she first appeared in Arthur's court; and giving her peremptory orders to hold her tongue, showing his childish tyranny and how little he knew of woman. Meeting many marauders on the way, she, to warn him of danger, repeatedly violated his repeatedly renewed order, and he after repeatedly bequeathing her to the better man in case of his fall, closed successively and successfully with each band and vanquished them. Lest he become too invincible for the hero of an Idyll he managed to receive a secret wound from the effect of which he fainted, after killing the one who had wounded him, and he was carried to the hall of a border ruffian chief who conveniently came along on one of his occasional forays. There he was laid out for dead and the ruffian having returned from his expedition attempted the supposed widow in the presence of the supposed corpse. Failing in entreaty and burly blandishment he resorted to force, and Enid's cries of pain aroused her apparently lifeless lord who was only playing dead to test her fealty, and he rushed from his cooling board and struck off his host's head. He then took her up behind him on his charger (which had discreetly called for them at this juncture) and started to return. Meeting Edyrn whom he had so lately conquered and converted, he conducted them to the camp of Arthur who was then marching to suppress the same "huge earl of Doorm" whose headless trunk Geraint had just left weltering in its gore. And Enid was restored in the confidence of her chivalrous lord.

Such is the substance of the story tediously told through more than thirty pages of deformed declamation which a literary aristocracy says in poetry. Jack the giant killer was tame in comparison with Geraint. But Geraint is immortalized in the poetry of one who was in law, if not in fact, a poet; while the Mother Goose of the Teutonic and Indo-European nursery was a mere rhymester. The late Laureate was a factor in the

political constitution of the government of a country arrogating to itself the proud distinction of being the centrifugal center and source of civilization, from whence, if not all, yet our most luminous literary light radiates. He was armed with poetic license, and mailed in legal laureatic license; and whenever and whatever and however he deigned to write, the applause of the literary snobs was promptly re-echoed in the applause of the literary serfs; and a fawning constituency at Fashion's fiat affects a delight in that which it is authoritatively informed is genius.

With all its magic, majesty, and honor, Arthur's hall seems to have been a hot-bed of vice, corruption, and court intrigue; his most trusted knight being the defiler of his Queen. But so long as he purposely blinded himself to their guilt, it was very unknightly for his hangers-on to be dinning it in his ears. But there is nothing too preposterous for the infatuated artist.

Vivien, the harlot, haunted this hall, plying its inmates as she had opportunity. The King in one of his strolls, trying to walk off or walk down his vexation at a rumor rife about the Queen and Lancelot, was met by this adventuress who would "fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood," but he virtuously ignored her "fluttered adoration and dark sweet hints, had gazed upon her blankly and gone by;" and had she grappled with him, he would have "left his garment with her and fled and gat him out." Unfortunately as well as ungentlemanly, "the most famous man of all those times had watched, and had not held his peace." Sage Merlin, the old tattler, told it at the Table Round, and "it made the laughter of one afternoon that Vivien should attempt the blameless King."

She resented the ridicule by attempting (and accomplishing) Merlin himself, and they are the immortal hero and heroine of one of these Idyllic roundels. Despising yet dallying with her, her petulant persistence made him melancholy, he left the court, gained the beach, stepped into a convenient boat, "and Vivien followed, but he marked her not." He was very deeply absorbed, but "she took the helm and he the sail." The romantic is too easily, and hence too frequently, overdone. If the Sage left the court for the wild woods of Broceliande to

escape the immodest importunities of his erratic inamorata, he was not very sage in sailing in a craft with her at the helm. The most famous man of all those times, who had built Arthur's hall for him and was his chief counsellor, ought not to have been chased from the hall to the wilderness by a strumpet who was the butt of ridicule at the court.

The persistence of woman when she sets her head is well portrayed, and notwithstanding its deformities,—that nearly all its occasions and situations are strained and unnatural, the piece contains some poetry and philosophy, but instead of rounding out to a conclusion in keeping therewith, it merely flattens out. Vivien talked the sage almost to death, he yielded and told her his charm, fell asleep, and she wrought his ruin with woven paces and with waving hands, "and in the hollow oak he lay as dead, and lost to life and use and name and fame."

An indispensable requisite to poetry is harmony, and a philosophic heroic is within the rule. Harmony in sound and in measure is no more essential to music, than harmony in sentiment and its expression is to poetry.

It appears that two persons were known to have been brothers, were known to have fought with and killed each other in "a glen, grey boulder, and black tarn;" one of them was known to have been a king, yet their names are unknown. Before Arthur was crowned he was roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse, and found the slain king's crown "of diamonds, one in front and four aside." After he was crowned he devoted these nine diamonds to the purpose of prizes to be tilted for by his knights, one at each annual tourney thereafter for nine years, expecting in that time to learn thereby who was the mightiest, and that the knights would become so inured to arms and deeds of valor that they could drive the heathen. In eight of these annual tourneys Lancelot had won the prize, and expecting of course to win them all, he had hoarded them for a present to the Queen, and had kept his purpose a secret even from her. If the tilts proved anything it was probably established by this time that he was the mightiest. The ninth tourney was proclaimed and the Queen was too ill to attend,

though the King desired her to do so, lest she "miss the great deeds of Lancelot and his prowess in the lists. As Lancelot stood with the King by the bedside of their joint mistress, she "lifted her eyes and they dwelt longingly on Lancelot." He misinterpreted the language of her languid look as importing a wish that he would remain with her, and he feigned that "an ancient wound was hardly whole, and let him from the saddle. And the King glanced first at him, and then at her, and went his way." The King was one of those obliging husbands who knew when he was not wanted at his Queen's bedside; and he was above intruding on the privacy of the princely lovers, even if one of them was his wife. Left to themselves the Queen and Lancelot engaged in a lover's quarrel, she rated him for his stupidity in misunderstanding her languid look, and urged him to go to the lists to prevent the scandal which his staying with her might provoke. He retorted her former defiance of public opinion, and reminded her that the knights often toast them as lovers while the king listens smiling. The chief of all the knights, the champion soldier of the Cross, the most illustrious of the chivalry which is to drive the heathen, had for eight years maintained a lecherous liaison with the adulterous Queen of the most Christian King; had cuckolded this King who is sung in the same song for superhuman sagacity and force of character, and yet as conniving at his Queen's crime. If the entire fabric is mere fabrication, if fancy is unrestrained and the poet is not limited by the existence or non-existence of any fact, if he first makes his matter and then moulds it at will into the form of his poem which has nothing else to recommend it, it should be at least consistent with itself and its pretensions—the principal character it lionizes should not be painted the pander of his own wife's shame—he should not be exhibited as a contemptible cuckold cognizant of his own and his wife's infamy.

If Lancelot was the paramour of the wife of the King to whom he owed and had sworn unswerving loyalty, undissembling truth, and untiring devotion, if he betrayed the most sacred of all trusts to gratify his lust, is it likely that his respect for the unwritten code of hospitality, his regard for the court-

esy and confidence of the Lord of Astolat, or the sanctity of his relations with the Queen, kept him from the person of Elaine when she had snatched him from the grave, nursed him to life, and cast herself at his feet? There is, however, one point in the picture which is true to nature. It is the Queen's jealous rage when informed that Lancelot fought in this tourney, wearing on his helmet "a red sleeve broidered with pearls," the favor of an unknown rival of her's for his favor.

In the purity and proof of his love for and fidelity to the Queen, Lancelot spurned the Lily of Astolat and she died of a broken heart. Pursuant to her last wish her corpse was taken to Arthur's hall with her last letter in her lifeless left hand. The letter was opened and read by the King in the presence of the Queen and the assembled knights, and it vindicated Lancelot's faithfulness to his royal concubine. In her jealous rage the Queen had just thrown away (in a convenient river) Lancelot's princely present of the nine diamonds for which he had been fighting for nine years, but on hearing the King read the Lily's letter and seeing her late rival consigned to the tomb, she begged Lancelot's pardon, he forgave her, and the happy King convulsively clasped him to his bosom exclaiming, Lancelot! my Lancelot! So the lifeless Lily whose love he had spurned, and the cuckold King whose honor he had stained, restored relations between their respective wrongers.

And this is fashionable, refined, aristocratic, poetic romance. Having become inured to the preposterous, one may be surprised and perhaps disappointed that the poet does not paint the Queen in a fit of jealous rage with the King for calling her Lancelot his Lancelot, for his froward familiarity with the person of her courtly lover when he "approached him and with full affection flung one arm about his neck,"—where her arms belonged. A sillier, shallower, more extravagant, preposterous, or unnatural story is seldom told; perhaps never in more inharmonious, tedious, and turgid tropes.

Percivale having doffed the casque and donned the cowl, was interviewed by an ancient inmate of the monastry near a century before Christianity was introduced into the Island. While mere chronological slips may not be a positive blemish

to pure romance, yet it is unpardonable in romance, ever so finely rendered, to grovel in the palpably preposterous. Language cannot be set to expression sufficiently fine to justify the absolutely absurd. Lullabies may be solemnly sung to the senile, but they are entirely out of place among the classics, unless they propound a moral, which should not be buried beneath a mountain of mystic obscurity.

Ambrosius had seen "the world old yew-tree darkening half the cloisters," had "seen this yew-tree smoke spring after spring for half a hundred years;" during all which time he had never known "the world without, nor ever strayed beyond the pale." This is an elaborate, and possibly a poetic way to say that he had been immured in the monastery for fifty years and was unacquainted with the world. Yet at a glance he had perceived that Percivale was "one of those who eat in Arthur's hall," and he asked what drove him from the Table Round,—if it was "earthly passion crost." Percivale promptly disclaimed all such passion, and told him it was the sweet vision of the holy grail. The aged monk who had spent fifty years in religious exercises, meditations, speculations, and dissipations, asked the recent roisterer from the Table Round what he meant by the term holy grail, and the answer was an object lesson in theology. He was informed that Arimathean Joseph brought from Aromat to Glastonbury the very cup in which Christ drank at the Last Supper. The monk seemed to know all about Joseph's expedition, his obtaining a land grant from a local Lord, and building "with wattles from the marsh a little lonely church;" but was utterly ignorant of the miracle-working cup, the sight or the touch of which was the end of all ill. He who can intelligently imagine all this, and has mastered the art of hysterology, may be equipped for the discharge of the duties of the office of Laureate to a literary snobdom.

The novitiate informed the ancient that his sister (a nun) had seen the cup; that her human love being rudely *blunted* had *glanced* and *shot* only to holy things; that the court scandal *beat across the iron grating of the cell*, and she "prayed and fasted all the more," until "the sun shone, and the wind blew thro' her." And these are some of the figures

of poetical expression which an overweening aristocracy administers to its patients as poetry. The nun's description of her vision of the holy grail, is, however, beautifully poetic; but it contains no *blunting* nor *shooting* nor *glancing* of love, nor *beating of scandal across an iron grate:* and it exhibits no female form so attenuate that the sun would shine or the wind would blow thro' it.

Percivale spoke of the nun's vision "to all men," and he and many of them fasted to the uttermost, expectant of the wonder. Among them was one Galahad, a beautiful youth, of doubtful derivation, and of whom rumor reported he was a bastard son of Lancelot; but Percivale doubted this because of Lancelot's *singular* continency. The nun decorated this boy with a sword belt plaited of her own hair, and containing a representation of the grail in a moon-beam down which it slid to her cell in her vision; and she infused in him her own pure passion. The stanza stating this is one of the most beautiful in the langnage, and were it not for the idiom it could not be said to have anything in common with the one next following it. Percivale informed the antique of the year of miracle, of Merlin's transit from time to eternity by inadvertently sitting in a chair of his own make, and where self-destruction is mitigated if not justified in Galehad's attempt to follow Merlin by sitting in the same chair,—The Siege Perilous. It should, or rather it should not, be remembered that Merlin had already met his doom in the hollow oak in the wild woods of Broceliande, when "overtalked and overworn" he had yielded to the licentious and lissom Vivien,—or, this may be an instance of the impudence of a malapert memory. The recollection of the scene in the hollow oak takes the color out of this picture of Merlin's taking off. Galahad was disappointed. He found he could not get to Heaven by simply sitting down in a chair, but it caused "a cracking and a riving of the roofs, and rending, and a blast, and overhead thunder, and * * * a beam of light seven times more clear than day;" and brought the grail down this beam, and those of the knights who did not see it, being all of them but Galahad, sware a vow because they had not

seen it, to ride a twelve month and a day in quest of it, and Galahad, although he had seen it, sware the same vow.

Early this same day a maiden who had been wronged by some ruffians, came and complained to the King, and he went "to smoke the scandalous hive of those wild bees that made such honey in his realm." And this is said to be poetry. But it is strange that Arthur's hall should be depopulated of its knights by means of their being there swearing their vows, while he was away smoking the scandalous hive of those wild bees. He had informed his imperial wedding guests from Rome when they demanded the ancient tribute that these had sworn to fight his wars and worship him their king.

Such situations and suppositions are not only strained, unreasonable and unnatural, they are absurd. While it may well be regarded irrelevant to object to romance for the reason that its assertions are not true in point of fact; yet there should be some measure of reasonableness, naturalness, and plausibility in its situations. If they are utterly and glaringly foolish, the blemish is not cured, though it may be obscured, by fanciful flights. If a moral is intelligibly pointed as is intended in most fable, there may be some mitigation if not justification of the wildest vagaries supposable; but the moral should be clear, it should plainly appear as the objective point of the poem.

There are few more beautiful descriptions than that of Arthur's hall, crowned with his statue, and lighted with windows blazoning his wars, where "all the light that falls upon the board streams through the twelve great battles of our King." But it is disfigured in the conclusion with childish mysticism as to the one blank window,—thereafter to be blazoned with a scenic representation of the results of his martial exploits.

Arthur's inquiry on his return of the cause of the tumult he found in the hall, his learning of his knights severally that they had all sworn the vow, his protest against and final consent to their going and the consequent dissolution of the order, all hover between the petulant and the pathetic, and result in arranging a final farewell fete "when the sun brake next from underground." The description of Camelot, "built by old

Kings age after age," through the streets of which the knights departed in the holy quest when "the next day broke from underground," of the grief of "the Queen who *rode by Lancelot,*" shrieking "this madness has come on us for our sins," of the knights passing "the weirdly sculptured gate where Arthur's wars were rendered mystically," and where they "thence departed, every one his way," is the fume of a madder madness than that which the Queen so bewailed.

When the knights departed, every one his way, Percivale was very confident that he "should light upon the holy grail," but his buoyancy was brief. The King was not inspirited with the madness, and his forebodings recurring to Percivale, "came like a driving gloom across his mind," and every evil deed he ever did awoke and cried "this quest is not for thee." He soon found himself "in a land of sand and thorns," and his disappointments, toils, and tribulations, were perhaps as severe and exasperating as those of the reader of his. "A holy hermit in a hermitage" explained his reverses in a want of true humility, and admonished him that to succeed, to save himself, he must lose himself as Galahad, who then suddenly appeared in silver armor, and informed him, not only that he had seen the grail, but that it was his pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. Galahad invited Percivale to accompany him, promising that at his translation to the Spiritual City, about to occur, he too should see the grail. Then after Enoch was eclipsed Percivale saw a vision which discounts the Dreamer of Patmos, and he then informed Ambrosius, that of his return to the hermitage, "no memory in me lives;" probably meaning that he knew not how he got there.

He is hard indeed who cannot sympathize with Percivale in the terrible test to which his constancy was put in meeting her who had been his youth's love, the only one who had ever made his heart leap, although they had "never kissed a kiss," nor "vowed a vow." He found her a wealthy widowed Lady of a State; she cast her possessions, her power, and her self at his feet, and her subjects supplicated him to marry her and rule them,—to become their Arthur. If she had a Lancelot, one could easily understand his rejection of the doubtful honor;

but he declined it, and his vow burning within him he fled, hating himself and the holy quest until he met Galahad, after which he "cared not for her, nor anything upon earth." Ambrosius indicated the color if not the warmth of his blood in reply to the naration of this episode.

Bors met his kinsman Lancelot in the quest, "mad and maddening what he rode," shouting "stay me not, I have been the sluggard and I ride apace, for now there is a lion in the way." The froth of this lunacy is followed by Bors' willingness to forego success in favor of Lancelot; and Percivale's adventure and imprisonment with a pagan tribe, his miraculous escape, and his vision of the grail; the return of the knights from the quest to the hall, their greetings, the rehearsal of their adventures in a medley of miracle and extravagance and absurdity, in which Gawain is made a scapegoat for the only sensible sayings heard there, and received a rebuke from the King in a set speech in which he benignantly blessed his betrayer, exalted his fury to the fiery prophecy of old time, and concluded in terms which Percivale admitted he could not understand.

Of the readers of the Holy Grail candor requires a similar admission, not confined to its conclusion. What is its central thought? How is it to promote the edification of mankind? Hume has regretted the strange liberties the poets take with the truth. Is it the most unwarranted and objectionable liberty they take? When they give vent to a feverish fancy, rove at random amid objects bearing no resemblance or affinity to each other, and many of which are their own chimerical creations, suppose situations, characters, characteristics, and purposes, preposterous in themselves, and not only needless, but inimical to the plausibility of their alleged plot, and then present the whole in a distorted, harsh, and labored expression, they may indicate their genius and the wealth of their resources, but they certainly do not contribute materially to the intellectual development which should be the object of every stroke of their pens.

Literary coxcombs may display their superficial pretensions in affecting a profound respect for the weight and the worth

and the wisdom of the froth and the fume which has neither substance nor form; but if called on for a point in which it is really meritorious, while they may be shocked at the audacity or ignorance of the inquiry, they can no more than answer, it is fashionable. If further pressed their refuge is in the unapproachable dignity of the aristocratic regime.

To replete his depleted ranks, the King called the callow to come and be the knighted, and young Pelleas set out for Caerlon. Resting and dreaming in an enchanted grove, Ettarre with her train of damsels-errant and three knights, having lost their way, casually camé upon and awoke him, and he became their pilot-star to guide them to Arthur's hall. Ettarre discovered that he was smitten with her beauty, and she begn to *work* him. Arrived at the hall he was knighted, became at once a favorite with the King, Queen, and all except his fickle fiance, won and gave her the prize, and she spurned him—not the prize. The Queen remonstrated with her for her perfidy, and was rebuked in an insolent allusion to her own relations with Lancelot. The persistent Pelleas pursued the erratic Ettare to her castle; the gate being shut in his face he perched himself outside and beseiged her. She sent her three knights to drive him away, he downed them, and then suffered them to bind him, and they took him inside a prisoner, where he plead with his idol, she mocked him and caused him to be thrust out. He resumed the siege, maintained it a week, she again sent the three knights to slay him, or, failing in that, to give him her order to be again bound and brought in a prisoner. They assaulted him, Gawain casually came by and offered to assist him, he rejected the offer, again overthrew the three knights, again suffered them to bind and take him inside the castle a captive. This time he spurned her, saying "I had liefer you were worthy of my love than to be loved again of you—farewell; vex not yourself; ye will not see me more." He was again thrust out, Gawain met and unbound him and they left.

An idea struck Gawain. He saw his way to the heart of this damsel-errant in making her believe he had killed her troublesome lover. He borrowed Pelleas' horse, and his arms,

except the prize sword he won when he won the golden circlet for Ettarre, promised on the honor of the Table Round to return to her castle and woo and win the damsel-errant for him, to magnify him to her incessantly for three days. There is a difficulty here. How Pelleas was to profit by this proceeding is not apparent. Gawain was to gain access to Ettarre only by convincing her that he had killed him, of which fact the borrowed horse and armor was to be the proof. Pelleas roamed aimlessly around for three days, on the third night he gave way to his impulses and went to the castle, found the entrance open and unguarded, entered, investigated, found his emissary in bed with his idol, shrunk back in horror, withdrew, hesitated, returned to kill his betrayers, faltered, withdrew, hesitated, returned again to slay them, faltered, "and groaning laid the naked sword athwart their naked throats, and there left it, and them sleeping; and she lay, the circlet of the tourney round her brow, and the sword of the tourney across her throat." He left her finally and forever, cursing the perfidy of mankind. She awoke to find the prize sword of her rejected lover across her throat, railed on her foul bedfellow for having lied about the killing of Pelleas who might have slain them both in their sin and shame, and her "fickle fancy turned to Pelleas as the one true knight on earth," too late however, "and through her love, her life wasted and pined, desiring him in vain." Another difficulty appears. The entrance to the castle and to Ettarre's bed-chamber being left open and unguarded at so critical a moment. Pelleas came to the cloister where Percivale was cowled, slept, and dreamed that Gawain burned Arthur's hall, awoke to grasp the form of some one near, and was surprised to see Percivale who further disabused his mind of the delusion that honor dwelt among men, with one shining exception in Arthur.

Crazed with disappointment and disgust he rushed from the cloister, mounted his charger, rode down and trampled a crippled medicant, met and fought with and was over thrown by Lancelot, followed him to Arthur's hall, gave him and the Queen some significant sauce, "she quailed; and he, hissing 'I have no sword,' sprang from the door into the dark. The

Queen looked hard upon her lover, he on her; and each foresaw the dolorous day to be; and all talk died, as in a grove all song beneath the shadow of some bird of prey; then a long silence came upon the hall, and Modred thought 'the time is hard at hand.'"

All this to introduce the arch-fiend Modred upon the scene. Pelleas and Ettarre are heard of no more, and their adventure has no connection with or relation to anything like a general scheme (if there is such a thing) of the story. There is but one situation in this piece which is consistent with any other, and that is that when Pelleas hissed that he had no sword, he had lent one to Gawain, and laid the other athwart the naked throats of his betrayers, and even this is inconsistent with his encounter with Lancelot who was too chivalrous to fight an unarmed knight. There is but one way to read such poetry with satisfaction,—that is to read it with one's eyes closed.

In the last Tournament a new character is introduced, Tristram, whose nest-hiding with Isolt is something in the nature of a pocket edition of Lancelot's liaison with the Queen. Tristram was engaged in a childish controversy with Dagonet, the King's fool, in which there is a futile attempt to philosophize in terms of buffoonery. In an apparent digression it appears that Lancelot and the King had rescued a child from an eagle's nest, that it wore a necklace of rubies, that they gave the child to the Queen who received it coldly at first, that she grew to love it, named it Nestling, reared it, it died, and the Queen gave the rubies to the King to be used as a tourney prize. And the tourney being immediately proclaimed implies that the prize occasioned it, as the factitious facts seems to have occasioned the piece. On receiving the rubies the King evinced some surprise that she had never worn the diamonds presented her by Lancelot, she soothed him with a white lie about losing them, and predicted *rosier luck* for the rubies because they came from the neck of an innocent babe instead of the skeleton of a royal red-handed fratricide. A churl seems to have been mutilated by some ruffians defying the King's authority, he ordered him to be royally entertained until healed, organized an expedition of his new knights against the outlaws, and left

Lancelot to preside at the hall and arbitrate the ensuing tournament in his absence, saying that he would not care to tilt merely to win and return the rubies to the Queen; as though it was foregone that if he should tilt he would win, and if he should win he would give the prize to the Queen. Tristram entered and cleared the lists, and Lancelot gave him the prize. After some general murmuring about the general degeneracy of the times the assembly adjourned to the evening banquet, proposing by their splendor and vivacity there to comfort the eyes of the *Queen and Lancelot.* The King could kill time as best he might in the bivouac. The next morning Tristram met Dagonet and they renewed their philosophic farce, in which the fool showed that Arthur was himself a fool, the King of fools, especially for expecting to make men of beasts by means of the vain vows of the order of the Table Round.

The remainder of the rhapsody relates to an amour of Tristram and his back-woods mistress Isolt, the wife of Mark, the cuckold King of Tintagil in Lyonesse. He presented her the rubies he had just won, demanded and was served with meat and wine, and promised to love her "to the death, and out beyond into the dream to come." Having feasted and being in the act of embracing her, the injured and irate husband suddenly shrieked "Mark's way, and clove him through the brain." The heathen King of the forest showed a higher appreciation of his domestic duties, than his illustrious Christian compeer of the Table Round.

But as usual with these pieces, the last tournament flattens out, collapses, expires from sheer exhaustion, The scene suddenly shifts from Mark's den to Arthur's hall, where, when the King returned he found his truant Queen had fled with his chief knight, and "about his feet a voice clung sobbing till he questioned it, 'what art thou?' and the voice about his feet sent up an answer sobbing. 'I am thy fool, and I shall never make thee smile again.'" The piece is replete with incident and episode among or between which there is no natural or necessary connection, relation, or affinity. There are some beautifully poetic expressions, and occasional wise saws in philosophy, of which an instance is Tristram's estimate of the

efficacy of the oaths of love and knighthood. "The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—my knighthood taught me this —ay, being snapt we run more counter to the soul thereof than we had never sworn."

The Queen fled the Court,—took sanctuary in a convent at Almesbury and sat in her cell with "a little maid, a novice." Modred had sought to ruin the King, "and all his aims were sharpened by a strong hate for Lancelot." He had hounded the Queen with his "narrow foxy face, heart-hiding smile, and grey persistent eye;" had couched in tall grass growing upon the garden wall, and the very one he hoped to detect in devilment had caught him spying, and thrown him from his perch into the dirt. "Ever after the small violence rankled in him and ruffled all his heart, as the sharp wind that ruffles all day long a bitter little pool about a stone on the bare coast." Contemplate this comparison,—is it not more puerile than poetical or pertinent? Lancelot related this escapade to the Queen who at first rather enjoyed it, but on reflection she sighed, foreseeing that the "subtle beast would track her guilt until he found and hers would be forevermore a name of scorn." From what had gone before it would seem that her guilt was already found, that hers was already become a name of scorn. Lancelot had told her that the knights often toast them as lovers while the King listens smiling; Vivien had encountered the King in a stroll perplexed with some rumor rife about the Queen and Lancelot, "and would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood;" Ettarre, from a remote province (having been lost on her way to the hall) had openly reproached the Queen with her relations with Lancelot; the Father of the Lily maid of Astolat had told her, "Daughter I know not what you call the highest; but this I know, for all the people know it, He loves the Queen, and in open shame; and she returns his love in open shame;" and if notorious prostitution means a name of scorn, she had already earned and acquired it, and her apprehensions come rather late. But her shame became her nightmare, and she resolved to break with Lancelot. For this purpose they took the superfluous and silly precaution to steal an interview for their "madness of farewells" in her bed-chamber,

when the King was away; as though he had not been for years conniving at their treasonable trysts; as though he had not "glanced first at him, and then at her, and gone his way;" as though he had not "listened smiling" while the knights toasted them as lovers. "And Modred brought his creatures to the basement of the tower for testimony," to prove the best authenticated and most widely known fact in the history of the subject matter of the Idylls. But they were finally trapped and exposed by Modred, in that which every one knew they were doing, and had come to regard a part of the policy of the Powers that be; and Lancelot's grand finale is to hurl the insidious spy headlong to the earth. The Queen and Lancelot left the hall and went together to "the divided way, there kissed, and parted weeping; for he past, love loyal to the least wish of the Queen, back to his own land; but she to Almesbury."

From this point to its close Guinevere is the prettiest and most pathetic poem I know of. If such qualities should be regarded an incongruous combination, the intelligent skeptic should thoughtfully read it. Let him behold the garrulous little babbler with her innocent prattle piercing the prurient Queen to the heart; behold the Queen writhing in the agony of a burning sense of her supremacy and shame, artlessly intensified by the child, who, "like many another babbler hurt whom she would soothe;" behold the Queen finally irritated to a petty resentment against the innocence which unconsciously flays her alive with,—"this is all woman's grief, that she is woman, whose disloyal life hath wrought confusion at the Table Round;"—if not convinced of the beauty, power, and pathos of the part mentioned, he should attend the King in his last interview with her who should have blest, but had cursed his life, her own, and their common country. Eulogy were idle, description futile. Is it possible that the fabricator of the false, flimsy, preposterous positions; the supposer of the absurd situations and sentiments, which blur the beauty of a charming romance, also distilled the quintessence of tender invective loving reproach, and crushing hope, which Arthur showered on

Guinevere, standing over the prostrate prostitute in her cell at Almesbury ?

There is an awful grandeur in some of the sentiment pervading the Passing of Arthur, notably in the expressions attributed to the expiring (or passing) monarch. But it is belittled with incongruity and frivolty. The last battle was fought in "the trackless realms of Lyonesse," which, according to the Idylls was a region of unregenerate heathenism. Yet when the opposing armies had utterly exterminated each other, so that none were left to tell the tale but the traitor Modred of the one side, and Arthur and bold Bedivere of the other, Arthur attacked Modred, despatched him, received a fatal wound, and was borne by Bedivere "to a chapel nigh the field, a broken chancel with a broken cross;" a strange structure indeed for such a place. When Arthur realized his time was come, there remained an indispensable duty to be done; the culmination of a Kingly career, its crowning consummation, *to throw away a sword in the mere.* Bold Bedivere, the King's last living friend, was commissioned to commit Excalibur to the wave. Falteringly faithful, his cupidity prevented the performance of this penultimate precept of his liege, until the third time he was driven to do it, and then the expiring (or passing) monarch whom he had just borne to the broken chancel, threatened to rise and slay him with his hands should he return again without having done it.

The silly things they said to each other while Arthur kept Bedivere going to and fro between the chapel and the mere, recall the rhapsody of the Giant's muse;—"Fe, fo, fi, fum; I smell the flesh of an Englishmun; Dead or alive I must have some." With slight syntactical change, this triplet might pass for an extract from the Idylls. Such is the twaddle with which a learned literary lord regales a reading, if not a thinking world. And if we expect to have any credit with the elite, we must not only admit, we must insist that it is immense.

In striking contrast with the aimless delirium of the Idylls are some of the other propositions of their author. Notwithstanding its labored expression, I doubt that there ever was a truer or more beautiful picture of constancy, integrity, and virtue

in humble life than in the story of Enoch Arden. Its situations and sentiment are sufficiently supposable, natural, and harmonious; yet they are as striking as those with which the Idylls are so foully blemished. To get its real purport one can well afford the labor imposed by its idiomatic eccentricities; although he will be impressed with the manifest impropriety of obscuring the substance with oddity in expression. The pathetic power of the poet is attested in that the perusal of Enoch Arden has moistened more eyes and sweetly saddened more hearts than anything else in the language.

In the one hundred and thirty-one successive sobs for the death of his friend, the Laureate reached the very zenith of poetic supremacy, and dignified his main subject in the choice of language. There is a tedious monotony in the reiterations of gloomy glamour in which the deathly dirge is moaned, and a manifest, and manifestly futile, effort to relieve the irksome absence of variety with interspersion of philosophic platitude. He has attempted to philosophize as well as poetize; and the throes are so convulsive and hysterical; the allusion to and treatment of them are so vague and obscure, that it is impossible to perceive what doctrine he meant to inculcate. There seems to be but one connecting idea by which the one hundred and thirty-one stanzas or any number of them may be said to be connected with, or related to each other; that is the corroding grief of their writer. That he had, or imagined he had, something to teach in the fugitive philosophy, is argued in that he would not have re-stated his mere sorrow so often, and in so many forms so little variant from each other, in one and the same poem. The sorrow that bowed and buoyed him murmurs in one unbroken stream of dulcet despair through the entire poem; but the philosophy in which he meant to manifest his intellectual power is fragmentary, intermittent, and its relevancy in most instances and connections is not apparent. It appears however to be summed up in the latter half of the last period of the poem, which period contains eleven verses of four lines each.

> "A soul shall draw from out the vast
> And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race
Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;
No longer half akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did
And hoped, and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;
Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,
That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

This latter half of the last period of the poem, summarizes its philosophy in what appears to be a universal unitarianism, or perhaps more properly a pantheism; and by it the piece rounds out to a majestic finish, poetically. But if we suppose "one God, one law, one element, and one far off divine event, to which the whole creation moves," it is difficult to conceive how a soul could "draw from out the vast and strike its being into bounds, and moved through life of lower phase, result in man, be born and think, and act and love, a closer link, betwixt us and the crowning race that, eye to eye, shall look on knowledge,"

I know of but one reliable test of the validity of purely speculative discussion,—and that is logic. Logically, the proposition is self-destructive, The words "divine event" are ruinous to it. They posit a period to progress, its final consummation, which is utterly impossible of thought. But progress must terminate if "the whole creation moves" to "one far off divine *event.*" They imply that the whole creation moves to one far off result, necessarily the termination of its movement, which cannot be thought. These majestic moans mean more

than the mere grief of their writer, or the fulsome adulation of his departed friend. One of their patent purposes is a grandiose exhibition of their writer's mastery of language. Another is, or seems to be, to give vent to occasional philosophic afflatus.

The fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth stanzas allude to an alleged duality of God and Nature, which does not harmonize very well with the one God, one Law, and one element. They also allude to an alleged antagonism between God and Nature; to an apparent indifference of Nature for individuals and solicitude for Types; to Nature's real indifference for Types; they attribute the human tendency to desire eternal existence, to "What we have the likest God within the soul;" they find cause for the shaking of faith in the observable fact that of fifty seeds Nature "often brings but one to bear;" and after declaring that the necessary deduction from all this is, that life is "a monster then, a dream, a discord," they attempt to pin a hopeless faith to that which is "behind the veil, behind the veil." The necessary deduction from all observable data forbids hope beyond earthly existence; but hope is inspired again by a blind and unintelligible faith in the inscrutable cause of the tendency to desire the future existence. The argument then is, that all observable phenomena imply the mortality of the soul; that man shall "be blown about the desert dust, or sealed within the iron hills," and when in his longing he cries for a "voice to soothe and bless," the answer is "behind the veil, behind the veil." And even the longing itself is attributed to that in man which is "the likest God;" in other words a kind of godly selfishness.

This seems very much like trying to reason out and establish the validity of a faith, after having conceded that every conceivable cause for its existence has failed; except it be perhaps, the innate longing for the fruition of the hope. The belief then in the future existence is based entirely upon "the wish, that of the living whole no life may fail beyond the grave," being derived "from what we have the likest God within the soul." The point or quality in which we most resemble our Maker, then, is our selfishness.

The poetic philosopher says that, considering Nature's secret meaning in her deeds, he falters where he firmly trod "Upon the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God." The expression is beautifully poetic,—indeed it is grand, sublime. But one must hurry past and not stop to consider it. If he trod firmly before considering the secret meaning of Nature in her deeds, and after could only "stretch lame hands of faith and grope, and gather dust and chaff, and call, to what he feels is Lord of all, and faintly trust the larger hope," it would seem that his curiosity had gotten him into trouble. By his investigations he had learned that which he did not want to know. To have been content in ignorance then were the prime wisdom. Still the universal propensity to speculate and investigate remains, and is developed in and manifested most markedly by those whose doctrines would seem to favor its suppression or restraint, as being in itself subversive of human weal.

The Laureate's purpose seems to have been to make a noise in the world, to attract attention; and owing to his personal prestige and the contemptible servility of the literary masses; as much as, perhaps more than, the undeniable fact that he has written some of the finest poetry known, he has been undeservedly successful. It matters not how unpretentious one may be in his general deportment, if he is able to give to Literature an Enoch Arden or a Locksley Hall,—that he inflicts on it an In Memoriam or an Idylls Of The King, is due to his overweening personal importance in Literature. One capable of producing either of the former two poems, would certainly know that neither of the latter two had much if anything to recommend it, besides the name of its writer.

CHAPTER X.

OBSCURITY AND PROFUSION AS INDICATIONS OF GENIUS.

Plain English Amply Sufficient Medium for Expression of all Ideas—Impertinency of Apologetics—Bishop Blougram's Apology a Learned Vagary—Its Merit with Readers is the Prestige of its Author—Aristocratic Blackguardism—Worldly Priest-craft—Money Makes the Spiritual Mare Go—The Skeptic's Ideal too lofty to be realized—Ocean Voyage of a Life—Faith Absolute Fixed and Final an Impossibility—Religion Based in Selfishness—Faith Valid Because it Must be So—Cowardice and Dissimulation of Apologetics—Believer Under Surveillance of the World in his Service ot the Lord—Belief not Within Personal Control—Creation Declares Instead of Conceals the Creator.

The names of some writers are become household words among persons who vie with each other in extolling whatever bears the impress of the seal of aristocratic approval,—no matter what it may be, nor whether it is understood, except that the less it is understood the more extravagantly it is likely to be extolled. The accidental pet of literary fashion may be a master of Greek, and of Sanskrit, and of Semitic hieroglyph, and he may be disturbed with a vague and indefinable uneasiness which he imagines is some kind of inspiration. If he puts anything, or even a quantity of nothing upon paper, the approval of the great will set the teeth of the gaping, grovelling imitators on edge, to display their acumen—affecting an appreciative amazement at the power of the prodigy who proceeds under the sanction of princely patronage. He may, or he may not, have an idea; it irks him not. If he has, it is the boast of the English language that it can supply him the most superb garb in which to clothe it, and the most explicit medium in which to express it. Should it be one by the possession of which mankind would be benefited, it were his plain duty to express it, otherwise, it were his plain duty to suppress it. If it deserves to be suppressed, it were needless to write a book in which to do so; while if it deserves expression, some writing may be requisite. I recall some writings which really appear to have been written to suppress their author's idea, in

which they are supremely successful, as no intelligible idea is deducible therefrom. The duty to express includes the duty to express clearly, intelligibly, and comprehensibly; less than which cannot fairly be called expression, but rather suppression, concealment, or disguise. That which cannot be clearly, intelligibly, and comprehensibly expressed in the English language, is not an idea. He who has an idea deserving expression, and suppresses, conceals, or disguises it in a tedious tangle of scholarly obscurity, offends in exact ratio with the art and ingenuity manifest in his periphrase. He places Literature under no legitimate debt of gratitude by exhibiting his skill at confusion. The world owes him nothing for the privilege to guess at the meaning of his learned enigma, or artistic abstrusity.

Apologetics is an impertinency—from the concession it impliedly makes of the plausibility of the opposites of its own propositions. If such opposites have no plausibility there can be no occasion for the argument. Apologetics strengthens its imaginary opponent by useless, senseless, but necessarily implied admissions; or worse, it weakens itself thereby in creating or supposing the occasion for argument; and in addition to the disadvantage it thus gratuitously incurs, it generally proceeds so irregularly and illogically that its controversies become learned squabbles, elucidating nothing, and settling less; of which result Bishop Blougram's Apology is an illustrious example.

I have carefully studied that learned vagary, and if it means anything, I think I have discerned it; but before succeeding or imagining I had succeeded, had it not been for the popularity and prestige of its writer, I would have dismissed it in disgust, as an unmeaning jumble of words. It were hazardous to so declare of the masterpiece of a writer whose name gilds the back of a volume in nearly every library of literary pretensions within the range of the English language; so instead of making the assertion, I proceed to inquire if it would be justified.

In view of the sanctity of its subject, the divine dignity of its chief character, and the aristocratic pretensions of its writer, a sensitive sense of propriety may be shocked at the frivolous

irreverence with which such expressions as *twiddlings, Gigadibs, body gets its sop, the deuce knows what, try the cooler jug,* and *nigh onto the imminent sneeze,* are intermingled with such as *The Way, the Truth, the Life, What think ye of Christ?* and *there's one great form of Christian faith.* Still the circumstances supposed to have attended their supposed utterance, are eminently in keeping with the maudlin mix, and the frequency of the recurrence to the *wine,* the *glass,* the *jug,* and the *bald-headed decanter,* might suggest even the hiccough.

A magazine correspondent was wined and dined by His Holiness, and the claret seems to have been more potent to loosen the Bishop's tongue, than to burnish his wit. He insisted that his guest despised him, but was willing to divert the disgust from himself to his priestly profession, and finally that it might be assuaged to a respectful deprecation of the ecclesiastical dignity, as an object unworthy a laudable and lofty ambition. An analysis of this position shows the ruinous disadvantage at which the poet places the Priest in the beginning of an argument which is had solely that he may triumph.

Argument necessarily implies discernment in the auditor addressed, and to insist that he despises a profession is to assert the plausibility of his reason for so doing. To say that he does so without reason, is to denounce him devoid of discernment, impervious to reason, and hence unworthy the argumentative attention. But having created and cancelled the occasion for argument, the Priest proceeds to vindicate his choice of the church, as suited to the most lively life, and the realization of the highest and most commendable ambition. His improvised opponent is only heard from vicariously and through the Priest himself, who appears to restate the skeptic's arguments and objections, and then proceed in reply.

Primarily, priest-craft is pecuniarily profitable,—the "hot long ceremonies of the church cost a little, but they pay the price;" money makes the spiritual as well as the secular mare go. He had promised his skeptical guest that if he "would watch a dinner out," they would see "truth that peeps over the glass' edge when dinner's done and body gets its sop." When

the clamors of hunger should be silenced with sop, truth would dawn,—peep over the edge of a wine-glass. The spiritual significance of the proposition is not apparent; but to the Poet there may have been a mysterious edification in imagining the Lord's lieutenant urging His cause and enforcing His precepts from a sordid cupidity, and deriving inspiration from an abdominal plethora, stimulated by the contents of a *jug*, a *wine-glass*, or a *bald-headed* decanter,—truth peeping over the glass' edge when *body gets its sop*.

The Priest, defining his skeptical guest's position, said, "whatever more or less I boast of my ideal realized, is nothing in the balance when opposed to your ideal, your grand simple life, of which you will not realize one jot."

The natural inference is that if his guest was not to realize one jot of his ideal, the grand simple life, it must have been because it was unattainable. This could not be very encouraging to the ambitious and hopeful votary to human improvement. The advantage he claimed for his own ideal was its practicability, its attainability; but the factors most important to both positions are ignored. The Priest's problem "is not to fancy what were fair in life provided it could be, but, finding first what may be, then find how to make it fair up to our means." In other words, adjust and adapt one's self to the insuperable fact one lives amidst. If by the argument it is intended to furnish a formula for felicity, its own primal proposition destroys it. If mere content, the control, regulation, and suppression of desire is life's acme, the problem may be well stated; and with persons of certain temperament, suitably disciplined and environed, it may be realized. But it is not a mere play upon words to say that it is many removes from content to happiness; that both are mere relative and comparative quantities; and no possible standard for either of them can be even imagined. Constitution, temperament, and purpose, as varied, intensified, and modified, by educational prejudice and environment, had fortuitously formed for the Priest his ideal which he claimed could be realized. Equivalent factors and influences operating perhaps differently on a man of dif-

ferent mould, had formed for his guest his ideal, of which the Priest assured him he would not realize one jot.

Nothing is clearer than that there could be no absolute or actual reality in either of them; but that they each existed if at all, in and for themselves respectively; and not otherwise nor for persons of different mould. Neither of them could be either praiseworthy or blameworthy for his ideal of life; nor in any way responsible for it, any more than for life itself, or the predicament in which he finds himself placed in life. The individual life may be happy, it may be merely content, it may be wretched. In either case much is due to the constitution and temperament of the individual. These may be modifiable by education, possibly in some measure by self-education; but the individual is no more responsible for them in their original type or character than for the color of his hair. Nor is he wholly accountable for the influences brought to bear on them, accomplishing their modification.

His ideal of life, and the intensity with which he yearns to realize it, are matters with which he has little if any more to do than to have and suffer them. If his ideal is whimsical it may be due to his inherent exuberance or enthusiasm of spirit. His susceptibility to impressions admitting the kind offices of adversity, reality's stern rebukes of his ideality may bring him to a comparatively rational sense of life's possibilities and proprieties; but these are his education. And even its effect upon him depends in great measure upon his innate qualities, his native constitution and temperament.

So the Priest's postulate, that the true ideal,—by which if he meant anything to the purpose he must have meant one universally true,—is "no abstract intellectual plan of life quite irrespective of life's plainest laws, but one a man, who is a man and nothing more, may lead within a world which is Rome or London, and not Fools-paradise," may have been eminently true and fitting for him, and egregiously false for his skeptical guest. Nothing could be more foreign to my purpose than to oppose an objection to educational proselytism, which is in very truth the soul of all the progress, such as it is, that intellect has made. But egotistic dogmatism, which too generally

prejudices proselytism, deserves the frown of every liberal minded advocate of human rights and promoter of progress. There is no man but is a man, and nothing more. His ideal of human life is necessarily a man's ideal of the life of man. The world may be Rome, London, or some other place to men of some minds, and quite a different place, perhaps a Fools-paradise, to men of other minds; depending in great measure upon the constitution and temperament of the man, as modified by influences and circumstances over which he has no control.

The Priest's senseless simile of a six months ocean voyage of a life is no more a fit illustration in regard to life's proprieties and possibilities, than in point of uniformity of duration. All on board on the supposed ocean voyage embark at once, and when the voyage is ended they all land simultaneously. There may be entire uniformity in equipment, accommodation and privation. But life with its pleasures, pains, proprieties, and possibilities, is as ample as space; and as variant as the features of men, of which no two were ever known to be alike. No two persons have ever sailed life's voyage in the same craft; no agent's nor captain's mandate can limit a passenger thereon to "six feet square." Some opinionated egotists, among whom was the Poet's Priest, have attempted to do so, but their voices are drowned in the rush and the roar of the flood that sweeps them headlong to oblivion, leaving them the precarious possibility of a momentary remembrance, in the breath of the Poet who faintly echoes the helpless mandate of despair to those about him.

The Priest proposes a faith, absolute, fixed, and final. The proposition is a palpable solecism. It cannot appropriately be said "I absolutely and peremptorily believe." Belief is only the counter term of doubt. Faith is only the opposite of infidelity. Neither can be imagined without the other. Belief is a mere state of mind, which cannot be imagined except in contrast with unbelief. No faith, no belief, no state of mind, can be conceived of as absolute, fixed, or final. Faith and belief are the results of the operations of evidence upon the mind. The mind must be susceptible to its impressions before evidence can produce the result. As long as mind continues,

it is still susceptible to impressions. Stronger evidence, of a kind contrary to that which produced the faith, may remove, or at least disturb it; and that which may be disturbed may be entirely removed and supplanted by its contrary.

To say that there is no stronger evidence than that which has produced a certain faith, would be in line with the egotistic assertion of apologetics, generally; but it would not be very philosophical. It would be equivalent to saying there remains nothing more to be learned. If there is more yet to be learned, when it shall be learned, it may shake many of our idols from their pedestals. It may confirm some prevalent faith; depending largely on what shall be learned. To be absolute, a thing must be complete within and of itself, unconditionally and without relation to anything else. Faith cannot be so, because it cannot be even imagined except in contrast with unbelief. To be fixed a thing must be immovable. Faith cannot be so, because it is produced by evidence more or less convincing; and on the same principle, stronger contradictory evidence, which for aught we know, may exist, and may yet be discovered, would disturb and might remove the faith. And to say that faith or any other state of mind is final, is to say that mind has ceased its activity; that progress has ended by having culminated in perfection, or at least, in its utmost possible attainment.

If the world has existed for countless ages, all of which have been characterized by some kind and degree of progress, and many ages preceded the production of the proof upon which any present faith is based, it is more dogmatical than philosophical to say that any faith can be final. Other faiths have prevailed before the discovery of the evidence upon which any present faith is based. Unless human nature has materially changed, those antique faiths were based upon evidence sufficiently convincing to establish and maintain them for a time. There appears to be no reason to believe that human nature has undergone so great a change as to justify the assertion that such faiths prevailed without some evidence of their validity. Whatever faith did prevail before the discovery of the evidence upon which any subsequently prevailing faith was

established, must have been valid to those among whom it did prevail—otherwise it could not have been a faith. And even the Christian faith of nineteen centuries ago, (which was but yesterday in time) is not valid in its entirety with all professed Christians of to-day. It has become a coat of many colors. The necessary result is, that if progress is to progress, there can be no such thing as an absolute fixed and final faith.

For the sake of the argument however, the Priest throws overboard his dogmas, magnanimously meets his guest upon his own ground, assumes that they are both unbelievers, and proposes to establish the validity of the faith in a fair and *bona fide* argument for the validity of the unbelief. His primary and prime concern, is for some means by which the unbelief may be turned to account. "Where's the gain? How can we guard our unbelief, and make it bear fruit for us?" The bed-rock of his religion then is selfishness, personal interest.

If unbelief is a less profitable resource than faith, it is invalid. The test of their respective claims to validity is their respective capacity to contribute to the advantage of their adherents; and the Priest would not believe even in his unbelief, unless he could utilize it to his personal profit.

Then in the presence of and contemplating "this scene of man" he says, "we look on helplessly, there the old misgivings, crooked questions are, this good God—what he could do, if he would, would, if he could—then must have done long since. If so, when, where, and how? Some way must be,—once feel about, and soon or late you hit some sense, in which it might be, after all. Why not the Way, the Truth, the Life?" This recalls the backwoods-man's argument that his hound was a good hunter,—because he was worthless otherwise. The sum of the argument is that the faith is valid because of necessity it must be so. This is in line with the general argument of apologetics, and if the faith has no more validity than such argument, its adherents may reasonably be expected to be a "little flock, despised few." Assuming the attitude of an unbeliever, and then assuming the existence, the power, and the goodness of "this good God," is assuming both sides of the controversy; and the reasonable result of the reasoning can

be little if anything more than "the grand Perhaps." An unbeliever cannot admit, much less assert the existence, power, and goodness of "this good God;" to do so he becomes a believer, he has faith the validity of which the Priest proposes to prove from the premise of unbelief.

The Priest, professing to argue from the unbeliever's premise, says "all we have gained then by our unbelief, is a life of doubt diversified by faith, for one of faith diversified by doubt. * * * I know the special kind of life I like, what suits the most my idiosyncrasy, brings out the best of me and bears me fruit, in power, peace, pleasantness, and length of days. I find that positive belief does this, for me, and unbelief no whit of this." It is difficult to understand how positive belief, "conclusive and exclusive in its terms," can be diversified by doubt; or how a candid argument from the premise of unbelief, can turn in favor of belief on considerations of personal profit, such as power, peace, pleasantness, and length of days; or how a special kind of life, or an idiosyncrasy can be an apt illustration in arguing a question whose application is to be universal. If the faith is a positive and not a negative quantity, the fact that it and its special kind of life were suited to the Priest's idiosyncrasy, is almost a conclusive argument against the validity of the faith for mankind in general. It might be well suited to his personal peculiarities (amounting to idiosyncrasy) and have no validity whatever for persons of a different mould, and of different previous condition. And the generality of mankind must be of a different mould from him, or his would not be an idiosyncrasy.

Amid the maze of metaphor the Priest occasionally makes a palpable hit, conspicuous among which is his allusion to the determination of unbelief to be unhappy on life's voyage unless on its own peculiar ideal of the proprieties and possibilities of life's voyage. Determined to be happy in its own way or not at all, when disgruntled unbelief finds itself cramped to "six feet square" and obliged to dispense with its imagined conveniences, it stubbornly refuses the comfort which it might have, if it would gracefully conform to the inevitable; it egotistically prefers its opinion, its "artist-nature," to content, com-

fort, or happiness measured by any other standard. But he is then simply reasoning in a circle, and comes back to a primary question,—What is, or what makes happiness? It may be one thing to one man; and quite a different thing to another man.

From his peculiar constitution and temperament, his inherent characteristics and idiosyncrasies, the unbeliever may be happier, or nearer happy, or more content, maintaining his ideal, than in attempting to utilize the resources available for the happiness, content, or comfort of the believer. Perhaps proving his artist-nature may be more agreeable to him than all the cabin-comforts of the voyage enjoyed by the believer. This is purely a question of taste, and taste is as variant as any other characteristic of man.

In addition to the truckling servility which is fundamental to all apologetics, the Priest exhibits a cowardly courage in his faith, and a dissembling honesty in his constancy. He says, "If once we choose belief, on all accounts we can't be too decisive in our faith, conclusive and exclusive in its terms, to suit the world which gives us the good things. In every man's career are certain points whereon he dare not be indifferent; the world detects him clearly if he dare, as baffled at the game and losing life." If this means anything it is a proposition to serve both God and Mammon, not daring to be indifferent on certain points in one's career for fear of being detected by the world. Interest, personal profit, cupidity, inspire a sublime sort of faith, to be sustained by the hope of, and rewarded by receiving, the good things which the world gives; and a pious fraud is to be perpetrated upon the world, lest it withhold the good things.

The believer would seem to be in a very delicate position,—being under the surveillance of the world in his service of the Lord. But the proposition is worse than senseless. Man cannot choose either belief or unbelief. If that which he calls his faith is such from mere choice it cannot be belief; really it cannot be faith. Man cannot avoid being born; he cannot avoid being born with certain predilections; he cannot avoid being constituted as he is constitued. If he were not susceptible to

impressions he would not be a man. If he could determine for himself how he would be affected by impressions, or how he would be impressed, he would not be a man, such a man as was ever yet known. If he could determine for himself to what influences he should be exposed, he would be more than a man. Belief is a state of mind, caused by the operation of something external thereto upon the mind. Man has nothing whatever to do with the nature of his mind. He cannot, in this world at least, avoid being exposed to the influences of external agencies, nor can he, without being able to change the nature of his mind, determine how his mind shall be affected by such influences. They may force him to believe or disbelieve, utterly regardless of choice—and there can be no choosing belief. The Priest happening to be born in "one great form of Christian faith," which as he grew up was given him to teach, "as best and readiest means of living by," and "proved the most pronounced moreover, fixed, precise, and absolute form of faith in the whole world—accordingly the most potent of all forms for working on the world;" and his tact to let external forces work on him; had exalted him above his fellows in the world and made his life "an ease, a joy, and pride." It would be difficult to imagine a baser motive for advocating a doctrine, or a more convincing argument against the validity of a faith, Happening to be born in this great form of Christian faith, he divests himself of all possible claim of merit by adopting and teaching it from motives of sordid interest. If the faith had made him what he was, or if by its means he was enabled to make himself what he was, nothing could be more deleterious to the general welfare than the prevalence of such faith. A more grovelling appetite seldom incites men to physical action, to say nothing of inspiring the exercise of faith; a more despicably self-complacent egotism is seldom if ever combined with so contemptible a servility to public opinion; and if such a faith is "the most potent of all forms for working on the world," it is the most stupenduous of all frauds, and bodes no good to mankind.

The Priest chiefly censures his skeptical guest for his æsthetical ideal of life; and boasts for himself a more practical ideal;

that he takes life as he finds it; that he utilizes life for all it is worth in personal comfort and the gratification of temporal desires; and argues that the more economically he husbands his resources for, and the more scrupulously he complies with the conditions of physical welfare in the present,—the more he is assured of being in line with the conditions of spiritual welfare in the future. But in no one expression of thought does he rise above a beggarly desire, or sensual appetite, nor appear to be actuated by a motive above an absorbing self-interest. The advocacy of good for its own sake is not hinted at, unless it is denounced in rejecting his skeptical guest's ideal, "the grand simple life;" of which not one jot should be realized. Slavish fear and sordid interest are the body and soul of the apology. If they dignify and ennoble a life, embellish a character, or justify a faith, the apology may have a meaning lurking somewhere amid the labyrinths of its scholarly obscurity; otherwise it is an unmeaning jumble of words.

In apologetics it is generally claimed that creation is meant to manifest the Creator. But the Priest makes a new departure, saying it is "meant to hide him all it can," that "under a vertical sun, the exposed brain and lidless eye and disemprisoned heart less certainly would wither up at once, than mind confronted with the truth of Him."

If this be true, the Lord has very elaborately and conspicuously concealed Himself. If mind confronted by the truth of Him would so certainly wither up at once, it should cease its speculations concerning Him, because in some of its speculations it has compassed some very vast truths; and it may ultimately (if there comes an ultimate) be confronted with the truth of Him.

Here then is a predicament. The universal aim of Apologetics is to confront mind with the truth (knowledge) of the Creator, "whom to know aright is life eternal." It never pretends to have any other aim, and no other object is legitimately possible. If that would be destructive to mind, if mind confronted with the truth of him would so certainly wither up at once, then the only possibly legitimate office of apologetics is an illegitimate office, unless the destruction of mind is a legiti-

mate purpose. Professing to work for the weal of man, striving to bring him into closer relations with his Maker, in more harmonious accord with Him; to a higher conception of Him; to a clearer understanding and knowledge of Him; and yet declaring such knowledge ruinous,—that mind confronted therewith would wither up at once. The expression is utterly without meaning; it is a senseless figure of speech.

The predicament is even worse than this. Creation is manifestly the work of the Creator. It cannot be creation unless created by a Creator. No one can know that he is in creation without in some measure contemplating creation; and the contemplation of creation as creation, necessarily suggests, in some measure shows, the Creator. All phenomena, from the faint glimmer of the glow-worm to the vivid flash of fork lightening, from the soft sigh of the zephyr to the terrible roar of the tempest; from the dullest physical sensation to the trickling of philosophy from the point of a pen, send forth a voice; in short from all conceivable phenomena, in, of, or incident to creation, there comes a voice declaring the Creator. That voice comes to man, who is by the Creator so constituted in and as a part of creation that he cannot possibly reject or mistake it.

Then "the blessed evil" is not meant to hide the Creator all it can, but to declare Him; more clearly perhaps to some men than others, but no minds have yet withered up from being "confronted with the truth of Him." Perhaps no mind has yet been confronted with the *whole* truth of Him; and possibly no mind is capable of taking or enduring it if it were confronted with the whole truth of Him. But a significant indication of the infinite possibilities of the human mind is its utter helplessness to define or estimate its own capacity. No mind ever knew so much that it could not take more. If it is impossible for a mind to ascertain the limit of its own capacity, how can it know, and with what propriety can it say, that being confronted with the whole truth of the Creator would cause it to wither up at once.

It were idle to even glance at his minor musings, in an attempt to ascertain one's real merit as a poet. And if he has assumed the airs and proportions of a philosopher, it is not

likely that his philosophical masterpiece has been intentionally rendered in inferior poetry. Whatever else may be intended in the obscurity from which the above examined propositions are taken, it is certain that they cannot be interpreted and understood otherwise than as I have presented them; unless language is better calculated to conceal and disguise, than to express thought. Having candidly examined the philosophy with the results above given, it were sufficient to say of the poetry, that it is very evenly matched with the philosophy. It would not mend matters to say that the conclusion of the apology indicates that the Priest had been toying with his guest, not believing nor intending for him to believe what he said; no more than to say he did not understand or expect his guest to understand it. Either subterfuge would only render the outrage on literature the more revolting.

CHAPTER XI.

OBSCURITY AND PROFUSION AS INDICATIONS OF GENIUS.

Elaboration of Preludes to Literary Productions—Indefinite Impulse to Write—Verifying Inspiration in Reason—Philosophy Rises no Higher than Probability—Pleasure in Being Duped—The Reverence Due to Man—Economy of the Process by which Destiny is Reached—Destiny of Man Hanging Upon Individuals—Individuals Mere Instrumentalities—The Most Mysterious the Most Easily Discernible—Man's Weakness Due to his Mistrust—If Evidence Divine were Credible to Man he Would Trust—Constitution, Environment, Duty, and Destiny—Self-restraint, an Unreasonable Requirement—Defying the Reason whose Sanction was to be Obtained—Reason cannot Live in the Altitudes to which the Imagination Soars.

It seems there would be a logical propriety and fitness in leading up to and through a literary product in such manner, and by such gradations, as to render the consummation an intelligible and natural result of the process. A direct exhibition of the gist of a matter may surprise one, agreeably or otherwise, but the ultimate effect is not likely to be so beneficial as where it is regularly unfolded and developed as the necessary sequence of valid premises intelligibly proposed. This of course is upon the hypothesis that there be a comprehensible gist of the matter susceptible of being so proposed. But even then such considerations would not justify amplifying the introductory or prefatory parts into proportions more elaborate than those of the performance proper.

Where there is no definite gist of the matter, and the performance purports to be poetico-philosophical, consisting of two parts of nearly equal dimension which are themselves subdivided into several parts, it matters not how natural their succession, nor how fascinating any of the parts may appear, if each is in itself incomplete, and the whole does not present a definite and intelligible philosophy, it can be but little if any more than mere vagary; brilliant, perhaps in some of its flashes, profound, possibly in some of its propositions; but still, as a whole, mere vagary.

If an apologetic excursionist preludes his excursion in fourteen acts, and then performs the excursion itself in nine, he

will have introduced himself with ceremony sufficiently elaborate for the performance of the principal part of the piece. Then if in presenting the excursion itself, he takes the spectator through a variety of scenes, beautiful, touching, and inspiring, and finally leaves him just where he found him—while the spectator may have been royally entertained, he will not have been benefited philosophically—he may be more annoyed with disappointment in the result than pleased with the entertainment of the excursion.

It appears that in performing the Prelude and Excursion the impulse "to construct a literary work that might live" was much stronger than the Poet's sense of necessity or propriety of treating any particular subject in any particular manner. After naming numerous themes he had considered, and from among which he was unable to select a subject suitable for his contemplated work that might live, he says:—

> "My last and favorite aspiration mounts
> With yearning towards some philosophic song
> Of truth that cherishes our daily life;
> With meditations passionate from deep
> Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse
> Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;
> But from this awful burthen I full soon
> Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
> That mellower years will bring a riper mind
> And clearer insight. Thus my days are past
> In contradiction; with no skill to part
> Vague longing, haply bred by want of power,
> From paramount impulse not to be withstood."

This has at least the merit of candor. And while the pieces contain some consummate poetry, one would infer from the above quotation that the poetry was the product of impulse rather than that of inspiration, that the poet was oppressed with a vague longing for some subject to adorn with the flowers of poetry, and with an irresistible impulse to write, and that he lacked the skill to part the longing from the impulse. If the result of his effort philosophically considered is the correct criterion, he was not happy in his choice of a subject. The impulse and the last and favorite aspiration forced him to

adopt a theme, his treatment of which has badly blemished some very pretty pastorals. And ethically considered the poet has placed himself at a serious disadvantage. No matter what his impulses and aspirations may be, he has no right to be heard unless he has something to say, which he cannot have without knowing what it is, or at least what it concerns. An irresistible impulse to write something that might live, unattended with any idea of what it should be or concern, is simply a malignant type of the itch for fame. Having no definite and intelligible idea of some specific subject his treatment of which would be beneficial to mankind, he was under no obligation to goad his genius to any extraordinary exertions. If one yields to a blind impulse to write, harries himself in the selection of a subject, and finally chooses one merely because he thinks that by its treatment he will be most likely to immortalize himself, he is not actuated by a disinterested sense of duty, and acquires no valid claim to the gratitude of mankind. His motives are essentially selfish; and while he may master the art of poetic ornamentation, a man capable of such motives is not likely to be of calibre sufficient for the construction of a philosophy. Then if he spends five years writing a Prelude to show the developement of his own mind, states particularly how he was impressed with the sight of every object he had seen, and the sound of every noise he had heard from the dawn of his memory, and concludes by announcing himself a Prophet of Nature, and promising to "speak a lasting inspiration, sanctified by reason, blest by faith," his superficial reader may be prepared to expect the Quintessence of a Life-philosophy. The one who reads between the lines and to the bottom of things, will not be so sanguine.

There is no more objection to the finest style and most beautiful form of expression in philosophy, than in any other department of letters. But one could scarcely claim to have fulfilled an engagement to speak a lasting inspiration sanctified by reason and blest by faith, by having merely described some pastoral scenes, some rural life, some rustic manners, some common-place anecdotes, and rehearsed some unphilosophic colloquy; no matter how beautiful the poetry in which it may

all be rendered. And the reader of the work of such pretensions as are necessarily implied in such promise, ought not to allow himself to be blinded to a total absence of philosophy by the beauty and profusion of its poetry. Nor should he overlook the palpable contradiction in the promise itself. If the lasting inspiration is, as it purports to be, of something divine, it may be blest by faith, but it can never be sanctified by reason. Religion and Reason will mix no more than fire and frost.

Reason can aspire to or affect an equality with Religion (or with divine wisdom) with about the same propriety as that with which man can aspire to or affect an equality with his Maker. Much less can reason *sanctify* or verify a product of divine inspiration. Reason is the peculiar attribute of man, as instinct is that of the brute, and as divine wisdom (if it is) is that of the Almighty. Those who have composed what *we* call holy writ, under what *they* call divine inspiration, have never sought to have any of their lasting inspiration sanctified or verified by reason; but on the contrary they expressly disclaim all reliance upon the wisdom of this world. Generally they say "thus saith the Lord;" and if they are correct in this, their lasting inspiration is sufficiently sanctified and verified without recourse to reason. Indeed it would be extremely illogical for the higher to appeal to the lower for sanctification or verification, in anything being propounded. Unless the human mind approaches nearer to an equality with the infinite wisdom of the Almighty, than the sensory capacity of brutes approaches to an equality with the human mind, there could be no more propriety in attempting to sanctify or verify a lasting inspiration by human reason, than there could be in attempting to verify a human philosophy by brute instinct. We certainly have no right to assume that the distance from man to brute is greater than that from man to his Maker.

No human philosophy has ever risen above probability. New ones are constantly appearing, supplanting older ones, because of their supposed nearer approach to probability. Philosophy is simply the mind's deduction (by reasoning) from the data of observable phenomena, of whatever kind. Reason has performed the highest possible function of its office, when

it has produced a philosophy approaching as nearly as may be to the probable; and it will be likely to overreach itself whenever it offers to sanctify, verify, or vouch for the validity of any divine inspiration. No human philosophy has ever yet appeared, but a better one was possible, and generally soon thereafter made its appearance. They are mile-stones in the march of Intellect, marking its progress,—toward what? Toward Certainty? Perhaps not, but certainly toward greater probability. This progress began with the first linking of one thought with another in the earliest cognitions of primeval man. It will continue as long as the organs of thought remain constituted as they now are. Reason has never done anything better or greater than to construct a system of philosophy, except it were to construct another of a higher degree of probability. It must show a greater capacity than that, a capacity that cannot be exceeded, before it can with propriety offer to sanctify or verify a lasting inspiration. The greatest known works of reason are its philosophies, which have been constantly improving (changing) ever since the dawn of history. This implies a corresponding improvement (development, change) of the reason itself. The reason of the nineteenth century might sanctify an inspiration, which (the changed) the better developed reason of the twentieth century would be obliged to reject.

Some of the matter of the lasting inspiration will scarcely ever be sanctified or verified by enlightened reason. The Poet takes a singular solace in the fact that in early life, while receiving the impressions that moulded his ultimate opinion of mankind, he had been gratefully imposed upon. He aptly illustrates the cynical saw that all happiness consists in being well deceived; and, thanking the Almighty for the delusion, he says,—

> "From the restraint of overwatchful eyes
> Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
> Happy, and now most thankful that my walk
> Was guarded from too early intercourse
> With the deformities of crowded life,
> And those ensuing laughters and contempts

> Self pleasing, which, if we would wish to think
> With due reverence of earth's rightful lord,
> Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,
> Will not permit us."

What reverence is *due* earth's rightful lord, the inheritor of heaven? And how is it known to be his due? Is it by ignorance of the facts relating to him? The Excursionist seems to think that in order "to think with due reverence of earth's rightful lord," we must not know too much about him. If "the proper study of mankind is man," he must be so studied as to learn as little as possible of him. What reasonable indication is there that earth's rightful lord is the inheritor of heaven? That he is, is an essential proposition in the lasting inspiration, which the Poet assures us shall be sanctified by reason. If it is true, that the more we know of man, the less the reverence with which we can think of him, it would not be very reasonable that he should be the inheritor of heaven, unless heaven is a very different heritage from what the apologists generally seem to regard it. Reason refuses to even ratify, much less sanctify, that part of the lasting inspiration.

Due reverence is manifestly that reverence to which one may be entitled; either more or less than which would not be due reverence. Earth's rightful lord is entitled to reverence, if at all, in exact ratio with his virtue. If to know him better requires us to think of him with less reverence, it must be because by knowing him better, we find him less virtuous. We can still think of him with all the reverence to which we find him entitled, which is due reverence, even if it be none whatever. This we can do much more intelligently and reasonably than we can think of him with reverence without knowing him, or with knowing only the best side of him. So that reason, instead of sanctifying, or even ratifying, that part of the lasting inspiration which inspires a blind reverence for earth's rightful lord, necessarily repudiates it. Reason refuses to sanctify or verify that part of the lasting inspiration by which we are informed that earth's rightful lord is here placed to be the inheritor of heaven. When he is first placed here he may be universally fit to inherit heaven; but he is not here long until

nine out of ten of him are almost unfit to inherit or inhabit earth. Reason would scarcely sanctify such economy as this. If he is placed here to inherit heaven, why not place him in heaven in the start? He is placed here, and he does not place himself here. Orthodoxy sends such an overwhelming majority of him to perdition; that it would seem that such was the purpose of his being here placed. If man is intended to be an inheritor of heaven, reason would neither sanctify the taking of the circuitous and dangerous route by which Orthodoxy claims he must reach there, nor the sending of so great a majority of him to the other place. Apologetics is universally an attempt to verify a religious doctrine by some kind of appeal to reason, and it universally and necessarily fails. Man may have been here placed to be the inheritor of heaven. He cannot *know* anything about it. The doctrine that he is here placed for such purpose, cannot be sanctified by reason, until reason is itself reconstructed. Reason would take a short cut to results, and place man in heaven at first, or at least would not place him where so vast a majority must fail to reach heaven. Apologetics supposes that man is placed here by a Being of infinite wisdom and irresistible power, of infinite love for the creature He has so placed here, and that His purpose was and is that man shall inherit heaven. Infinite and irresistible power cannot be matched or withstood by any other power. Infinite love loves through all time and eternity, and the purpose of such a Being cannot be thwarted by any other being. A being of such power and love, if He had such purpose and was infinitely wise, would not inculcate in man, the object of His love, the tendencies that cause him to thwart such purpose. Reason at once proclaims the invalidity of any appeal to herself to verify any religious tenet. If man is placed here by such a Being for such a purpose, apologetics is at least idle, because the purpose of such a Being as is supposed so to have placed man here, will certainly be fulfilled to the very uttermost. It is absurd to suppose that any other power would be permitted to contravene such purpose. It is absurd to suppose that a Being of infinite wisdom, power, and love, would create a creature He loved with such love, and which he created that it might in-

herit heaven, and then allow him to fail of the purpose. Reason at once proclaims, that if man was the creature of such Power or Being when created, endowed, and environed, he remains the creature of such Power or Being; and that he cannot of himself, nor of any other being, have any tendency deleterious to the purpose of his Creator in his creation. On the hypothesis that apologetics is not idle (or worse) reason can never sanction or verify the proposition that man is here placed by the Almighty, to be the inheritor of heaven. If he is so placed by such a Being for such a purpose, the officious aid of apologetics is not essential to the consummation of the purpose.

While the poet was preparing himself for his great undertaking, he spent some time in France. Witnessing the disorder of her revolution, and noticing how the multitude was occasionally wrought, and how it appeared to be swayed by individual power he says:—

> "I resolved
> How much the destiny of man had still
> Hung upon single persons."

This with the fifty-two lines next following it, would be a beautiful sermon in philosophy if it were sound. Indeed it is beautiful to read if one does not linger and look too closely. But it assumes philosophic airs, and its philosophic import is not so apparent as its poetic ornamentation. So one must linger if he expects to get the philosophy, and when he shall have done so he will find he has not gotten the philosophy simply because there is none in it. When and in what sense has the destiny of man ever hung upon single persons? The inhabitants of the Dutch flat who were saved by the boy that held the Ocean at bay with his hand in the incipient leak in the dyke; the garrison who were saved by the young gunner spreading his coat and throwing himself over the open powder barrel; the passengers and crew who walked down the plank while Bledsoe burned to death holding the boat to the shore; would all have been lost but for the heroism of the otherwise unknown individuals who threw themselves into the breach. But one would scarcely expect a philosopher, constructing a

philosophy, to cite such instances as illustrating the destiny of Man hanging upon individuals. It is difficult to conceive in what sense he meant that the destiny of Man had so hung; but in what purports to be a moral philosophy the inference is that the destiny of Man moral and intellectual would be intended. Instances of such hanging are not rare. Indeed there would seem to be no such thing conceivable as a destiny of moral and intellectual Man in distinctive outline so as to be recognizable as such. While there is much in common among men, yet as moral and intellectual beings, there is too much individuality among them for them to be appropriately summed up in a mass, aggregation, or whole, and denominated Man. If the philosopher speaks of Man moral and intellectual, he speaks of that which appears to be more a condition, quality, or state, than an entity in and of itself. Man of to-day is identical with, or a reproduction of, Man of the earliest known antiquity, except morally and intellectually; and however different they may be, the difference is only in condition, quality and state. The infinitude of variety is, however, apparent, when one reflects that of all the millions of minds which have been no two were ever known to be alike. They approach most nearly to a resemblance in the very fact of their difference,—in the persistence of their individuality.

The destinies of men moral and intellectual have hung upon Man, as constituting or affecting their several environments. The individual born into the world with the usual blank tablet called a brain, and a voltaic battery called a heart, will crystalize according as he lands and lodges on the Tigris or on the Thames, in Pekin or in Paris. The impressions upon the tablet, and the elements charging the battery, are matters over which he has no control; but according to his native constitution and temperament (also matters over which he has no control) they make him individually the man moral and intellectual which he becomes; and while the agencies are in many instances the same or precisely alike, the results of their operations never are, because the subjects to be affected by them are never precisely alike. The destiny of the individual is much more dependent upon Man among whom his lines are cast,

than the destiny of Man can ever be upon the individual. Were it retorted that individuals have flashed like meteors athwart a midnight cloud, lighted up the storm and wrought revolutions, the answer is obvious. They have done no such thing. Occasionally they have voiced a common prayer or a prevalent but theretofore suppressed sentiment, about to break out in expression from mere accretion of force. Occasionally by keen foresight, but more often by main strength and awkwardness (assurance and accident) they have anticipated the course of a gathering storm, and have found themselves wafted to unexpected success and enduring fame on the crest of the foremost waves of an irresistible tide of public opinion. In such case the destiny of the individual has hung upon Man; but I think history furnishes no instance of the destiny of Man having hung upon the individual,—that is the destiny of Man moral and intellectual.

Individuals are often the recognized instruments of a force in the achievement of ends, but the force is not theirs; it is seldom if ever under their control or even guidance. It appears to emanate from the masses of Man whose destiny is being shaped or affected by the manifestation of the force. What could Luther have done with the (for centuries) settled convictions of continental Catholicism, if the great masses had not already become disgusted with, and incensed against the putrid priesthood and infallable imposture of mediaeval Papacy?

The philosopher seems to have observed "that there was, transcendent to all local patrimony, one nature, as there is one sun in heaven." What is local patrimony? Possibly it is inherited tendency, sentiment, or characteristic, as modified by the influences of location and environment. Patrimony implies inheritance, and local would seem to modify it in some measure with relation to place. The phrase may mean much, but it is very obscure. If it means inherited quality as modified by place and environment, which is as probable as any construction that can be made, there may be one nature transcendent to all local patrimony, "as there is one sun in heaven." The parallel and philosophical significance are not apparent. The one nature is mentioned in terms so exclusive as to imply that

there is but one, and if this is true the phrase "all local patrimony, implying many and different patrimonies, becomes a contradiction. Patrimony must be an effect or result of nature, and if nature is transcendent, locality cannot so affect an inherited quality, what ever it may be, as to make patrimonies of patrimony. If the nature mentioned is the existing system and established order and course of things, the connection of cause and effect, it may well be regarded as transcendent to all else; but in such case there could be but little if any variety in patrimony. It is impossible to imagine a difference in the principles and effects of gravitation as due to a difference in locality. The workings of a far subtler force in nature, indeed an unnamable force, would be proportionately more difficult to apprehend; so much so that if there are degrees of impossibility, it would be by so much the more impossible to imagine a difference in patrimony. Perhaps the philosopher meant, and was consoling himself with the reflection, that transcendent to all provincial and acquired tendency to evil, there is an ultimate principle and universal sense of justice, curbing excess before it becomes universally and finally fatal. But that would imply a very great stolidity of temperament, or a dense and obtuse optimism for a poet.

He seems further to have observed, "that objects, even as they are great, thereby do come within the reach of humblest eyes." It would not be very complimentary to one assuming his dignity and proportions, to suppose that he intended such a proposition to be taken literally; that he meant merely to state the optical truism that larger objects are more easily visible than smaller ones. Such a statement so intended would scarcely be found in such connection in such philosophy. No matter how erroneous the proposition may be, the character of the work and the connection in which the words are found, force one to the conclusion that they were intended as a figurative assertion, that mysteries in nature are by their own greatness, made more easily solvable,—that in proportion with their own profundity they are more and more easily discernible. Any other construction supposes the philosopher puerilely prattling. The only construction consistent with the dignity

of the philosopher and his undertaking, with the gravity of the subject, and with the drift of the paragraph in which the clause is found, seems to be the one which I have supposed; and so understood the proposition is essentially erroneous. The humblest vision (capacity) could comprehend all nature, time, space, and the purposes and plans of Providence (the propounder of all mystery) if by their greatness objects were brought within the reach of humblest eyes. Indeed there would then be no mystery; but the more mysterious, the plainer would all things appear. There are but two horns to this dilemma,—take one, and the philosopher is a puerile prattler,—take the other, and he is a fallacious philosopher. Otherwise his meaning is hopelessly hidden.

He seems further to have observed "that Man is only weak through his mistrust and want of hope where evidence divine proclaims to him that hope should be most sure." Weakness is merely a relative or comparative quality or quantity. It is the essential antithesis of strength, and neither of them can be supposed except in relation to or contrast or comparison with the other. Hope would have to make Man infinitely and absolutely strong to remove all his weakness, and no such thing as infinite and absolute strength can be imagined. No degree of either weakness or strength can be imagined as the utmost. It cannot be true that man is *only* weak through his mistrust and want of hope, because all the strength which they could give him, and all the weakness that they could remove from him, would leave him still weak. Worse than this, Man can neither trust nor hope, without some measure of doubt and anxiety. Perhaps one of the worst weaknesses of philosophy is the absoluteness with which it declares its dogmas,—such for instance as that evidence divine proclaims to Man that hope should be most sure. What is this evidence divine? and how is it communicated or proclaimed to man? Assertion is one thing,—philosophic reasoning is quite another. If that which is *known* to be evidence divine should proclaim to Man that hope should be most sure where he mistrusts and despairs, and *thereby only* makes himself weak, he would believe it; he would trust and hope, and thereby become strong. If such

evidence, though not known to be divine, so proclaims to Man, and he does not so believe it as to trust and hope and thereby become strong, it must be because it does not recommend itself to him as such evidence, or as being in itself very convincing. If it is evidence divine, and if its proclamation to Man is for the purpose of inspiring him with trust and hope and thereby making him strong, it should be presented or proclaimed in its convincing form so as to have the desired effect. If Man even then should remain weak, evidence divine is only wasting itself proclaiming anything whatever to him. Man universally prefers strength to weakness. If any one does not so choose it must be because the same Power which authenticates the evidence divine, also made him in such manner that he does not so choose. If evidence divine does so proclaim to Man, it is apparent that the proclamation does not quite reach him in the authoritative tones of divine Power. That it fails of such effect may be due to Man's peculiar make-up, but Divine Power ought certainly to know of this (if it caused it) and it is difficult to conceive of the principle of economy upon which it so idly proclaims anything to him. In short, the same power from which the evidence divine emanates, made and moulded Man to whom it proclaims that hope should be most sure. So if it goes unheeded, and Man through mistrust and want of hope remains weak, it is because the divine Power in making and moulding Man operated in one direction and to one purpose, and in enunciating the evidence divine It operates in an opposite direction and to a contrary purpose. There is no way to evade this conclusion,—there is nothing in it to indicate the existence of such thing as divine constancy.

The philosopher seems further to have observed, "that a spirit strong in hope and trained to noble aspirations, a spirit thoroughly faithful to itself, is for Society's unreasoning herd a domineering instinct, serves at once for way and guide, a fluent receptacle that gathers up each petty straggling rill and vein of water, glad to be rolled on in safe obedience." This is very figurative,—but how is the spirit to be made strong in hope? We have just seen how and why it could not reasonably be expected to be made so by the proclamations of evi-

dence divine. No other agency for the production of such strength has been (so far) proposed. Such a spirit may be trained to noble aspirations, but what agency is responsible for such training? It must be constituted in a certain manner before it *can* so train itself. Such a spirit so trained may be thoroughly faithful to itself, and it may be a domineering instinct for Society's unreasoning herd, and straggling rills (persons of meagre capacity and uncertain character) may gladly commit themselves to its authoritative care "to be rolled on in safe obedience." But where is the element of duty in this precept? If moral philosophy does not propound a duty, what is its office? The only supposable object of the last quoted observation is to impose the duty of being strong in hope, trained to noble aspirations, and thoroughly faithful to one's self, in order to be a desirable domineering instinct for Society's unreasoning herd. Suppose that the philosopher himself, with all his gifts, had happened to be of a different temperament from that of which his works imply that he was; suppose that by reason of circumstances over which he had no control, he had been habituated to scenes different from those with which his works imply that he was familiar; what then would have been his duty? What is duty? And what is its basis? Reasonably, duty is neither more nor less than obligation; and its basis is neither more nor less than capacity and occasion. Capacity and occasion are in no sense and to no extent within the control of the individual. If he is so environed that he might be made strong in hope, and be trained to noble aspirations, and is neither, it must be because he is so constituted as not to be, or not to desire to be either. And unless he is morally responsible for both constitution and environment, he is under no moral obligation or duty with respect to either his strength in hope or the nobleness of his aspirations. That those so strong, trained, and faithful to themselves, become such domineering instincts for Society's unreasoning herd, may be a fact in the natural history of moral philosophy. But reason will never sanctify the proposition that it has any reasonable significance, so far as concerns the imposition of a duty on the student of moral philosophy.

The philosopher seems further to have observed, "that a mind, whose rest is where it ought to be, in self-restraint, in circumspection and simplicity, falls rarely in entire discomfiture below its aim, or meets with, from without, a treachery that foils it or defeats." Reason will not sanctify the proposition that a mind ought to rest in self-restraint. Such a doctrine, consistently adhered to (and in simplicity) might have saved the reading world a great deal of perplexity about the actual philosophic import of the Prelude and Excursion themselves. They do not imply that the philosopher's mind had rested very quietly in self-restraint and simplicity. But precept and practice are not always nor often found hand in hand. The proposition that mind ought to rest in self-restraint, is a direct attack upon the wisdom of the policy, pursuant to which mind was created and endued with its tendencies. Its tendency to speculation is a gift of Nature, or of the Power which created it. When man finds himself possessed of mind, he finds it endued with its natural tendencies. On the same principle that one questions the propriety of a natural tendency of the mind, he may question the propriety of man's being possessed of mind at all. Most products of Nature are supposed to have been produced for some purpose, and the Architect of mind ought reasonably to be supposed to have known His business. The tendency of mind is probably as much a product of Nature, or of the Architect of mind, as the mind itself can be. If He knew His business and built the mind in a certain fashion, and endued it with certain tendencies, for proper purposes, the restraint of such tendencies would seem to imply a disapproval of His work. If we admit that His wisdom exceeds ours, then we ought reasonably to admit that the tendencies of the mind were wisely bestowed (or inflicted) upon it, and if we do this we cannot very reasonably propose to impose any restraint upon them. As the last quoted observation is essentially figurative, I am not unwarranted in assuming that by the term *rest* the philosopher meant happiness. The transition from rest of mind to happiness is generally regarded so slight as scarcely requires any assumption in so construing the term. The question then arises, is happiness a positive, or is it a negative

quantity? If it is a positive quantity it could scarcely be promoted by restraint of natural tendencies. Even if it is a negative it could scarcely be so promoted, because restraint itself necessarily implies actual discomfort,—forced quiet.

I have now examined the several propositions forming the basis of the philosophy of the Prelude and Excursion, the "lasting inspiration" which was to be sanctified by reason; and I think I have shown that reason not only fails to sanctify them, but that it sternly repudiates each of them. There are many more in the work equally as erroneous and unreasonable, but they are generally found in what, to the attentive reader, will appear to be mere elaborations of these. One, which is interrogatively put, may be of interest. It is, "Can you question that the soul inherits an allegiance, not by choice to be cast off, upon an oath proposed by each new upstart notion?" The question occurs,—how long must a notion prevail to cease to be a new upstart notion? How long had the notion of this iron-clad allegiance itself prevailed? Whence was it derived, and how is it authenticated? Was not the notion of Christianity itself a new upstart notion just a short time ago? If the soul inherits an allegiance not to be cast off, wherein consists its freedom? If it has no choice or freedom, whence comes the idea of its duty? If it inherits the allegiance, it certainly does not voluntarily assume it. If it has and exercises no choice, but knows it must observe the allegiance or suffer, its service is essentially slavish and selfish,—disinterested love and manly duty have no part in it. That the observance of the allegiance is urged on such grounds implies that the allegiance would not be observed but for the intimidation. The result of the lasting inspiration is, that the soul is driven by fear to observe an inherited allegiance, that it is informed it must do or die, and more than two hundred pages are painted in poetic pigment, that such inspiration may appear to be sanctified by reason. If there can be any means devised, by which religion may be more debased, the apologists may be relied upon to devise them. They are generally affected with an impulse to write something that they hope may live, and they would un-

dertake it, if they knew that thereby the cause which they assume to advocate must die.

A memorialist of the poet has said, he "proposed to adapt to poetry the ordinary language of conversation, such as is spoken in the middle and lower classes, and to replace studied phrase and a lofty vocabulary by natural tones and plebeian words." If this is true I must say that the middle and lower classes were well up in the art of conversation. The poet generally soared pretty high for this; but whether high or low, his poetry is generally very poetic. It is the philosophy which he promised in his learned and laborious strain, with which I have concerned myself,—his effort to speak a lasting inspiration sanctified by reason; in other words his apologetics. Having rambled at such range, and having devoted so much space and time to such purpose, it is not a little surprising to find him on the same Excursion, defying the very reason whose sanction of his lasting inspiration he had promised to obtain. Planting himself firmly upon that which he occasionally called an *absolute* faith he says, "Here then we rest, not fearing for our creed, the worst that human *reason* can achieve to unsettle and perplex it." If reason would sanctify the lasting inspiration, it certainly ought not to unsettle and perplex it. How difficult it seems for obscurity and profusion to consistently adhere to a purpose; and how seldom they have that which they know to be a purpose.

Deriving delight from distress, perceiving purpose in peradventure, he says:—"One adequate support for the calamities of mortal life exists—one only; an assured belief that the procession of our fate, how e'er sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being of infinite benevolence and power, whose everlasting purposes embrace all accidents, converting them to good." This may be true. There may be no other adequate support for the ills of life, than an assured belief that fate is ordered by such a Being, whose purposes embrace all accidents, converting them to good. With infinite Power all things may be possible; and there may be nothing impossible. Infinite Power cannot be conceived of as inadequate to this; nor can it be conceived of as adequate to it; nor can it be conceived of at

all. The atmosphere is too rare to support the flight of even an imagination at such an altitude; and reason cannot live in it. Reason is amazed at the idea of accident being of purpose, and that a Being of infinite benevolence and power would order ill, merely to convert it into good. Reasonably, infinite Power *could* produce the good in the first instance, and would not be limited to ill for the raw material out of which to make it. Reasonably, infinite benevolence *would* produce the good in the first instance if it could do so, without resort to such raw material. Some one must suffer from the ill which is so ordered, and this implies a limit, either to the benevolence or the power of the Being who orders it; and reason would suggest some substitute for the ill, or some other pastime for the Power which orders it and works it up into good.

CHAPTER XII.

CLASSIFICATION, GENERALIZATION, AND METAPHOR.

Extent and Variety of Literary Domain—Individuality of Persons in their Books—Eccentricity taken for Genius—Philosophy More than Classification—Literatures do not Spring Up—Change the Deepest of all Subjects of Thought—Literature Chief Product of Mind—Taine's Imaginary Revolution, Intellectual and Literary—Misuse of Truisms—Unreasonable Account of Rise of Various Religions—Taine's Compliment to American Intellectuality—His Proposition that Religion is a Human Product—Sources of his Source—Tacit Rage of Scandinavians Still Survives in Sombreness of English Laborer—Puritan Disposition an Outgrowth of Scandinavian Rage—The New Tongue—Pagan Renaissance, its Civilization—Christianity Connected the Literature of the Time before the Fall of the Roman Empire with that of the Middle Ages—Generalization Resorted to to Avoid Contradiction—The Philosophic Historian's Nightmare, Change—The Deathly Poetic Spirit—Definitely ascertained Psychology of a People Impossible—Imagination of a Feudal Hero—Intellectual Servitude—Physical Force the Basis of Thought—Imitation and Invention in Nature—Ecclesiastical Oppression—Monotheism vs. Polytheism—Methods and Philosophies Arising from Spirit of the Age—Relation Between the Theatre and Literature—Poetry and Painting as Arts Older than History—Products of Ages—The Derivation of Religions the Strongest Argument Against Them—No Religion can be Reasonable—Scope of the Religious Imagination—Paradise Lost more Tragic than Epic—Taine's Metaphorical Criticism of Milton's Metaphor—Loathsome Classics, Temple, Waller, Wycherly and Others—French and English War of 1793 Not a Conflict of Literatures—The Spectator, its Decline—Dean Swift a Monstrosity—German Language never Facilitated Philosophic Thought—Periodicity of Change in Thought and Literature—Accounting for Literary Freaks—No Age calls Forth any Specific Quality of Literature—Obligations of Literary Integrity.

The domain of literature is so vast and various that the most comprehensive view of it that one can obtain in the course of a life time, can be but little more, comparatively speaking, than a mere glimpse. The names of the writers whose works are in vogue, would themselves fill volumes, to better purpose than many of them are filled with their fluent flatulence. To discuss the ethics of literature one must cite many examples of the expression and thought of those whose records of fact and fancy constitute the mass we call literature. But if he attempts to examine minutely many literary productions, he may find

his work assuming unwieldly proportions, and becoming too profuse to be systematic or useful. It would seem more like discussing individual merit than literature to select certain writers and their works for the ground work of such a treatise. And yet, writings are not so classified, nor capable of classification, as to justify the grouping of them in such manner as to do justice to the subject by anything like a general consideration of any considerable number of them. The individuality of men is more marked in their books than in their persons. As they only resemble each other in being men, so these only resemble each other in being books. Hence the reviewer can only assert what he conceives in reason, philosophy, and manifest utility, ought to be the moral law of literature, and then test the merit of such works of recognized authenticity and importance as his time and resources may enable him to examine, by such standard.

Such allusion as he makes should be sufficiently full to be fair, or his own observations will be entitled to no credit, and he should not assume to authoritatively approve or disapprove of anything in literature, unless he is moved by an intelligent conscientious conviction of the rectitude and propriety of his judgment. But having once reached that which he regards a just judgment of the merit of a literary production, no considerations of popularity, prestige, or fashion, should be allowed any influence in determining him as to his duty.

The *bona fide* reviewer cannot profitably pause to notice the triflers who can do but little mischief beyond causing some waste of time,—he will find enough to do attending to those of graver aspect, those affecting serious airs, and who seem to have convinced themselves and to be bent on convincing others that they are especially charged with the improvement of the human mind. One of the most unaccountable humors to be encountered in such investigation is in that, the more peculiar and eccentric the writer's methods, the more profoundly he and his readers generally appear to be impressed with the idea of his especial fitness for the office. I have already examined some works of this kind, which appear to be standard in literature; not merely popular with a reading rabble, but recogniz-

ed as superior among the learned, and mainly for what *they* seem to regard their philosophy.

While particularity may verge to unprofitable profusion, the opposite extreme is even more objectionable. Philosophy is more than mere classification, and generalization is the stale fraud in the practice of which the superficially informed affect many of their owl-wise airs, than which nothing can be more contemptible. At the risk of tedium I have chosen to consider particularly such subordinate topics as have occurred to me in the discussion, in connection with the subjects which have suggested them, believing that by such means only, in such investigations, definite results, specific and intelligible conclusions can be reached.

A writer who has casually glanced over a past period, who has an abbreviated chronology of its more important events and the names of its more conspicuous characters, may adjust himself to that which he fancies is the correct tune of its changes, and give to the world that which he fancies is a philosophy of the literature and history of the period. To call it a history of the literature of a country makes it no more such a history, and no less an attempted philosophy—if nine tenths of it is devoted to discussion of the facts stated in the remaining one tenth, and they are drawn promiscuously from all countries and irregularly from all ages. By skillful classification and generalization one may show an extensive acquaintance with historical fact; but when he comes to construct a philosophy of such fact he will discover, at least he should discover, that coexistence is not correlation and that sequence is not consequence.

No one was ever justified in saying that at any definite point in time "the thinking public and the human mind changed, and whilst these changes took place a new literature sprang up." Caesar's Commentaries and Gallic War remind one too vividly of Grant's Memoirs; the Agamemnon and Choephoræ are too suggestive of Hamlet, for a critical reader to accept and swallow so sudden a change. Tautology is a ready resource both in bulk making and in bookmaking, but if the philosophic historian meant one thing or entity by the term *thinking public*,

and another thing or entity by the term *human mind* in the connection in which he has used them, he might have conferred a benefit, at least a favor, on his readers by making it manifest. The human mind wrought and reasoned in the same way and with the same *kind of* results, when it was registering its ravings on Chaldean clay, as while it is pulsing them from continent to continent in currents of electricity.

Change is one of the deepest subjects of intelligent consideration in all cosmology. Yet in simultaneous events wiseacres see an immediate and necessary relation; in successive events they see how the prior necessarily produce the posterior; and attributing general results to specific causes is their favorite vocation. They appear to ignore the fact that causes are themselves results of prior causes which in turn are themselves results of causes still prior. From the complacent assurance with which they speak of causes one might suppose they had discovered absolutely original and independent cause. All life, growth, and development, are change; the most durable existence itself is change; and there is no stability. That which is generally regarded stability is merely slow change. The atoms of stone in the base of the pyramids will sometime be wanting to their place, if for no other reason, because they were not always there. Geology implies that their place will itself sometime be wanting, because it was not always there. Looking back as far as fact and fancy can carry us we are continuously confronted with a scene of constant change; and if there is any feature of the Cosmos which presents any appearance of stability of nature it is mind;—it is the very one which the learned seem generally to regard the most mutable of them all. The fact that we have any intelligence, however meager and however derived, of the mind of remote antiquity, implies great stability of the nature of mind. Otherwise no mental fact of such antiquity could be the subject matter of a present cognition, or of a present legitimate deduction. The cuneiform inscription on the Sarcophagi of Nineveh could have no meaning for minds in nature different from those of the ones who made them.

A military campaign may change the political map of a dis-

trict; the Cross may supplant the Joss, or the Crescent may supplant the Cross; but the *dura mater* will continue to contain the usual quantity of the usual quality of vesicular and tubular neurine, which will continue liable to be affected as formerly by similar agencies. Unless the course of Nature should suddenly change, which is not likely to occur, the similar agencies are liable to operate, producing similar states of mind, or giving the same kind of mind the occasion to demonstrate that it is of the same kind as the former, that is of the same nature; though possibly modified for better or worse, depending upon the kind of influences to which it may have been exposed. No matter what follows, nor how different the result from what reasonably might have been and perhaps was generally expected; nor how different from any ever before known to have resulted from similar causes; the literary savant at once proceeds to explain how and why it could not have been otherwise, but in the nature of things must have been so—to formulate a philosophy of the facts.

Literature is the chief of the products of the mind; it is the mind's continuously culminating culmination; its never ending end. They are growths, developments, progressions, and so far are themselves subject to change. But they have never been very spasmodic in their action in this respect. The progress of the growth and development of mind, can be marked off in periods or stages, with about the same degree of propriety as that with which one could make a map of morality, with latitudes, longitudes, altitudes, and coast and isothermal lines. With about the same degree of propriety one may attempt to periodize progress in intellectual and literary attainment, in definite terminals, and attribute shades of difference in form of expression and habit of thought in the alleged different periods, to specific physical causes. That which can go from its own center into the depths of space in less time than can be told would seem to be of a nature rather difficult to be limited specifically by physical agencies. While mind is of great stability of nature, and is doubtless subject to some mysterious limitation in nature; yet no manifestations have ever justified the belief that it or its great product can be appropriately philosophiz-

ed upon after the manner in which *it* deals physical phenomena. Yet the learned have done so, or have attempted to do so, and Literature has its renaissances, its classic ages, its restorations, revolutions, histories, and philosophies; and one of its most scholarly and elaborate expositors, in presenting his contribution to the world's wisdom, declares his intention "to write the history of a literature, and to seek in it for the psychology of a people."

He says, "History has been transformed, within a hundred years in Germany, within sixty years in France, and that by the study of their literatures. It was perceived that a literary work is not a mere individual play of imagination, the isolated caprice of an excited brain, but a transcript of contemporary manners, a manifestation of a certain kind of mind. It was concluded that we might recover from the monuments of literature, a knowledge of the manner in which men thought and felt centuries ago. The attempt was made and it succeeded. Pondering on these modes of feeling and thought, men decided that they were facts of the highest kind. They saw that these facts bore reference to the most important occurences, that they explained and were explained by them, that it was necessary thenceforth to give them a rank, and a most important rank in history. This rank they have received, and from that moment history has undergone a complete change; in its subject matter, its system, its machinery, the appreciation of laws and causes. It is this change such as it is and must be that we shall endeavor to exhibit."

The purpose of the philosophic historian was to write a philosophic history of a recent radical revolution, intellectual and literary. In an enterprise of such proportions, pretensions, and promise, the writer may be supposed to have meant specifically the necessary import of every utterance he has made—he has the burden as well as the benefit of the presumption of good faith. Then it was meant by some of the above quoted declarations that strange discoveries in literature were recently made, in consequence of which the histories mentioned were completely changed, and necessarily in a certain manner. Without at present inquiring into the actual truth of the matter,

it appears that if the change was such as it was known it must be, it would scarcely have been regarded so important as to become the chief corner stone of such an edifice as a philosophic history of English Literature. If the change was such as it must be, it must have been just such as it was; it could not avoid being, nor could it have been otherwise; but in the nature of things was inevitable, and inevitably *so*. This could only be known to be so, by having long been observed to invariably fall out so under like circumstances; in which case the change and the circumstances producing it, or similar ones, must have been matters with which the observers were familiar. Both, then, would be mere commonplace, and in the change there could be no more of interest to chronicle, than in the circumstances producing it.

Those mentioned as the causes of the change, the philosophic history of which is so introduced, and it is fair to presume that they are the only or the most important ones, are the discoveries,—that a literary work is not a mere individual play of imagination; and the manner in which men thought and felt centuries ago; and the giving such thought and feeling important rank as facts in history. The philosophic historian says these things occurred and produced the change in Germany within the last century, and in France within the last sixty years. It is astonishing that these countries should be so far in the rear of the procession. More than two thousand years before then the "father of history" at Thurii, the home of his late adoption, had told the world how Candaules, King of Sardis, had thought, felt, and behaved; how vain he was of his Queen's fine physique; how he exposed her person to one of his personal attendants and got himself killed for his folly; how the Queen would not endure that her husband and another to whom he had so exposed her should both live; how Gyges shrank from the senseless and shameful affair until the King coerced him to see her; how discreetly the Queen composed and disposed herself when she saw she was exposed until she could compass her design; how Gyges shrank in horror from her alternative, to die,—or kill the King and take her; how she made it imperative, and "having given him a

dagger, concealed him behind the same door" behind which the King had so recently concealed him to expose her person to him. This is a very vivid representation of the way men thought and felt centuries ago. And Herodotus is full of them. Paris—having abducted Helen—is driven by adverse winds into the Canopic mouth of the Nile; in his adversity his followers fall away from him as rats leave a sinking ship, and accuse him to Governor Thonis, who reports to King Proteus at Memphis that "a stranger of Trojan race has arrived after having committed a nefarious deed in Greece; for having beguiled the wife of his own host, he has brought her with him, and very great treasure, having been driven by winds to this land. Whether, then, shall we allow him to depart unmolested or shall we seize what he has brought with him?" King Proteus promptly responds, "seize this man, whoever he may be, that I may know what he will say for himself." Paris and Helen are sent to the Court at Memphis, Paris is questioned by the King, accounts for himself but prevaricates as to Helen and the stolen treasure; his disaffected retainers accuse and convict him. Hear the just judgment of the heathen King, giving Paris three days in which to get out of the Kingdom, and detaining the truant wife and stolen treasure for their rightful lord and owner. Then hear the historian of twenty-two centuries ago criticise a historical epic of a then ancient antiquity—"Homer appears to me to have heard this relation; but it is not equally suited to epic poetry as the other which he has made use of, wherefore he has rejected it, though he has plainly shown that he was acquainted with this account also." More than twenty-two centuries ago, within a few hundred miles of Germany and France, Herodotus clearly saw and showed how men thought and felt four centuries before his time; not only this,—his criticism of poetry would do credit to the literature of the nineteenth century, showing why the greatest epic poet rejected a well authenticated fact in the construction of the greatest epic poem.

So this process, seeing how men thought and felt centuries ago, and giving to such thought and feeling important rank in history, seems to have been going on as long as the centuries

have been going on; at least those that appear in history. If the *recent* discovery of such thought and feeling, and the *recently* giving them important rank as facts in history, were the only cause for its complete change which the philosophic historian proposed to exhibit, the change was spontaneous, or it had never occurred. If entire want of cause is absence of effect, there was no such recent change, and the basis goes from under the palatial pile; either this, or the *locus* of the history so changed had long been benighted.

To give credence to groundless assertion and weight to frivolity, writers frequently blend therewith some palpable truth and proverbial philosophy. The philosophic historian has said, "It is better to have an imperfect knowledge than none at all; and there is no other means of acquainting ourselves approximately with the events of other days, than to *see* approximately the men of other days. This is the first step in history; it was made in Europe at the revival of imagination, toward the close of the last century, by Lessing and Walter Scott; a little later in France, by Chataubriand, Augustin Thierry, Michelet and others. And now for the second step." The progress of history then is by steps. Suppose we step back a few centuies, say just nineteen, and hear Virgil recite to Augustus and Octavia his panegyric on Marcellus, and hear the Emperor beg him to desist, and see Octavia faint away at hearing the tribute to the memory of her son.

> "No youth shall equal hopes of glory give
> No youth afford so great a cause to grieve."

Did not Virgil *see* approximately men of other days, when he exhibited the anguish of Dido at Aeneas' perfidious departure from Carthage more than ten centuries before his time? Does Walter Scott take us farther back of his own time? Does he show us more clearly how men thought and felt? Does he give such thought and feeling more important rank as facts in history? Does he *see* approximately men of other days to a better historical advantage? Are his poetry and fiction of greater historical consequence than those of Virgil?

In presenting a history of English Literature or indeed any

philosophy to a reading world, and placing it where it may fall into the hands of some of the thinkers, if a reason for presenting it should be essential, it is no less essential that the reason be philosophically sound and sufficient. If it should be stated at all it should be so stated as to bear the most severe scrutiny. Wholesale and sweeping expressions which may mean any thing or nothing, may either soothe or fatigue the cursory reader out of the specific attention necessary to sift them for their substance, and he may not ascertain whether they justify the importance the historian gives his work. Many of the great literary productions appear to have been presented to the world with the idea that the causes alleged for their being presented would not be scrutinized by their readers. And it is fair to presume that the work itself is not likely to rise much superior to the philosophic reasons alleged for its performance. In the case under consideration it is said, as already quoted, "it was concluded that we might recover from the monuments of literature, a knowledge of the manner in which men thought and felt centuries ago. The attempt was made and it succeeded."

This is the base of a very aristocratic and authoritative philosophic history of literature; a work affecting all the airs of criticism, and proposing to find a psychology of a people as exhibited in their literature. When was it concluded that such a knowledge could be so obtained? When was it attempted, and when accomplished? When were the thought and feeling of centuries ago given their important rank in history? According to the philosophic historian these had caused a *recent* transformation of history; had caused it to undergo "complete change; in its subject matter, its system, its machinery, the appreciation of laws and causes." I have shown some instances in which the process seems to have been going on more than two thousand years ago, within a few hundred miles of the countries whose histories the philosophic historian says were so recently and radically revolutionized by such cause. Such assertions, closely examined, do not appear to have been written to import anything in particular; nor any tangible, available, or clearly comprehensible thing in general. They are

vague and general statements of nothing—to the purpose. While data for the specific refutation of their essential import (if they have such) are not so readily available or self-suggestive but that they may seem safe to a casual observer, yet, such high-sounding, harmless appearing generalizations are not so perfunctorily passed over by the thinker. If a writer introduces a work of such importance as a history of English Literature and psychology of a people, with the assertion of certain recent discoveries and consequent complete changes in intellect and history as the basis of the work, the thinker, supposing things to be intended as they are expressed, and that nothing of such apparent importance is idly said, seeks at once for its purport and purpose. If these are not apparent or easily discernible, this only intensifies his zeal in the inquiry. And if his investigations result as is found unavoidable in the present instance he cannot have a very favorable opinion of his author. If he proceeds nevertheless to peruse the philosophic history, it will be with a prejudice imbibed by means of too careful attention to the empty and aimless assertion of its writer.

What is the subject matter of history, that it was not before the alleged discoveries? What is its system, its machinery, its appreciation of laws and causes, that they were not before? It is simply impossible to apply any of those assertions of complete change to any tangible, available, or conceivable fact in, or phase of history; while passages written many centuries apart imply that no such change had taken place. Observe two such passages, written nineteen hundred years apart, both translated from foreign languages into the English and distinguish them by means of some great change that has occurred to history in consequence of the discoveries mentioned.—"All men, without distinction, are allured by immediate advantages; great minds alone are excited by distant good. So long as wisdom in its projects calculates upon wisdom, or relies upon its own strength, it forms none but chimerical schemes, and runs a risk of making itself the laughter of the world; but it is certain of success, and may reckon upon aid and admiration when it finds a place in its intellectual plans for barbarism, rapacity, and superstition, and can render the selfish purposes of mankind the

executors of its purposes." And again,—"In every state, they that are poor, envy those that are of a better class, and endeavor to exalt the factious ; they dislike the established condition of things, and long for something new ; they are discontented with their own circumstances, and desire a general alteration ; they can support themselves amid tumult and sedition, without anxiety, since poverty does not easily suffer loss."

I now quote one sentence from the philosophic history under consideration. "If, for instance, it were admitted that a religion is a metaphysical poem, accompanied by belief; and remarking at the same time that there are certain epochs, races, and circumstances in which belief, the poetical and metaphysical faculty, show themselves with an unwonted vigor; if we consider that Christianity and Buddhism were produced at periods of high philosophical conceptions, and amid such miseries as raised up the fanatics of Cevennes; if we recognize, on the other hand, that primitive religions are born at the awakening of human reason, during the richest blossoming of human imagination, at a time of the fairest artlessness and the greatest credulity; if we consider also that Mohammedanism appeared with the dawning of poetic prose, and the conception of national unity, amongst a people destitute of science, at a period of sudden development of intellect,—we might then conclude that a religion is born, declines, is reformed and transformed according as circumstances confirm and combine with more or less exactitude and force its three generative instincts; and we should understand why it is endemic in India, amidst imaginative. philosophic, eminently fanatic brains, why it blossomed forth so strangely and grandly in the middle ages, amidst an oppressive organization, new tongues and literatures; why it was aroused in the sixteenth century with a new character and heroic enthusiasm, and universal regeneration, and during the awakening of the German races; why it breaks out into eccentric sects amid the coarse American democracy, and under the bureaucratic Russian despotism; why, in short, it is spread, at the present day, over Europe in such different dimensions and such various characteristics, according to the difference of race and civilization."

This is perhaps one of the longest sentences to be found in any philosophic history. But the longer the period the more room for error, and in the above there is scarcely standing room. In what sense and how can a religion be regarded a metaphysical poem? If a religion is really a religion, validated by the divinity of its origin or sanction, without which it is a mere superstition, it certainly cannot be in any sense, nor to any extent, metaphysical. It instantly destroys all the sanctity of a religion to make it appear reasonable, or metaphysical. It at least removes all its divine authenticity and supernatural sanction. No human mind has ever existed that could excogitate a valid reason why it should worship, love, or fear, anything to sense and perception intangible. Such minds may worship, love, and fear some imagined thing to sense and perception intangible, but they can give no reason therefor. The supposed thing intangible which is to be worshipped, loved, and feared, must first be created by the imagination of the worshiper, or it must have been previously created and presented to him by the imagination of others. If it is not created by any imagination, it cannot be *in its essence* intangible to sense and perception. The Almighty himself, be He ever so far beyond the scope of our senses and perceptions may have existed from all eternity, He may exist without having ever begun to exist; and it might seem irreverent to say that His worshippers first create Him of their imaginations, or that He is created and presented to them by other imaginations. But what else is done? He is never directly exhibited or declared to any of his worshippers; and all the indirect exhibitions and declarations of Him amount to nothing to Man, further than they are responded to in his belief. Hence He is not presented to any of his worshippers otherwise than as the product of an imagination; sense and perception not being exercised in the mind's response to the exhibition or declaration. Then *for the worshipper*, the God he worships, is necessarily a Creation of imagination. It may be of his own imagination, or of his own prompted and assisted by that of others.

Take the three religions named in the last quotation, and what is it which the adherents of either of them worship, love,

or fear? It is vigorously maintained for their several founders, that they were each respectively and especially commissioned from on high to establish and promulgate the one only true religion; and that all others are spurious. In each of them the Almighty is necessarily a Creation of imagination to every worshipper to whose sense and perception He is not manifest, either in person, or by means of phenomena necessarily and positively proving His existence and reality to the mind. All religions rising to the dignity of the name, enforce the worship, love, and fear by man, of something to his sense and perception intangible; and hence to the mind of such worshipper, purely imaginary. The higher the grade of civilization and mental attainment of the worshippers, the more exquisitely their imaginations may work, and the finer the product which they may produce for their worship. The God of nineteenth century Christianty is a very different Being to the Christian imagination, from the God of their Semitic ancestors; the God that directed the butchery of babes, and that the priesthood should keep the smell of burning flesh constantly ascending to Heaven to appease his righteous wrath. Yet they are both, to their worshippers, neither more nor less than the creations of their imaginations, or of others' imaginations that have imagined Him for them, and presented Him to them, When Jepthah buried the blade in the bosom of his daughter, was he serving the God of nineteenth century Christianity? A religion may be a poem accompanied by belief, but it can never be a metaphysical poem; if metaphysics is properly defined as "the science conversant about all inferences of unknown being from its known manifestations."

It would be unprofitable to examine and analyze each of the errors in the quotation; so after cordially expressing the thanks of Americans for the compliment to their coarseness, couched in the penultimate clause of the period; I shall see if the philosophic historian has not himself knocked all the philosophy, latent and patent, out of the several declarations of the period.

His next words are, "And so for every kind of ***human production***—for literature, music, the fine arts, philosophy, science, the state, industries, and the rest. Each of these has for its

direct cause a moral disposition, or a combination of moral dispositions; the cause given, they appear; the cause withdrawn, they vanish; the weakness or intensity of the cause measures their weakness or intensity. They are bound up with their causes, as a physical phenomenon with its condition, as dew with the fall of the variable temperature, as dilitation with heat."

So religion is a human production, directly caused by a moral disposition or combination of moral dispositions. It is intense or weak according as the moral disposition causing it is intense or weak. It is divested of everything supernatural and divine, and people make it for themselves just as they make their literature, their fine arts, their philosophy and science; their state and industries. This would throw the Lord almost out of employment, unless He may participate in the preparation of the raw material—the moral disposition.

If religion has such relation to literature as to make it an important subject of consideration in such history, he who classes it with music, art, and industry, is eminently unqualified for the duties of a philosophic historian of literature. If it has no such relation, then there is a waste of force, space, and time, in the learned ignorance exhibited in the generalizations in which it is so classified. If religion is a mere human production, directly caused by a moral disposition, and bound up with such cause as a physical phenomenon with its condition, Omnipotence can have but little to do with it. It may then be, that "whatever developes credulity side by side with a poetic conception of the world, engenders religion." But what is it that developes credulity, the disposition to believe on slight evidence? The philosophic historian has just remarked that Christianity and Buddhism were produced at periods of high philosophical conceptions, amid such miseries as raised up the fanatics of the Cevennes." Is it possible that high philosophical conceptions develope credulity? Does misery develope a poetical conception of the world? And are these the agencies that engendered, are they the moral dispositions which caused the Christian religion? It may be a well grounded philosophic truism, that nothing ever happens without cause. But it is equally true that a great deal

happens without comprehensible cause; without cause that man can comprehend.

In the philosophic history under consideration, the first book is entitled The Source, and its first chapter is entitled The Saxons. The first second and third sections of this chapter are devoted to an exhibition of the bloody and beastly barbarism, (variegated with occasionally improvised scenes of superhuman sagacity, heroism, and fortitude) out of which has evolved or grown one of the most refined and elegant civilizations that has yet appeared. The data for the representation come almost exclusively from the Norse, Scandinavian, and Saxon legend. The Fafnismal Edda, The Niebelungen Lied, The Lay of Atli, The Edda of Sæmund, etc., are the archives from which it is principally obtained. And I confess my disappointment at seeing no allusion to Ossian. There is occasional reference to Tacitus, Turner, Lingard, and others of their kind, but not for the purpose of proving the abnormally heroic traits of character of our rude and nude ancestors. That they courageously courted and joyfully suffered death, "that there is no fear of pain, no care for life; that they count it as dross when the idea has seized upon them," is learned from the legendary lore that brands itself with its own falsity, by the enormous extravagance in which it narrates even that which might be true, For instance—"Hogni laughed when to his heart they cut the living crest-crasher; no lament uttered he."

Having by such means embellished such characters with such traits, it then becomes the office of the philosophic historian, the doctrinaire of moral dispositions as specific causes for general results, to trace the vestiges of such traits in the general character of their descendants. He says, "Carlyle has well said that in the sombre obstinacy of an English laborer still survives the tacit rage of the Scandinavian warrior. Strife for strife's sake—such is their pleasure. With what sadness, madness, destruction, such a disposition breaks its bonds, we shall see in Shakespeare and Byron; with what vigor and purpose it can limit and employ itself when possessed by moral ideas, we shall see in the case of the Puritans."

Carlyle could as well have said that in the habitual shrink-

ing from obscene exposures, the modesty of Shem and Japheth still survives. They went backwards to cover their drunken father's nakedness, and their descendants to-day instinctively shrink from such scenes. He could equally as well have said that in the universal covetousness and cupidity of the Jews, the insatiable greed of Jacob still survives. He swindled his host, his employer, his protector and father-in-law out of his property, and his descendants are to-day grasping all that they can get their hands on.

If the vigor and purpose of the Puritan disposition is an outgrowth, modification, or transformation of the tacit rage of the Scandinavian warrior, to what warlike trait of what warlike people shall we trace the resolute martyr spirit of the Huguenots? the suave smile and ostentatious humility of the Quakers? or the blind bigotry and superstitious reverence for ecclesiastical authority of the Catholics?

The philosophic historian adopts Carlyle's saying, "with what sadness, madness, destruction, such a disposition (the tacit rage of the Scandinavian warrior) breaks its bonds, we shall see in Shakespeare and Byron." What is there from Shakespeare to indicate that he was ever possessed of or dominated by such a disposition? Byron has raved with some sadness, madness, and possibly with some destruction, but I find nothing to indicate that Shakespeare ever broke the bonds of any tacit rage, or that any such disposition ever broke its bonds in him.

He gives occasional exhibitions of the outbreak of passion, but many of them antedate the tacit rage of the Scandinavian warrior, and none of them indicate any more relation to such rage than to any other specimen of ill nature or bad temper from antiquity.

There is little else in the three chapters of the first book deserving attention. There is an abundance of historical fact,—indeed they constitute a beautiful historical panorama. But the occasional philosophic generalization will not bear scrutiny. For instance, the doubtful compliment to Christianity in the assertion, made after having described the Saxons as a race of dull, heavy, coarse, ferocious, and imaginative gluttons,—that

"a race so constituted was predisposed to Christianity, by its gloom, its aversion to sensual and reckless living, its inclination for the serious and the sublime." One would scarcely expect a dull, heavy, coarse, and ferocious race of gluttons to be very imaginative, or very much inclined to the serious and sublime, or very averse to sensual and reckless living.

Who is the author, or rather inventor, of the question—What's in a name? Why did the philosophic historian call the third chapter of his first book The New Tongue? In its beginning he says, "throughout the long impotence of Norman literature, which was content to copy, and of Saxon literature which bore no fruit, a definite language was nevertheless formed." This is the beginning and the end of all there is in the chapter, which even hints at a New Tongue. Its more than twenty pages are devoted to an examination of Chaucer's *writings*, and there are frequent allusions to and comparisons with his continental contemporaries, and a wealth of metaphor, generalization, and florid figure.

Speaking of what he calls the pagan renaissance the philosophic historian says, "for seventeen centuries a deep and sad thought had weighed upon the spirit of man, first to overwhelm it, then to exalt and to weaken it, never losing its hold throughout this long space of time. It was the idea of the weakness and decay of the human race. Greek corruption, Roman oppression, and the dissolution of the ancient world, had given rise to it; it, in its turn, had produced a stoical resignation, an epicurean indifference, Alexandrian mysticism, and the Christian hope in the kingdom of God. 'The world is evil and lost, let us escape by insensibility, amazement, ecstacy.' Thus spoke the philosophers; and religion coming after, announced, that the end was near; 'Prepare, for the kingdom of God is at hand.' For a thousand years universal ruin incessantly drove still deeper into their hearts this gloomy thought; and when man in the feudal state raised himself, by sheer force of courage and muscles, from the depths of final imbecility and general misery, he discovered his thought and his work fettered by the crushing idea, which, forbidding a life of nature and

worldly hopes, erected into ideals the obedience of the monk and the dreams of fanatics."

The whole of the period here spoken of could not apply to England, for it had only been known to civilization for a little more than half of it. It necessarily takes us back and relates to the Greek and Roman civilizations, prevalent in nearly all the countries bordering upon the Mediteranean, and which have prevailed there so long and so nearly constant, as to constitute what might appropriately be called a Mediteranean civilization. Those which were the Egyptian and Phoenician as distinguished from the Greek and Roman, are mere memories of a remote past; and the Mongolian or Mussulman has not obliterated the Greek and Roman, and probably never will do so. Wherever either of these civilizations has prevailed there has been a literature, and these long drawn, high-sounding, generalizations are very misleading. The idea of the weakness and decay of the human race constantly weighing upon the spirit of man for seventeen centuries would have paralyzed the facial muscle beyond the possibility of a smile forever after. It would be very interesting to know what originated and so universally promulgated the gloomy idea, as well as when it obtained universal sway over the spirit of man, and how it suppressed literature.

Another historian, with more apparent reasonableness, and certainly with more perspicuity has said, "the final settlement of barbarous nations in Gaul Spain and Italy consummated the ruin of literature. Their first irruptions were uniformly attended with devastation; and if some of the Gothic kings, after their establishment, proved humane and civilized sovereigns, yet the nation gloried in its original rudeness, and viewed with no unreasonable disdain arts which had neither preserved their cultivators from corruption nor raised them from servitude. * * Scarcely one of the barbarians, so long as they continued unconfused with the native inhabitants, acquired the slightest tincture of letters; and the praise of equal ignorance was soon aspired to and attained by the entire mass of the Roman laity. * * * Latin was so changed, it is said by a writer of Charlemagne's age, that scarcely any part of it was popularly known.

* * * When Latin had thus ceased to be a living language, the whole treasury of knowledge was locked up from the eyes of the people. The few who might have imbibed a taste for literature, if books had been accessible to them, were reduced to abandon pursuits that could only be cultivated through a kind of education not easily within their reach. Schools, confined to cathedrals and monasteries, and exclusively designed for the purposes of religion, afforded no encouragement or opportunities to the laity. The worst effect was that the newly formed languages were hardly made use of in writing, Latin being still preserved in all legal instruments and public correspondence, the very use of letters, as well as of books was forgotten. * * * If it be demanded by what cause it happened that a few sparks of ancient learning survived throughout this long winter, we can only ascribe their preservation to the establishment of Christianity. Religion alone made a bridge, as it were, across the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization."

It will scarcely be contended that there was not in the times of Terrence, Tacitus, Cicero, Seneca, Sallust, and hosts of others that could be named, a literature equal to the civilization then prevailing, and that it did not extend far down into the seventeen centuries named by the philosophic historian. It cannot successfully be contended that it was in any manner affected by the prevalence of any sad thought of the weakness and decay of the human race. The literature was stamped out of existence for a time by the barbarous hordes who overran the civilized world, and overwhelmed its civilization, And as these barbarians gradually adopted the manners of their new subjects, civilization revived, not suddenly, but it revived, and and literature revived with it.

Literary developement was retarded more by a want of mechanical facilities for its promotion, especially from the seventh to the twelfth century, during which time papyrus could not be obtained, than it has been at any time within seventeen centuries by any thing like a gloom of the human mind. There is nothing in the history of any period, to indicate a more general prevalence of sad thought than is indicated

in the history of any other period. We cannot get back to a time when games, amusements, and witticisms were not as prevalent and popular, proportionately, as they have ever been. The inundation of northern barbarism into, and its temporary suppression of civilization, had a mechanical effect on literature; similar to that of the burning of the Alexandrian library. And all the learned nonsense about a universal gloom prevailing for seventeen centuries that can be imagined, tells nothing of the fate or philosophy of Literature.

Speaking of this so-called pagan renaissance, the philosophic historian, after giving a glowing account of the grotesquely gorgeous extravagance in personal attire and in architecture says, "Folly it may have been, but poetry likewise. There was something more than puppyism in this masquerade of splendid costume. The overflow of inner sentiment found this issue, as also in drama and poetry." Such things seriously said by a philosopher, are supposed to have some significance. In this instance, what is it? What inner sentiment was it, the overflow of which found issue in extravagant architectural ornamentation? Was it akin to that, the overflow of which found issue in the gold decorations of the temple of the Sun at Cuzco? or in the embellishment of the cathedral at Cologne? or the residence of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon? or any fashionable private residence of the tenth century at Venice or Nuremburg? Is it likely that this extravagant architectural ornamentation had a literary significance in England during the Elizabethan era, and had no such significance in other countries and ages where this has been so completely eclipsed? If not, what literary significance has it had in the other places named? In short what business can such allusion have in a philosophic history of any literature? Some savages decorate their persons to deformity. Others, equally, but no less degraded, decorate themselves very little. Paris may be the mistress of fashion, but in literature and philosophy, how does it compare with Berlin or Boston?

Generalization is the filmy subterfuge frequently resorted to in order to avoid contradiction. Yet when analyzed the fraud is easily detected, and contradiction itself may be discovered.

It is so dangerous an expedient that it is really surprising that any one of great learning should ever resort to it. In the philosophic historian's description of, or rather dissertation upon, what he calls the pagan renaissance, he attributes an alleged revival of spirits to an alleged re-establishment, or perhaps introduction, of paganism in England about the close of what he calls the middle age. He says, "After the terrible night of the middle age, and the dolorous legends of spirits and the damned, it was a delight to see again Olympus shining upon us from Greece; its heroic and beautiful deities once more ravishing the hearts of men; they raised and instructed this young world by speaking to it the language of passion and genius; and this age of strong deeds, free sensuality, bold invention, had only to follow its own bent, in order to discover in them its masters and the eternal promoters of liberty and beauty."

Within two pages of this figurative flight, and speaking of the same period he says, "A disenchantment, a sad or bitter dreaminess, an innate consciousness of the vanity of human things, are never lacking in this country and in this race; the inhabitants support life with difficulty, and know how to speak of death. Surrey's finest verses bear witness thus soon to his serious bent, this instinctive and grave philosophy."

It is difficult to conceive how a writer could be more discordant, or more inconsistent with himself. In the first of these passages he has English Intellect shaking off the sad thought of human weakness and decay which had crushed it for seventeen centuries, English hearts were being ravished by the heroic and beautiful Olympic deities from Greece, and *they* were raising and instructing this young world in the language of passion and genius; and this age of free sensuality, bold invention, had only to follow its own bent in order to discover in them (strong deeds, free sensuality, and bold invention; or, the heroic and beautiful Olympic deities from Greece?) its masters and the eternal promoters of liberty and beauty.

In the second of these passages he has this same English Intellect of the same period, indeed at all times, sternly disenchanted, bowed by a sad or bitter dreaminess, an innate consciousness of the vanity of human things; supporting life with

difficulty, speaking familiarly of death; and the finest verses of its principal poet bearing witness to his serious bent, this instinctive and grave philosophy.

Philosophers are supposed to mean what they say, in their philosophies. We have no right to assume that the philosophic historian meant less than he has said in these two passages. And it cannot be assumed that they were intended to apply to different periods, because they are plainly applied to one period. Yet they flatly contradict each other, and neither of them means anything to the purpose in a philosophic history of a literature. If the mind of man had been constantly bowed beneath the sad thought of human weakness and decay for seventeen centuries, it would show great elasticity if that period should be immediately followed by an age of strong deeds, free sensuality, bold invention, which had only to follow its own bent in order to discover in the heroic and beautiful Olympic deities from Greece, or in its own free sensuality and bold invention, its masters and the eternal promoters of liberty and beauty. And by the way, which was it, the heroic and beautiful Olympic deities from Greece, or the free sensuality and bold invention of the age, that were the masters of the age and the eternal promoters of liberty and beauty? And how could either, or any, or all of them be the eternal promoters of liberty and beauty? If the heroic and beautiful Olympic deities from Greece raised and instructed this young world by speaking to it the language of passion, they took a strange course to elevate the human mind. If the elevation resulted in producing an age of free sensuality, it was a strange sort of intellectual elevation.

It seems to have been the nightmare of the philosophic historian of English Literature, that there was radical change in man, especially in the mind of man, about the close of the alleged middle age. In most instances where he has said anything specific and intended to sustain any philosophic proposition, it either asserts, or implies the actuality of such change. "Often, after reading the poets of this age, I have looked for some time at the contemporary prints telling myself that man, in mind and body, was not then such as we see him to-day.

We also have our passions, but we are no longer strong enough to bear them. They unsettle us; we are no longer poets without suffering from it. Alfred de Musset, Heine, Edgar Poe, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Cowper, how many shall I instance? Disgust, mental and bodily degradation, disease, impotence, madness, suicide, at best a permanent hallucination or feverish raving,—these are nowadays the ordinary issues of the poetic temperament. The passion of the brain gnaws our vitals, dries up the blood, eats into the marrow, shakes us like a tempest, and the human frame, such as civilization has made us, is not substantial enough long to resist it. They who have been more roughly trained, who are more inured to the inclemencies of climate, more hardened by bodily exercises, more firm against danger, endure and live."

This passage condemns itself for untruthfulness, and folly. It is absurd to rank Byron, Shelley, and Poe, with Cowper and Burns, in any respect. Except that they were men and wrote poetry, there is nothing in common between any two of them. Shelley and Poe are the only ones among them who can be regarded the untimely victims of a murderous Muse. Cowper's Task, and the Olney Hymns would scarcely restrict him to the rank of the author of the Raven and The Poetic Principle. If men's writings were reliable indications of their feelings, and in many places the philosophic historian says they are, there have been few persons more serenely happy than Cowper, and as he lived to the mature age of sixty-eight years, and five months he cannot be regarded a very early victim of the ravages of the poetic temperament. He has himself said, "Dejection of spirits, which may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. When I can find no other occupation, I think; and when I think, I am very apt to do it in rhyme." He had been crossed in love, and while this did not suddenly do so, there is good reason to believe that it eventually made him melancholy; and this melancholy, according to his own words, intensified his poetic temperament, instead of his poetic temperament finding issue in it. If one will write history it costs so little to get

the truth that he is inexcusable if he even hints that which is really untrue. To say that the poetic temperament finds issue in disgust, mental and bodily degradation, madness, disease, impotence, suicide, and a permanent hallucination or feverish raving, because some poets have shown symptoms of such maladies, is fairly equivalent to saying that the kingly temperament finds issue in epilepsy or apoplexy because Julius Cæsar and Charles the Second had fits.

It is equally as absurd to say that we are no longer strong enough to bear our passions. It busied the deadly poetic temperament seventy-five years to get Longfellow, seventy-three years to get Whitman, sixty-one years to get Coleridge, sixty-one years to get Willis, eighty-five years to get Whittier, eighty-four years to get Tennyson, sixty-nine years to get Southey, seventy-three years to get Wordsworth, eighty-four years aided by a physical accident to get Bryant; and it has been after Oliver Wendell Holmes for eighty-three years and he still lives.* Then think of Pope,—the deformity, the enormity, the inspired invalid, whose fifty-six years were one round of wretchedness, one long protracted disease. It would be equally as philosophic to say that his poetic temperament caused him to be born hunch-backed as to say that it had hastened his death. It is true that Shelley and Poe had stormy passions and weird imagination, and that they both died young. But one was accidentally drowned, and the other, after a terrible debauch, was drugged in his drinks. Keats died at the early age of twenty-five, and his writings betoken strong passion and ethereal imagination. But there is no reason to believe that he was physically inadequate to bear all the mental throes which his writings imply that he was rent with. The truth is, men's writings are not very reliable indexes to their feelings. Cowper wrote his most humorous pieces, when he was most dejected and cast down with his final malady—despondency. James Montgomery wrote his finest flashes of wit and humor during and describing his own imprisonment.

Suppose we take the philosophic historian's proposition for all that he appears to intend by it—that the writings of certain

*Dr. Holmes died while this work was in press.

persons at certain periods, imply the existence and prevalence of certain frames or forms or kinds of mind; and we are then not advanced an iota in the direction of any definite psychological result. It is fashionable to seem to know and to have a good deal to say about Shakespeare; and he is one of the most conspicuous figures in the philosophic history of English Literature. But the philosophic historian would find it troublesome to establish that his writings imply the existence and prevalence of any particular frame or form or kind of mind in Shakespeare's era. With the exception of the unaccountable anachronism relating to Aristotle, the general sentiment of the Troilus and Cressida is as well adapted to the Trojan era, as that of Euripides' Andromache; or, as that of Aristophanes' Frogs is to the alleged decline of Greek tragedy. There is no keener wit in any thing written, than that in the interview between Falstaff and the Chief Justice in the second scene in the first act in King Henry Fourth, part two. But as literature is already deluged with dissertations on the writings of Shakespeare, it must suffice here to say, that they do not imply the existence or prevalence at any particular time of any particular frame, or form, or kind of mind. But that like the writings of many others, contemporaneous and earlier and later, they do imply the existence and prevalence of many frames and forms and kinds of mind at all times to which they relate. Any observer in crowded life may notice reproductions of many of his characters almost daily. Of course he has painted them more vividly than we could ever have conceived them without having read him; but that is simply because his power to portray is so far above our power to perceive. The dark destructive rage of jealously was never so terribly exhibited as in Othello; graceless and gratuitous diabolism was never so cowardly and cruel as in Iago. No one can define the character of Falstaff. It smacks somewhat of assurance to attempt to define any of Shakespeare's important characters or eulogize his representations of them.

It would be idle to trace the course of the alleged history of English Literature further, to ascertain if its philosophic writer discovered in it the psychology of a people. In the very nature

of mind there can be no such thing as a defined and ascertained psychology of a people; and all efforts to find such thing in or deduce it from the literature of a people, must result in groundless, aimless, and senseless generalization; in which there can be nothing tangible, definite, or reliable. Having examined the basis of the undertaking, and discovered that every thing therein which rises to the importance of statement of literary fact, or of deduction from such fact, is mere generalization which will not bear analysis, it were a needless expenditure of time and toil to give the work an exhaustive study. No structure erected on such a basis can have any solidity. Anecdotes in the lives of authors (as of other persons) may be interesting or amusing as facts. But they have no more significance in a literature, or in a psychology to be found in or deduced from a literature, than the fact that Benjamin Franklin was munching a bread-crust in front of her father's house when he saw and fell in love with Deborah Read, had in developing the scientific manipulation of electricity. I have read the Lives of the Philosophers of Diogenes Lærtius with great interest, and am frequently amused with its anecdotes; but such things signify nothing or next to nothing in a philosophic history of a literature, and they certainly can have no meaning for any thing which in the very nature of things cannot itself be. Nevertheless, I have carefully studied the alleged history, and am constrained to say that it proceeds very much as it is now shown to have begun, in arbitrary classification, in indefinite and unmeaning generalization, and in very figurative metaphor; the monotonous repetition of which is diversified as hitherto by frequent groundless statement, untenable deduction, and occasional contradiction. In reply to the assertion that the thinking public and the human mind had changed in consequence of certain alleged discoveries in intellect and literature, it may be sufficient to suggest to the learned reader a comparison of Juvenal's Satires with the letters of Junius, and of the sentiment of the Satires of Horace with that of Burns' Holy Willie's Prayer, and the paintings of Hogarth, and the caricatures of Nast.

Exalting the ethereal imagery of Spenser, as exemplified in

The Faery Queen, almost above the conception of mortal minds, the philosophic historian says, "What world could furnish materials to so elevated a fancy? One only, that of chivalry; for none is so far from the actual." The Faery Queen, Spenser's masterpiece, was written in the times of Raleigh, Sidney, and Leicester, which may have been pre-eminently an age of chivalry, as we are informed that Raleigh spread his cloak in the mud for his royal mistress—at least Leicester's mistress and the judicial murderess of her more royal cousin—to walk upon. More than three hundred years thereafter Keats wrote the Endymion. It will scarcely be claimed that this was an age of chivalry; as Washington, Wayne, Paul Jones, Francis Marion, and Andrew Jackson had given mankind some very convincing argument that the world of chivalry was indeed very far from the actual. But something seems to have furnished material to Keats' fancy in 1817 as exemplified in the Endymion; and later to Willis' fancy as exemplified in his Parrhasius; and to Shelley's fancy as exemplified in The Revolt of Islam. If any of these are not so elevated as that of Spenser, I must confess my ignorance of the signification of the term elevation. Different fancies, or the fancies of different poets, may be nearer the same dizzy height than of the same *dizzy* kind or quality. If extravagance is fancy, then Gulliver's Travels and Baron Munchausen's Campaigns indicate a more loftily elevated fancy than that of the poets. I am not objecting to the altitude of Spenser's fancy as exemplified in the Faery Queen, nor to the exalted merit of the poem itself. But I insist that no chivalry, nor any thought of such thing was requisite to furnish material to his fancy, nor to that of any other poet or person. The assertion of the philosophic historian is an empty, aimless, high-sounding generalization without meaning.

In speaking of what he seems to regard the exaggerated imagination of a feudal hero, and attributing it to some occult influence of the feudal system, the philosophic historian gives us a specimen of his own no less exaggerated, as well as figurative and unmeaning metaphor. Of the feudal hero he says, "For want of useful employment and an accepted rule, his brain had labored on an unreasoning and impossible track, and

the urgency of his wearisomeness had increased beyond measure his craving for excitement. Under this stimulus his poetry had become a world of imagery. Insensibly strange conceptions had grown and multiplied in his brains, one over the other like ivy woven around a tree, and the original trunk had disappeared beneath their rank growth and obstruction. The delicate fancies of the old Welsh poets, the grand ruins of the German epics, the marvellous splendors of the conquered east, all the recollections which four centuries of adventure had scattered among the minds of men had become gathered into one great dream; and giants, dwarfs, monsters, the whole medley of imaginary creatures, of superhuman exploits and splendid follies, were grouped around an unique conception, exalted and sublime love, like courtiers prostrated at the feet of their king."

This is bravely done, but what is meant by it? It seems to imply that until the feudal hero was stimulated by his wearisomeness into the craving for excitement, his poetry had been something other than a world of imagery. We are not told what it was, nor indeed what kind of poetry there could be outside the world of imagery. If imagery is abstracted from poetry, or if poetry is constructed without imagery, it is not likely to be very poetical. It may jingle and rhyme, it may proceed with a stately and a measured tread, but it will not be poetry. I know of no sillier simile than that in which the philosophic historian as above quoted says, that "giants, dwarfs, monsters, the whole medley of imaginary creatures, of superhuman exploits and splendid follies, were grouped around an unique conception, exalted and sublime love, like courtiers prostrate at the feet of their King." It requires a more fantastical fancy than poetry can utilize, to imagine the giants, etc., grouping themselves around an unique conception, exalted and sublime love, like courtiers prostrate at the feet of their King. The idea is too figurative to be really an idea, it is an unintelligible and meaningless figure of speech, too airy even for a respectable chimera. Of course one can perfunctorily read the passage, and by hastening on to something else and forgetting what it says, he can avoid the chagrin and disappointment

usually incident to a discovery of the insipid emptiness of high-sounding and superbly wrought literary phrase. But I do not understand that books, or any part of them, are written for sound and figure; and especially those assuming the dignity of philosophic history and criticism. It takes time and toil to write them, and on principles of economy no more should be written than is necessary to clearly express intelligible ideas deserving their readers' attention. It takes time, toil, and attention to study them, and on principles of economy no more should be written and presented for the employment of the reader's energies than is necessary to clearly impart to him the idea intended for, and calculated to promote, his edification in some way. A book that is not so intended and calculated, is a graceless imposition upon the tolerance of a reading world; and the more superbly it is wrought the baser the imposture on the credulity of the great masses of readers who habitually adopt the thought of their authors where they comprehend it, and imagine that all they do not comprehend is too profound for their comprehension.

Incredulity may itself become grotesquely absurd, still the true way to read is to read skeptically—at least thoughtfully. Intellectual slavery is more degrading than physical, and the reader should do his own thinking, especially when his author propounds some apparently deep proposition in philosophy, or makes some startling announcement of alleged literary fact, or when he blends and confuses the two as in the following:—"That which had struck men on escaping from ecclesiastical oppression and monkish asceticism was the pagan idea of a life true to nature, and freely developed. They had found nature buried behind scholasticism, and they had expressed it in poems and paintings; in Italy by superb healthy corporeality, in England by vehement and unconventional spirituality, with such divination of its laws, instincts and forms, that we might extract from their theatre and their pictures a complete theory of soul and body. When enthusiasm is past, curiosity begins. The sentiment of beauty gives way to the need of truth. The theory contained in works of imagination frees itself. The gaze continues fixed on nature, not to admire now, but to un-

derstand. From painting we pass to anatomy, from the drama to moral philosophy, from grand poetical divinations to great scientific views; the second continues the first, and the same mind displays itself in both; for what art had represented, and science proceeds to observe, are living things, with their complex and complete structure, set in motion by their internal forces, with no supernatural intervention. Artists and savants, all set out, without knowing it themselves, from the same master conception, to-wit, that nature subsists of herself, that every existence has in its own womb the source of its action, that the causes of events are the innate laws of things; an all powerful idea, from which was to issue the modern civilization, and which, at the time I write of, produced in England and Italy, as betore in Greece, genuine sciences, side by side with a complete art; after da Vinci and Michael Angelo, the school of anatomists, mathematicians, naturalists, ending with Galileo; after Spenser, Ben Johnson, and Shakespeare, the school of thinkers who surround Bacon and lead up to Harvey. We have not far to look for this school. In the interregnum of Christianity the dominating bent of mind belongs to it. It was paganism which reigned in Elizabeth's court, not only in letters, but in doctrine,—a paganism of the north, always serious, generally sombre, but which was based, like that of the south, on natural forces."

To examine the most startling proposition first, I must begin with the one that "the gaze continues fixed on nature, not to admire now, but to understand." This is a serious declaration of a philosophic historian, one that is essential to the validity and intelligibility of his philosophic history; because he has made it without qualification as a part of the basis of a part of his argument. No mind ever beheld nature to understand, and not admire it. No mind ever beheld nature to understand it. Did any human mind ever behold nature at all? If the gaze was fixed on nature to understand it, nature must have been beheld by the mind so gazing upon it, and no mind has ever come any nearer to beholding nature, than the naked eye has come to beholding the remotest celestial systems. We may know that blood is red, and that it is composed of a color-

less transparent fluid with countless corpuscles floating in it. But to behold nature here to understand it, we must know why this is so instead of some other way. We may know that a drop of blood is globular; but to behold nature here to understand it we must know why it is so instead of oblong, irregular, or square. We may know that a drop of blood may be at one time in the heart, and at another time in some other part of the body. But to behold nature here to understand it we must know why it so migrates, and what force impels it throughout its peregrinations. We may know that in less time than can be computed a thought may go back to a very remote antiquity, and out to an incalculable distance in space; but to behold nature here to understand it we must know how it does this, and what force impels its flight. No one can imagine why gravitation tends all substance on or near the earth toward its center. Life may be traced back through the various conditions of substance, in its various combinations and subject to the various influences working upon it, to the radiation of light and heat from the sun. But nature is not beheld here to be understood. We have a bare glimpse of it. The question immediately suggests itself—where did the sun obtain its light and heat? Worse and more—why should its light and heat have such influence or effect on substance in some combinations and conditions, and an entirely different influence or effect on substance in other combinations and conditions? Scientifically, the buzz of a gnat, the hum of a bee, the prayer and praise of the worshipper, the phillipics of the fanatic, the tick of a watch, the roar of a cataract, the explosion of a mine, are all traceable to the sun's irradiation of light and heat, its effect on the substance subjected to their combined force. Can a priest pray without the exertion of physical force? He cannot even think without some exertion of the brain, and this is physical exertion because a certain measure of it produces fatigue, more of it disturbs the repose of the nerves—and they are physical substance—enough of it can be and frequently is done to produce prostration, impair, and some times ruin the physical health.

The brain would not operate so as to formulate the heart's

supplications, or dart its own thoughts to remote distance in space or time, or excogitate its senseless philosophical dogmas, unless it were invigorated by the nutrition derived from the blood circulating through it. There would be no blood so circulating and furnishing such nutrition unless the appropriate organs therefor extract it from the food furnished them through the stomach. There is no food but is mediately or immediately derived from vegetation, and there is no vegetation but is produced by the agency of the sun's light and heat. The force which the sun generates then is mechanical, because all its visible effects are mechanical—the sighs and groans and meditations, hopes and fears and loves and hatreds of the religious enthusiast; even the philosophic deductions of the philosophic historian of English Literature, and my own objections thereto are all ultimately mechanical—at least they are mechanically caused or derived. When science has discovered this, it has caught a faint glimpse of nature. It cannot intelligibly imagine any thing like a reason why it is so, nor why it were not so well or even better some other way, or—not at all. Nothing could be sillier than to say that "the gaze continues fixed on nature, not to admire now, but to understand."

The first proposition is that at some time men escaped from ecclesiastical and monkish thralldom, and were struck with the pagan idea of a life true to nature and freely developed; that they found nature buried behind scholasticism, that they expressed it (nature) in poems and paintings "with such divination of its laws, instincts and forms, that we might extract from their theatre and pictures a complete theory of soul and body." It is reasonably fair to presume that by the complete theory here spoken of a complete intelligible theory is meant, one that a human mind could conceive and express in intelligible form so that other human minds might grasp it. The material from which it was to be extracted would seem rather meagre for such a product. Expressions in poetry and drama and painting, may imitate nature as far as nature is seen by the artist making the expressions. So far as they are content to copy what they have seen in nature, they may safely attempt to represent nature. But when they go beyond that to invention,

they tread unknown and dangerous ground, and may deviate from nature as far as guess-work can go. If an artist has a complete and intelligible conception of body and soul he may express it in his poem, his painting, or his drama. No artist or poet ever had such a conception. The aggregate of all the conceptions ever had of body and soul, which were severally true as far as they went, would not constitute a complete theory of body and soul. A complete theory of body and soul, without regard to its being true, is not a human possibility. No man ever lived who could imagine how they were related, or how he could conceive them to be related. Many persons may have had vague and indefinite ideas of their being related, but no one has yet definitely and intelligibly, even to himself, thought out and fixed in his own mind such a thing as a comprehensible relation between body and soul. No human mind can do so. The relation of body and soul, if it exists, is a very important factor in the complete theory of body and soul. If there is no such relation, then body and soul cannot together be the subject, nor separately be the subjects, of any thing like a complete theory; although taken separately they each might be the subject of some confusedly imagined theory.

The first proposition in the above quoted declaration suggests another question—when did men escape from ecclesiastical oppression? Waiving the falsity of the imputation that during the Elizabethan era a paganism of any kind prevailed in her court, even in intellectual irreverence, in literary licentiousness, or in any thing else; and for the sake of the investigation admitting that such paganism then prevailed, there was still no escape from ecclesiastical oppression. Paganism is necessarily religion, religion is necessarily restraint, and restraint is necessarily oppression. If there is such a thing as entire absence of restraint and oppression, it must be in entire absence of religion, pagan and all others. Absolute freedom can only consist in absolute atheism—in the abolition of the word ought, in the cancellation of obligation, in the demolition of duty, in the extirpation of all sense of duty and obligation. So long as a vestige of such sense remains, the individual is bound, restrained, and (ecclesiastically) oppressed with it. And as no

mind ever existed absolutely clear of such sense, atheism is not a human possibility.

Another question suggests itself—who were the men that had escaped from monkish asceticism? Is it possible that by the word men as used in that connection the philosophic historian meant the one in the hundred that fasted, prayed, counted his beads, or sanctimoniously sighed for the sins of his fellows; instead of the ninety-nine including the indifferent, the preoccupied, the conservative, as well as those who revelled and rioted in the fancied felicities of their existence? Was there no laughter in those days? Were there no Maypoles? The philosophic historian himself quotes the answer from the Life of Richard Baxter. Was no beer brewed? Were there no Donnybrook fairs? Were there no Darbies and Joans? Were there no gaming, duelling, seducing, debaucheries, or any of the other accomplishments, pastimes, or graces of a Christian civilization?

Another question presents itself—In what respect and how can the pagan idea of life be truer to nature than that of any other form of religion? Paganism is polytheism, and involves belief in a plurality of Gods. If this is more natural to the human mind in the abstract, or merely as a human mind, than monotheism, then the pagan idea of life may be truer to nature than that of any other religion, or, than that of irreligion or atheism. Otherwise it cannot be. This suggests the further question,—which is the most natural to the human mind merely as such, and without any prejudices, if such a mind can be supposed, polytheism, or monotheism? I leave atheism out of the account, as being impossible to the human mind. If the question is legitimately within the range of human speculation at all, it is purely metaphysical; and cannot, nor can anything in it, be met with anything like demonstration from any phenomena apprehensible to the senses. As a subject of metaphysical speculation, the polytheistic idea is a contradiction, it is self-destructive. It necessarily involves an impossible division of infinite power among a number of infinitely powerful Beings; as no one would be so absurd as to suppose a God with less than infinite power. If there are more than

one God, the power of one is necessarily limited by the power of another, and the moment a limit to the power is supposed, the idea of God goes glimmering. Then the fundamental idea of paganism is utterly destructive of itself, it will not bear even a slight alalysis, and it would not be very judicious to accept its derivative as the true idea of human life. For aught we *know* there may be Gods as numerous as the sands of the sea, and they may each be infinitely powerful. But we do know that the human mind is unable to conceive the possibility of more than one Being of infinite power, and hence, that in such condition of the human mind, the polytheistic idea is unnatural to it. If the very bedrock of paganism is itself unnatural to the human mind, then the pagan idea of life cannot be very natural to it.

Were it answered that countless millions have been pagans, imbued with the polytheistic idea which lies at the base of paganism, it argues nothing in favor of the naturalness of the polytheistic idea. No one ever believed in paganism, or in any other ism, until the belief was instilled into his mind. This process was to him an education of some sort and in some measure, and thereby and to such extent prejudiced his mind. And even such minds so prejudiced could not believe in the existence of more than one God (Beings of infinite power) after critically trying to think the possibility of their being, because as above shown, he would have found it impossible to think such possibility, and hence impossible to so believe. That which is impossible of thought cannot be natural to the mind; although by artificial means it may have been caused to obtain in many, or in all minds. If by the inexorable laws of thought the idea must vanish from the mind the very moment the mind attempts to establish it there by its own natural processes of reasoning, then the idea cannot be natural to the mind, no matter how extensively it may have obtained before such attempt was made, or where it has not been made.

One among the most remarkable propositions I have found in philosophy is this of the philosophic historian in his historic dissertation on the alleged pagan renaissance, that "Methods and philosophies, as well as literatures and religions, arise from

the spirit of the age; and this spirit of the age makes them potent or powerless. One state of public intelligence excludes a certain kind of literature; another, a certain scientific conception." These postulates cannot be the results of deliberate rational thought on the subjects to which they relate; yet they are cardinal to the general argument, which must then be unsound if these are fallacious. If the propositions are true, then methods, philosophies, literatures, and religions, are mere manifestations of the spirit of the age from which they so arise, and no argument of the question can rise above a mere play upon words. Where the terms used are themselves essentially vague and elastic, and are not rendered more precise by the connection and manner in which they are used, it may be difficult to trace some apparently profound philosophic propositions to a definite philosophic position. But I think it may properly be assumed that by the term *spirit of the age* as used in the above quotation, the most generally and popularly prevailing opinions, predilections, and prejudices of mankind, relating to subjects of the most general concern are meant. To say that such spirit produces philosophies or religions, or that they arise from such spirit, is a direct contradiction of the facts as they are well known to have occurred. If Galileo founded a philosophy on the exposed errors and ruins of previous philosophies, his certainly did not arise from the spirit of the age which strove to extinguish his, and did suppress him. If his had arisen from the spirit of the age, it would simply have voiced the sentiment of the age, very slight argument would have established it, and it would have lionized him; whereas, during the age very few accepted it although it was enforced by unanswerable argument, and it not only wrought his ostracism, but his imprisonment. In this instance philosophy did not arise from the spirit of the age. Did the Christian religion arise from the spirit of the age which crucified its founder, and persecuted its few despised adherents? Did Mohammedanism arise from the spirit of the age when its founder was obliged to flee his country to save his life, and could only muster one thousand armed adherents after six years promulgation of his religion? Would it not be more

accurate historically, and more rational philosophically, to say that philosophies and religions modify the spirit of the age, than to say that they arise from it?

Professing to trace the connection or relation between the Theatre and Literature in England in the sixteenth century, the philosophic historian says of the English mind, "It sees in the hero not only the hero, but the individual, with his manner of walking, drinking, swearing, blowing his nose; with the tone of his voice, whether he is thin or fat, and thus plunges to the bottom of things with every look, as by a miner's deep shaft. * * * Such a conception, by the multitude of details which it combines, and by the depth of the vistas which it embraces, is a half-vision which shakes the whole soul. What its works are about to show is, with what energy, what disdain of contrivance, what vehemence of truth, it dares to coin and hammer the human medal; with what liberty it is able to reproduce in full prominence worn out characters, and the extreme flights of virgin nature." This is in the chapter called The Theatre in the book entitled the Renaissance, which chapter is devoted to a depiction of the scenes enacted on the British stage in the sixteenth century, and the manner in which they were received, as indications of a transitional stage of the British mind. There are murders, poisonings, punishments, intrigues, ambitions, loves, jealousies, hopes, fears; and indeed all that goes to make up the variety of life, real and fanciful, as exhibited or reproduced in drama. Its significance in English literature, so far as it is exhibited in connection with a doctrine based on, or a claim of, any alleged change in the human mind is not apparent. More than two thousand years before then similar scenes, exhibiting similar characters, actuated by similar motives and subject to similar passions, and expressing themselves in a similar manner, with as great variety of emotion were to be seen on the Greek Stage, in the Prometheus Chained, The Furies, Hecuba, Electra, The Ecclesiazusae, Lysistrata, The Wasps, and numerous others. If a coarse and cruel barbarity and a libidinous licentiousness on the stage are trustworthy indexes to the human mind, it is not to be congratulated on its progress or attainment. To this day no play

is complete without its villain, and few of them are more popular than Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde; and if there is any better drawing card than a French duel with rapiers, it is either a fistic mill by big neck pugilists, or a troupe of brazen-faced strumpets in tights. It appears that taste and performance in theatricals cannot have much literary significance, notwithstanding the English mind of the sixteenth century is said to have plunged "to the bottom of things with every look as by a miner's deep shaft," and seen its hero individually "with his manner of walking, drinking, swearing, *blowing his nose.*" It seems the philosophic historian had almost blown his own nose in or upon his philosophy.

At the beginning of a chapter of eighteen pages, describing or rather descanting upon the dramatical works of Ben Jonson, the philosophic historian says, "When a new civilization brings a new art to light, there are about a dozen men of talent who partly express the general idea, surrounding one or two men of genius who express it thoroughly." He then proceeds to group a number of names which, so far as concerns their importance in literature and art, may as well have been Smith or Jones, around such names as Calderon, de Vega, Rubens, Jonson, and Shakespeare. It may be proper in describing, defining, portraying, or in treating of the literary works of an individual, and estimating their character as well as their importance in and relation to literature, to philosophize upon the essential characteristics of both, in order to make the importance and relation of the particular to the general subject more apparent. But this certainly does not justify the imputation that there are new civilizations bringing new arts to light, the general ideas of which can be thoroughly expressed by one or two men of genius, who are surrounded by about a dozen men of talent who can only partly express them. There is not and never was a new civilization. History discovers the existence of no such thing at any time. It records the facts and circumstances attending and in some instances causing the modification of a civilization, but no new civilization has yet been, and in the very nature of things none can be. Human progress from primitive barbarism toward civilization never went in

leaps or bounds, and the civilization of the sixteenth or any other century, however much it may have surpassed that of any previous century was not new, but had evolved from the prior one by a process so slow as to be actually imperceptible to any but the critical observers. And even their demarcations of its alleged periods and stages and transitions are generally more fanciful than real. The more closely and critically one observes human progress, the more firmly he will be convinced that change in civilization is mere modification. Even the colonists or conquerors or missionaries who change the civilization of a barbarous country, do not create a new civilization; at most they only extend one already existing. And what must be thought of the literary discrimination of a philosophic historian who names Lopez de Vega as one of the few men of genius who could *express thoroughly* the alleged new art, brought to light by the alleged new civilization? What does he mean by the term *express it thoroughly?* If he means express it profusely, or interminably, he is not far wrong; for Lopez de Vega's "dramas on which his popularity mainly rested, *number not less than eighteen hundred.*" Comment were idle.

And what new arts are brought to light by any civilization? From the artists, the men of talent and genius named by the philosophic historian, it is to be inferred that he was alluding especially to poetry and painting. Neither of these is a new art. Neither history nor tradition can refer us to a time when either of them was not practiced as an art. If they are both known to have existed as arts as long as we are informed that civilization has itself existed, neither of them can correctly be called a new art, A translator of the tragedies of Aeschylus has said, "There is no reason to suppose that Phrynichus materially advanced the art, or structure of tragedy, beyond the point at which it was left by Thespis. On this simple basis, and with these imperfect materials, Aeschylus conceived and framed the regular drama—such in the main, as it is found in the works of the greatest poets, who have acquired in this career the highest reputation." In other words, and perhaps more accurately, Aeschylus had improved or advanced the art

as it was left by Phrynichus, who had not materially improved or advanced it as left by Thespis. But without some evidence that Thespis had discovered or invented it, there is as much reason to believe that some one had preceded him therein, as that he had preceded Phrynichus. The fact that it has advanced or improved almost constantly ever since the times of Thespis, perhaps less rapidly at some times than at others, possibly at some times retrogressing instead of progressing, and thus displaying the rhythm which Spencer says attends all forms of movement, is a very forcible argument that when Thespis practiced the art it was in a state of progression; that as an art it was never brought to light by any civilization; but that like civilization itself, it is a growth, a developement, expanding, unfolding, and refining like all other human performances, by a process of evolution. And so of painting, which "speaks alike to all nations and all ages," its existence as an art dates from the dawn of light upon human sight, and the capacity to distinguish and manipulate colors. To say that at any time these were new to England would be parallel to saying that at one time the Spanish type of civilization was new to Central America and the West India Isles.

The philosophic historian, after mentioning some of the alleged attributes of Shakespeare says, "that this great age alone could have cradled such a child." With equal propriety one might say that no other than the first century could have produced an Adam; that none but the Mosaic period could have produced the author of the book of Job; that none but the tenth century B. C. could have produced a Solomon; that none but the ninth century B. C. could have produced a Homer; that none but the seventeenth century A. D. could have produced a Titus Oates; and finally, that to the nineteenth century alone was reserved the glory of producing its Jack the Ripper. When any kind or quality of genius manifests itself in a marked degree, philosophers, as is their unphilosophical wont, learnedly attribute the phenomenon to some occult influence inherent in the age or clime where it appears. We have no knowledge of any age that has not produced, or at least had its great men. Thousands of them have been brought to the front and afforded

the means of manifesting their greatness by mere occasion; while thousands by nature equally as great and gifted, have lived in obscurity and gone to oblivion, for mere want of occasion. In a loose and rambling way, and too profusely stated to be fully quoted here, the philosophic historian urges that Shakespeare's own character, emotions, passions, instincts, and nature, were such as he has painted those of the personnel of his plays. Quoted fragmentarily, but fairly, he says, "Hamlet, it will be said, is half-mad; this explains the vehemence of his expressions. The truth is that Hamlet, here, is Shakespeare. * * * These characters are all of the same family. Good or bad, gross or delicate, witty or stupid, Shakespeare gives them all the same kind of spirit which is his own. * * * The mechanical imagination produces Shakespeare's fool characters; a quick venturesome dazzling, unquiet imagination, produces his men of wit. * * * Falstaff has the passions of an animal, and the imagination of a man of wit. There is no character which better exemplifies the fire and immorality of Shakespeare. * * * The reason is, that his morals are those of pure nature, and Shakespeare's mind is congenial with his own. * * * The impassioned imagination of Shakespeare has left its trace in all the creatures whom it has called forth. * * * How much more visible this impassioned and unfettered genius of Shakespeare in the great characters which sustain the whole weight of the drama; the startling imagination, the furious velocity of the manifold and exuberant ideas, passion let loose, rushing upon death and crime, hallucinations, madness, all the ravages of delirium bursting through will and reason; such are the forces and ravings which engender them." The necessary inference is that in portraying his stage characters,

> "With little pains he made the picture true,
> And from reflection took the rogue he drew."

Whoever will attentively read the chapter of the philosophic historian of English Literature which is devoted exclusively to Shakespeare will find himself in a furious flying cyclone of empty, aimless, contradictory, grandiloquent, metaphor, and generalization. At its beginning its author says, "I am about

to describe an extraordinary species of mind." Having carefully examined its thirty-four pages, and finding nothing therein which resembles a description of any mind, I am forced to the opinion that whoever grasps and assimilates what is there said of Shakespeare, will doubt that he really had any mind. Such a mental medley is seldom exhibited for the contemplation of the thoughtful reader. No psychological principle is deducible from the study, and no such principle can be applied to it as a whole. The truth is the entire chapter is not an entirety. It is a chaotic torrent of turgescence, without form and void. To maintain that such a writer as Shakespeare has passions and instincts and characteristics, corresponding and parallel with those he personifies in the personnel of his plays, is to ignore all possibly legitimate principles of psychology, and implies a more feverish furor in the imagination of the proponent, than in that of the subject of such proposition. Many of Shakespeare's personages were real men and women, and in his plays they are represented in their historically true characters, though in some instances, perhaps more intensely. They are generally as real to his representations of them, as he is himself to the philosophic historians representation of him. If the philosophic historian is exemplifying a principle of psychology in saying that "the impassioned imagination of Shakespeare has left its trace in all the creatures whom it has called forth," and if many of them are called forth from the reality, the same psychological principle would imply that the philosophic historian was just such a personage as he has attempted to represent Shakespeare as being. Shakespeare in presenting a personage in his drama or upon the stage was simply describing his or her character; or rather by a sort of jugglery with his reader's or the spectator's imagination, was procuring the personage to exhibit the character to the reader or spectator—causing it to describe its character for itself. If psychology implies that in such description he has imparted his own characteristics to the characters so described, or as formulating such characters from his own characteristics, then on the same psychological principle, the philosophic historian, in his confused cartoon of Shakespeare, has simply exhibited the ramb-

ling extravagance of his own impetuous imagination. If such alleged psychological principle holds good, the poet who presents a thief as a personage in his play would steal; and the more vividly he represents the character of the thief, the more closely he should be watched. It thus appears to be much easier to assume the existence of an alleged principle of psychology, than to conform to it; and also that the rapid, rushing, roaring inundation of figure, metaphor, allusion, classification and generalization called the history of English Literature, in which we are promised the psychology of a people, and which assumes all the airs and dignity of a profoundly philosophic criticism, overthrows its own author's claims to reliability and authenticity as a philosopher, if we apply to it the very principles of psychology upon which he bases his own psychological deductions.

Following the chapter on Shakespeare, is one called the Christian Renaissance, which is very entertaining and instructive in a historical point of view; and as quarrelsome as I am, I find but little in it that I regard really objectionable. Of course its style is very figurative and florid, but it is not thereby blemished so badly as some others already examined. There are however a few propositions that seem to deserve attention on account of their fallacy as philosophic propositions. It is said that "For fourteen days Luther was in such a condition that he could neither drink, eat, nor sleep." Day and night "his eyes were fixed on a text of Saint Paul, he saw the Judge, and his inevitable hand. Such is the tragedy which is enacted in all Protestant souls,—the eternal tragedy of conscience; and its issue is a new religion." Philosophically considered, the strongest possible argument for irreligion and against all religion, is the *derivation* of new religions; and the force of the argument is intensified in the alleged fact that the new religion is the issue of such ecstasy as Luther must have been in to perform the wonderful feat with which he is so credited. While different religions may repress vice and promote virtue in various degrees, one cannot philosophically conceive more than one entirely true and reliable soul saving religion, unless there is more than one God to whose grace a ser-

vice in the religion is to bring its votary. After an apostasy, either of long or short duration, or before having ever had any religion whatever (if such a state were possible) a person or a people might be returned or brought to the true religion. But if a *new* religion issues from a frenzy it cannot be the true religion unless all others are false, or there be more than one God to serve by the religious life. Still the supposed new religion might be more potent than some others to curb actual wickedness. But that would not be the orthodox soul saving and soul damning religion intended in the passage being examined. To say that orthodox religions may vary according to the states and conditions of various peoples and the different stages of their civilizations, is begging the question. It implies a limit to the power of the Almighty to have adapted all His creatures to His one true religion, and exhibits Him as adapting Himself and His service to the various and uncertain caprices of His creatures.

Having descanted at great length upon the religious frenzy that had prompted fanatics to encounter or rather to court martyrdom, and buoyed their spirits while their bodies were burned by bigoted brutes, the philosophic historian says, "One detail is still needed to complete this manly religion—human reason." Without resorting to what might be regarded captious objections to such terminology as *manly religion*, it is clear that all religions of which we have any information have lacked this same detail, and that nothing which the human mind can conceive of as a religion can possibly have or partake of human reason. This is demonstrated in the argument in chapters one and two, which is strengthened in some measure in the argument in chapter seven, that the question of the mortality or immortality of the soul presents an insuperable antinomy. The immortality of the soul is essentially vital to all imaginable religion. In the last mentioned chapter it is demonstrated that the soul's mortality is conclusively shown in the reasoning of Lucretius; and that its immortality is conclusively shown in the reasoning of Socrates; that diametrically opposite sides of the same question are conclusively and unanswerably established by strictly legitimate reasoning from unquestionable and

sound hypotheses. If the soul is mortal there can be no divine sanction for anything which the mind can conceive of as a religion. If man's real interest in his conduct and its consequences ends with death, it cannot possibly enforce anything partaking of the nature of duty; the sanction can rise no higher than a mere economy. Religion to the human mind, means much more than this. It means eternal salvation and happiness to the individual, or eternal perdition and wretchedness. If the question which is essentially fundamental and vital to religion, can be solved and settled both ways, contrarily, by strictly legitimate reasoning from unquestionable hypotheses, then it is not a legitimate subject of human reasoning; and cannot in any sense, nor to any extent depend upon or partake of it. Human reason being foreign and utterly inadmissible to the question of the soul's mortality or immortality which is the essential basis of religion, it cannot be an essential detail, nor indeed any detail in the religion; so if the alleged manly religion had not lacked the alleged detail—human reason—it could not have been a religion.

In paying tribute to an ecclesiastic, Jeremy Taylor, and attributing to him some measure of importance in the alleged Christian renaissance, the philosophic historian says: "In the preacher, as well as in the poet, as well as in all the cavaliers and all the artists of the time, the imagination is so full, that it reaches the real even to its filth, and the ideal as far as heaven. How could true religious sentiment thus accommodate itself to such a frank and worldly gait? This, however, is what it has done; and more—the latter has generated the former." This passage deserves examination, because it is philosophically sound, or it is an idle figure of speech. In the former case it should be understood so as to be utilized to the augmentation of of the reader's knowledge, and perhaps, wisdom. In the latter case it should be understood, so that its meaning, or rather its unmeaning, may be rejected by the reader as so much senseless sound. To say that the imagination of the persons named is so full that it reaches the filth of the real, as well as the heaven of the ideal, seems like an effort to palliate, if not justify, the obscenity of thought and expression which constitutes such

filth. If there was no such obscenity, there could be no occasion for saying that such imagination reached such filth. The filth of the real was necessarily obscenity of thought and expression in dealing with the real, or, it had no literary significance whatever. The object seems to be to mitigate its offensiveness by attributing it to the exuberant imaginations of those who indulge in it. On the same principle we might mitigate murder on account of the extreme cruelty of the slayer; or theft, on account of the extreme cupidity of the thief; or sexual debauchery, on account of the inordinate lust of the *roue.* The copiousness of such imagination, not only seems to be the "frank and worldly gait" to which the "true religious sentiment" had accommodated itself, it is said to have generated the true religious sentiment. This is a correct analysis of the passage in question, if it has any literary significance. So analyzed and understood, and no other analysis or understanding seems to be admissible, the passage cannot be regarded very ornamental to the literary form, or elevating to the alleged philosophy, of the history. Religionists and apologists are not likely to be very grateful for the patronizing assurance that the "true religious sentiment" is generated by "a frank and worldly gait," consisting largely of the *filth* of the real, which, to have any literary significance must be obscenity of thought and expression in dealing with the real. If the true religious sentiment consists of an abiding faith in, and a controlling sense of duty to, the Almighty; believing Him to be an infinitely wise, great, and good Spirit; it is difficult, or rather psychologically impossible to conceive how it could be generated by any "frank and worldly gait;" much less by one consistfng of an imagination so full as to reach the filth of the real—the obscene in thought and expression. The passage then seems to be full of—nothing; and there is no escape from the necessity of rejecting it as so much senseless sound.

The last chapter in the second book, the Renaissance, is devoted to an examination of the poetry of John Milton. As I have already, in chapter three, considered the philosophy of his Paradise Lost, which, so far as literature is concerned, is nearly if not quite all there is of Milton, it might seem superfluous to

pause to consider what may be said of him by the philosophic historian of English Literature. The chapter opens, however, with a sort of exordium containing what appears to be intended as a sort of definition or description of the mind of its hero. But when it shall be read, no matter how thoughtfully or carefully, the reader will find that he knows less than before about the kind of mind or literary character about to be considered. His (Milton's), is said to be "a mighty and superb mind, prepared by logic and enthusiasm for eloquence and the epic style. * * * Vast knowledge, close logic and grand passions; these were his marks. His mind was lucid, his imagination limited. He was incapable of 'bating one jot of heart or hope,' or of being transformed. He conceived the loftiest of ideal beauties, but he conceived only one. He was not born for the drama, but for the ode. He does not create souls, but constructs arguments, and experiences emotions." The following observations may assume in some measure the appearance of a contention for a certain significance of words, but I think they will appear to be justified. Those who have examined the Paradise Lost will readily observe that all it lacks of being dramatic, is simply a colloquial stage arrangement, distinction and adjustment of the several parts purporting to belong to the several actors and characters appearing in it; and that it is nothing if not tragic. That the portions of it which might properly be called narration, as they appear in the poem, as well as those which appear to be intended as philosophy, are stated in a style sufficiently grand to be appropriately called epic; yet nearly all those parts, or their substance and purport, would be easily inferred from, or implied in, the dramatic recitation and acting by the several characters who appear, of their respective parts. Of course the whole would then constitute an argument based on a narration which it includes, yet, very few authors really intend to write anything in which there is neither narration nor argument. It will also be observed that in such argument both sides of a very momentous, indeed an insolvable and almost incomprehensible question, are argued. The question of divine justice, if it is a question, "passes human comprehension." But in Paradise Lost, as in all apologetics, the affir-

mative of the question is victoriously maintained, so far as the negative therein argued is concerned. It is victorious because the poet, not the philosopher, who wrote the poem, not the philosophy, intended that it should be so; and he has made his improvised characters representing the opposition, so present their cause, as that in comparison with the affirmative, the negative argument appears to be the weaker. I believe however that in chapter three I have shown that in point of philosophical argument, that for the affirmative is no less ignominious a failure. But as a poem, and without regard to philosophy, all candid judges must agree that it is superb. It is beyond compare, the greatest work of its author, and if the tree is known by its fruit, it conclusively shows that the philosophic historian was mistaken in saying that Milton "was not born for the drama, but for the ode." There are very few passages in the Paradise Lost but would be very ill-suited to the ode, and very few but are well suited to what is popularly styled heavy tragedy; that is, passages purporting to come from his improvised characters. And as above stated, nearly all else therein would be implied in a dramatic recitation and acting by such characters of their respective parts. To some this may seem like taking too much pains to show a mistake of a writer. But properly considered, the ethics of literature require it. The author of a philosophic history of literature owes it to his own fame as a philosopher, and much more to his readers' edification as students of literary history and its philosophy, if there is such philosophy, to be accurate in his statements concerning one of the most conspicuous characters in literature. And in this instance he has not been accurate.

I have found fault with the philosophic historian for excessive use, or rather abuse, of metaphor. It is amusing to notice his remarks on Milton's penchant for the same frailty. He quotes from the Reformation in England as follows, "What greater debasement can there be to royal dignity, whose towering and steadfast height rests upon the unmovable foundations of justice, and heroic virtue, than to chain it in a dependence of subsisting, or ruining, to the painted battlements and gaudy rottenness of prelatry, which want but one puff of the kings to

blow them down like a pasteboard house built of court-cards." This is Milton's, of which the philosophic historian says, "Metaphors thus sustained receive a singular breadth, pomp, and majesty. They are spread forth without clashing together, like the wide folds of a scarlet cloak, bathed in light and fringed with gold." Which of these passages is the more metaphorical? Which the more extravagant or excessive as metaphor? I am reminded of the two Jews, one of whom was trying to teach the other to say *things*. It seemed impossible for the immigrant to get it any better than *dings*. The old resident became impatient and stormed at him with an oath, "why can't you say *dings?* To criticise a writer's use of metaphor, and do it in metaphor which likens that being reviewed, to "the wide folds of a scarlet cloak, bathed in light and fringed with gold," may be quite the thing,—it provokes a smile. But see the rush and hear the roar of this torrent, flowing against the stream. Having quoted several passages from Milton's prayers, the philosophic historian says, "This song of supplication and joy is an outpouring of splendors, and if we search all literature, we will hardly find a poet equal to this writer of prose. Is he truly a prose writer? Entangled dialectics, a heavy and awkward mind, fanatical and ferocious rusticity, an epic grandeur of sustained and superabundant images, the blast and recklessness of implacable and all-powerful passions, the sublimity of religious and lyric exaltation; we do not recognize in these features a man born to explain, persuade, and prove. The scholasticism and coarseness of the time have blunted or rusted his logic. Imagination and enthusiasm carried him away and enchained him in metaphor." Milton's metaphor moves the philosophic historian's bile, and still, the greater part of the substance of his own philosophic history is metaphor; I may metaphorically add, maintained somewhat in the manner of a running fire. Just a few pages before he has Milton severely logical, and constantly constructing arguments; here he is not "born to explain, persuade and prove."

So far I have been concerned with the first and second books of the philosophic history of English Literature, The Source and The Renaissance. Doubtless I have omitted much

in both of them, to which attention could have been as profitably directed as to some of its matter which I have considered. The work is wordy, and the expression rapid. Its seven hundred and sixteen two column pages in minion, would make more than twelve hundred such pages in small pica. The philosophic historian descants upon the literary work of Sir William Temple, to which and to whom he attributes a potent influence upon the literature and thought of the alleged classic age. He quotes extensively from Temple's Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning, his classification of some of the remotely ancient sages and their works, and says, "Fine rhetoric truly; it is sad that a passage so aptly termed should cover so many stupidities. All this appeared very triumphant; and the universal applause with which this fine oratorical bombast was greeted demonstrates the taste and the culture, the hollowness and the politeness, of the elegant world of which Temple was the marvel, and which like Temple, loved only the varnish of truth." This is immediately followed by the fourth section of the chapter, beginning thus, "Such were the ornate and polished manners which gradually pierce through debauchery and assume the ascendant. Gradually the current grows clearer, and marks out its course, like a stream, which, forcibly entering a new bed, moves with difficulty at first through a heap of mud, then pushes forward its still murky waters which are purified little by little." Having ridiculed Milton's metaphor in metaphor which puts Milton's to shame, he now ridicules Temple's oratorical bombast in bombast in comparison with which Temple's is tame. His reflection on the literary taste which had greeted Temple with applause, is even more applicable to that which makes his own philosophic history a literary commodity, or even possibility. The alleged stupidities which he regrets that Temple's fine rhetoric covers, were in Temple's time generally accepted as historical truths. One of them was (his contending for) the authenticity of Aesop's Fables and The Letters of Phalaris; the former of which the philosophic historian calls a dull Byzantine compilation, and the latter a wretched sophistical forgery. Assertion is not argument.

I doubt that there is anything really more unphilosophical, in all the tenets of the philosophic history of English Literature than the proposition that the rot expressing the foibles and caprices of a few poetasters, were true indexes to the general tone of thought. Adverting to the rhymes of one Edmund Waller, and having quoted some verses in which the rhymester likens his Amoret to something good to eat and drink, the philosophic historian says, "The English background crops up here and elsewhere; for example the beautiful Sacharissa, having ceased to be beautiful, asked Waller if he would again write verses for her : 'Yes, madame,' he answered 'when you are once more as young and handsome as you were.'" And this alleged poet is said to have been "celebrated as one of the refiners of English poetry." If he refined it, it must have been decidedly coarse in its crude state. Specimens from his pen selected by the philosophic historian from the rhymester's effusions to the lady (?) he was courting and hoped to marry, may, on account of their being so selected and so effused, fairly be presumed to be among his best. That the reader may have some idea of the quality of the crude article, I here give the specimens of the refined English poetry, so selected by the philosophic historian.

"Amoret, as sweet as good,
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart."

The same substance otherwise labelled, seems to have had an exhilarating or an intoxicating effect on the brain.

"Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline,
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain."

Let the scholastic reader try to imagine the quality of the poetry of which this is a refinement. The intellectuality of the period could not be more scandalized than by establishing that such rot was its fair representative or exponent. Was it really English in Waller to give his goddess who tasted so good, the ungallant, not to say uncivil answer, that he would again write verses for her when she should again be young and handsome?

The philosophic historian says that there is one of the points at which "the English background crops up." This brutal answer, and one or two more instances of Waller's coarse wit, being the bulk of what history has preserved concerning him, would indicate that it was so unusual as to be noteworthy in history, and hence not very generally English, not an example of the English back-ground. What a wretched state of morals must have prevailed if the characters in the plays of Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Sheridan, really represented a common sentiment. On the same principle with which the philosophic historian considered Shakespeare's character, what licentious, libidinous, lying rakes these artists must have been, if they have impressed their own characteristics upon the mendacious libertines and strumpets they have improvised to perform the parts expressing the various sentiments pervading their plays. There are two objections to the validity of any such psychological deduction, or literary philosophy, either of which is fatal to it. First—No commonly prevailing sentiment, tone of thought, habit, or custom, would be made the prominent feature of drama, because it would not attract attention, nor entertain—to do which successfully, it must be novel, or at least out of the common run. While love and villainy may be indispensable, they never appear in any two plays alike, and those which entertain and succeed the best, are they in which there is most that is startling—at least unusual. Second—It is psychologically impossible for any one mind to have so many conflicting, yet predominating sentiments as to be able to construct so many different characters, representing so many different phases of virtue and vice, candor and dissimulation, courage and cowardice, and impart to them its own sentiments and characteristics, or mould them from introspection. The playwright and the dramatic genius are alike powerless to so variously express their own *real* sentiments, because they equally lack the variety. They have equal access to the common fund of fact and fancy, from which the real and improvised characters are called forth to perform the parts assigned them. And having seen or heard of or imagined them, and being advised of or supposing their peculiarities, they present them in

their vividness and intensity, according to their respective capacities to paint. It would be a strange doctrine in psychology that would require a poet to thirst for gore, in order that he might have, or because he did have, the capacity to vividly present some tragedy in which a cruel murder was the predominant feature; or that would imply that he was vilely lecherous because he had vividly presented a play in which the leading character was a professional libertine; or that would brand him with the stigma of a thief because he had propounded a plot in which all the parts converge to the robbery of an heiress or a miser or a bank. It would be a still stranger doctrine in psychology that would impute such sentiments, characteristics, and instincts of the people generally, because of the popularity among them of plays in which such transactions were predominant features. Yet such are the necessary results of the argument, or rather the assertion, of the philosophic historian. It is as groundless as the declaration of the alleged radical revolution in thought and expression of which he speaks in the opening of his philosophic history, as having wrought a complete change in history "in its subject matter, its system, its machinery, the appreciation of laws and causes."

The second chapter of the third book, The Classic Age, is a rambling, incongruous essay on Dryden, his writings, his place in and influence upon literature. In the essay he is now debased below the animal, and now exalted above all contemporary genius; now puerile and now puissant; now remorselessly vindictive and now magnanimously charitable; now a contemptible wheedler, panegyrist, and imitator, and now a proud spirited and candid connoisseur; now a mere rhymester writing machine poetry for pay or for presents, and now an inspired minstrel setting the most profound literary, political, philosophic, and ecclesiastical controversy to the grandest swells and sweetest strains of the music of poetry to adorn and ennoble the art. In short the chapter describes and exhibits him in all the intellectual, moral, literary, political, and philosophic colors conceivable, and leaves the reader to infer his real character from some extracts made from his writings and some anecdotes of his life. There is however one very good

feature of this chapter, and it may be said to characterize most of the chapters of this extraordinary but misnamed book. Its reader may behold an accurate, rapidly moving, really fascinating panorama of the lives and manners, and many interesting anecdotes in the lives, of those who have figured in English literature with sufficient prominence to provoke the remark of the philosophic historian; the greater part of which is omitted from most modern general histories. The gravest objection to it is its assumption of philosophic airs,—its undertaking to attribute unaccountable and general results to alleged specific causes, to reduce to a supposed system or science that which in the nature of things is no more subject to human measure, standard, or rule, than the temperature, the clouds or the winds. To be sternly philosophical, as the philosophic historian desires to be esteemed, he cannot admit the supernatural or divine inspiration of any literary production. If such productions are the results of specific causes, if they are colored and materially affected by the stage of civilization in which they are produced, if, as he says, they are the results of and are varied by epoch, race, and clime, some one ought to dispel the mystery that shrouds the origin of the philosophy of the book of Job, of Solomon's Proverbs, of Socrates' Dialogues, of Ovid's Metamorphoses. An example of the latter can not be objectionable here,—nor indeed anywhere.

"What fault was in the Ox, a creature mild
And harmless, docile, born with patient toil
To lighten half the labor of the fields?—
Ungrateful he, and little worth to reap
The crop he sowed, that, from the crooked share
Untraced, his ploughman slew, and to the axe
Condemned the neck that, wore beneath his yoke,
For many a spring his furrows traced, and home
With many a harvest dragged his autumn wain.
Nor is this all:—but Man must of his guilt
Make Heaven itself accomplice, and believe
The Gods with slaughter of their creatures pleased.
Lo; at the altar, fairest of his Kind,—
And by that very fairness marked for doom,—
The guiltless victim stands,—bedecked for death
With wreath and garland. Ignorant he hears

The muttering Priest,—feels ignorant his brows
White with the sprinkling of the salted meal
To his own labor owed,—and ignorant
Wonders, perchance, to see the lustral urn
Flash back the glimmer of the lifted Knife
Too soon to dim its brightness with his blood;
And Priests are found to teach, and men to deem
That in the entrails, from the tortured frame
Yet reeking torn, they read the hest of Heaven.

* * * * * *

All changes; nothing perishes."

Mere *manner* of expression may vary with change of epoch, race and clime, just as provincialisms may sometimes amount to difference in dialect. But thought, the bone and sinew of intellect, the substance and subject matter of literature, is not shown and cannot be shown to vary according to any fixed or ascertainable rule, from any specific physical cause. Nor can it be marked off in provinces or departments to be arbitrarily limited by circumstance, occasion, epoch, race, or clime.. If those who are acquainted with the facts of history (of literature or anything else) should intelligently and conscientiously narrate them, and keep to themselves their wordy wisdom concerning the innate causes of things, the co-operation of circumstances, the philosophy of history, the logic of events, the irony of fate, and all such things as are known, or rather unknown, by names which are in themselves sententious apothegms, they would render a more desirable and more valuable service than by making such history a mere vehicle in which to promulgate a fancied philosophy.

The third chapter of the third book, is a succession of fusilades of literary sky-rockets, and closes in likening the French and English war of 1793 to a collision and explosion of steam engines. Some vivid representations of memorable scenes in English politics and parliament are presented; and some interesting reminiscences of Junius, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke and Sheridan are recalled. The French and English alleged national spirits, or their alleged respective civilizations are contrasted, and their alleged collision is mysteriously attributed to some occult fatality, as distinguished from chance. Its relation to or

effect upon English literature is not apparent. The learning eloquence, sagacity, and political philosophy of the English statesmen, may have borne some kind of relation to, have affected, or been affected by the main subject of the philosophic history; but certainly not in such manner as to justify the metaphorical enigma in which the chapter closes. Of the alleged collision of the two alleged civilizations, the philosophic historian says, "It was not the collision of the two governments, but of the two civilizations and the two doctrines. The two vast machines, driven with all their momentum and velocity, met face to face, not by chance, but by fatality. A whole age of literature and philosophy had been necessary to amass the fuel which filled their sides, and laid down the rail which guided their course. In this thundering clash, amid these ebullitions of hissing and fiery vapor, in these red flames which licked the boilers, and whirled with a rumbling noise upwards to the heavens, an attentive spectator may still discover the nature and accumulation of the force which caused such an outburst, dislocated such iron plates, and strewed the ground with such ruins." In what can the attentive spectator discover the nature and accumulation of the force which caused such an outburst of metaphorical enigma? When a philosophic solution of a problem, literary, political, or historical, is offered with apparent complacency, as if it were authoritative, as though curiosity ought to be satisfied and inquiry ought to end with it, the solution ought to be philosophically sound and sufficient. Great writers are not supposed to occupy much time and space saying nothing, or in making grandiose and apparently learned declarations or bombastic speeches that mean nothing; and their readers have the right to expect that they will not do so. The above account of the alleged collision in the last decade of the eighteenth century, of the alleged two civilizations is neither philosophically sound, nor historically true. The French revolution, which really precipitated or caused the war with England of 1793, was simply the rebellion of plebeian despair against tyranny and starvation. The two nations had recently fought for each other's colonial possessions, were generally quarreling over them, and contending for national supremacy in the polit-

ical world. Difference in literature and in literary proclivity had no influence to precipitate "this thundering clash" so graphically attributed to it. The people of each nation then numbered many millions, amongst whom very few really knew or cared what the "thundering clash" was for or what had caused it. Such seems to be implied in the fact that within a few years thereafter, "Under the pretext of attacking England, a fleet of 400 ships and an army of 36,000 picked men were equipped, but their destination proved, however, to be Egypt, whither the directory sent Bonaparte." If the prevalence of a certain literary sentiment had engendered a civilization in France so antagonistic to that of the English, as that such a force could be so organized to fight the English, the prejudice so engendered was not very persistent. There is not much philosophy in the proposition that a difference in literary penchant could cause such a difference in civilizations, that the latter would by fatality be "driven with all their momentum and velocity," and meet face to face in a thundering clash, when such a force raised in one of the nations ostensibly to fight the other, could be sent intact to the subjugation of another distant nation, in no wise concerned in their quarrel.

The kings and councils of the two nations of the alleged antagonistic civilizations resolved to fight, or rather resolved that the scum of the populace of the respective nations should fight, —and of course they fought. More than five millions of the populace of one of them had recently risen against the oppression of their own government, demanding bread. It had required no whole age of literature and philosophy to amass the fuel (hunger) that filled their sides and fired them to a frantic resistance of systematic injustice. What possible effect could a difference in literary proclivity among the few who availed themselves of the benefits or bane of literature, have upon the tax-ridden and priest-ridden and starving millions whose revolt was the French Revolution?—who were ready to follow even their oppressors to war with England or Egyptian Mamelukes, or with any people, so it brought pay and provisions? Will any one pretend that a national spirit or sentiment inspired Bonaparte's fleet of 400 ships and 36,000 picked men to invade

Egypt, when they were organized ostensibly for another purpose?. The facts of the case are given in the roaring rhapsody of Carlyle, which he calls a history of the French Revolution. The general condition is well illustrated in some of his rural scences. At one place he says, "The Traveller, walking up hill, bridle in hand, overtakes a poor woman; the image, as such commonly are, of drudgery and scarcity; looking 60 years of age, though she is not yet 28. They have seven children, her poor drudge and she; a farm, with one cow, which helps to make the children soup; also one little horse, or garron. They have rents, and quit rents, Hens to pay to this Seigneur, Oatsacks to that; Kings' taxes, Statute-labor, Church-taxes, taxes enough—and think the times inexpressible. She has heard that some *where*, in some *manner*, some *thing* is to be done for the poor; "God send it soon, for the dues and taxes crush us down. * * * 'It was thought,' says Young, 'the people, from hunger would revolt,' and we see they have done it. Desperate Lackalls, long prowling aimless, now finding hope in desperation itself, everywhere form a nucleus. They ring the church bell by way of tocsin; and the parish turns out to the work. Ferocity, atrocity, hunger and revenge; such work as we can imagine. * * * For long years and generations it (the oppression) lasted, but the time came. Featherbrain, whom no reasoning and pleading could touch, the glare of the fire brand had to illuminate. Consider it, look at it? The widow is gathering nettles for her children's dinner; a perfumed Seigneur, delicately lounging in the Oeil de Boeuf, has an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle, and name it Rent and Law." What had literature, French or English, or any difference between the two literatures to do with precipitating the great revolt, or preparing the minds of the hungry hordes for it? Their minds were prepared for it by bare backs and empty stomachs. The whole age of literature and philosophy which the philosophic historian says "had been necessary to amass the fuel which filled their sides," those of the alleged two civilizations, was simply "long years and generations" of oppression and hunger which had been *un*-necessary, but which had brutalized the instincts of the French popu-

lace, had bared their bodies, emptied their stomachs, and "filled their sides" with spleen. And when they overthrew the tyranny, and went from oppression to extreme Republicanism, the English government (perhaps not quite so oppressive) not the English people, dreaded the influence of republicanism in such close proximity on her own plebeian masses, and refused to recognize the new Republic as the rightful government in France. This is what authentic history says was the cause of the "thundering clash" of the alleged two civilizations. Then it *was* the collision of the two governments, if France had a government when she declared war in 1793. Some examples cited by the philosophic historian himself will sustain this proposition, and are incompatible with the idea that the minds of a people may be so unified as to constitute a national mind or sentiment. Yet such effect must be attained before the literature of a nation can be influential to plunge a *people* willingly and wittingly into a war. Unless they willingly and understandingly enter into it, the fact that their masters bring it on, as the examples cited by the philosophic historian show was the case here, it was not the war of one civilization against another, nor a collision of two doctrines; it was the war of a few aristocrats in authority against the possible influence and effect on their own subjects, of republicanism or popular government in their immediate vicinity, not positively declared by them, but rendered necessary by their denial of the right of the majority in the neighboring country however great, to throw off the yoke of servitude and establish for themselves a more popular and freer government. It matters not that the blood was spilled by the masses—they knew and cared as little about the political reasons why it was spilled, as they knew and cared about the physiological reasons for its circulation. The same examples so cited show that the literature of a people is too various to be a national literature, that it is not so unified as to express a national mind or sentiment. The speeches of the leaders in the English Parliament, the Reflections on the Revolution in France arguing the alleged cause of property against brute force, and the alleged right of an aristocratic landed minority to tyrannize over an overwhelming and ter-

ribly unlanded majority, and also that sanctimonious England could not, or should not, treat with unholy France as pretexts for hostilities, must have been uttered in answer to, and as refutations of, opposite argument and expressions of more republican sentiment. It is not likely that their fiery eloquence and vehemence was unprovoked, or that the expressions of republican and hence popular sentiment which provoked them was considered very insignificant. Great men seldom speak and write in such strains against no opposition. The expression of opposite sentiment was as properly an ingredient in the literature of the people and nation as theirs could be. In the inscrutable economy of nature, and in the unintelligible caprice of fortune, and in the mad whirl of the vortex of national and international politics, the right does not always get to the top. Nothing could be more visionary or more illogical in point of abstract justice than some of these expressions of alleged English sentiment. The philosophic historian *represents* one of the oracles as saying, "We deny that a majority has a right to make a constitution; unanimity must first have conferred this right on the majority. We deny that brute force is a legitimate authority, and that a populace is a nation." He *quotes* him as saying, "A government of five hundred country attorneys and obscure curates is not good for twenty-four millions of men, though it were chosen by eight and forty millions. As to the share of power, authority, direction, which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society." If the right to make a constitution exists, it must of necessity dwell somewhere. If it does not dwell with the majority, they cannot confer it upon the minority. If the minority makes the constitution, it must assume the right to do so regardless of the will of the majority, and on the same principle, the smaller the minority, the greater their right to make the constitution. Logically traced out, the right will be found to reside in one man, and from there it will be traced out of existence. If unanimity was psychologically supposable it would imply that all were actually equal, than which no supposition could be more absurd. If all men are

created free and equal, or, if "not equal all, yet equally free," who shall determine where the right resides? If all are not free and equal, nor equally free, who shall designate the superior and free? Can that be supposed to be done with unanimity? If not, then unanimity will never place the right either with the majority or minority. The right resides in the whole people, to be exercised by a majority, or it does not exist and cannot be be exercised at all. If a minority monopolizes the freedom and exercises the right, must it not do so by means of the very *brute force* so deprecated? Or worse, must it not circumvent the majority? Speaking of the English as a people, such doctrines never were English, and the war of 1793 was not a collision between an English and a French doctrine. The political oracle is as visionary as illogical, and the philosophic historian not to be outdone by him, attempts to palm off the political chimera as an English sentiment, and give it the importance of a potent factor in causing an unprecedented national upheaval and a disastrous collision of the two foremost nations in modern Christian civilization.

The fourth chapter of this third book begins as follows: "'The great and only end of these speculations,' says Addison, 'is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain.' And he kept his word. His papers are wholly moral —advices to families, reprimands to thoughtless women, a sketch of an honest man, remedies for the passions, reflections on God and a future life. I hardly know, or rather I know very well what success a newspaper full of sermons would have in France. In England it was extraordinary, equal to that of the most popular modern novelists. In the general downfall of the daily and weekly newspapers, ruined by the Stamp Act, the *Spectator* doubled its price and held its ground.'" At the foot of the page where this appears, the translator says: "The sale of the *Spectator* was considerably diminished through its forced increase of price, and it was discontinued in 1713, the year after the Stamp Act was passed." Either of these writers might well have known the fact. If the circulation and popularity of the *Spectator* was a literary fact of such consequence as to deserve a place in a philosophic history of literature, it certainly

ought to be accurately stated. As the philosophic history was written in 1864, and translated in 1872, neither of these writers is excusable for misstatement of such fact. It was written as an illustration and evidence of the alleged sombreness of the most generally prevailing sentiment in England. But if the fact itself were otherwise than as written, the literary philosophy based upon it cannot be very sound. The alleged phenomenal popularity of the periodical is learnedly attributed to the alleged fact that "it offered to Englishmen the picture of English reason: the talent and teaching were in harmony with the needs of the age and country." If this were true, then the government which suppressed it was not in "harmony with the needs of the age and country." And as the Stamp Act could only become a law with the consent of the Commons elected to Parliament by popular, almost universal suffrage, it must have been in accord with the most generally prevailing sentiment in England, or at least with the approval of those professing to voice that sentiment, that the Stamp Act became a political fact, and the death of the *Spectator* unlamented, became a literary fact. If it were known to offer to Englishmen the picture of English reason, if its talent and teaching were known to be in harmony with the needs of the age and country, and if this were known by the representatives in Parliament of the great masses of Englishmen, they were outrageously false to the trust reposed in in them. History does not inform us of any indignation at the measure outside of Grubb street. The inference is that the *Spectator* had not offered to Englishmen a true picture of a very general English reason. And in point of fact, or reason, some examples of its reasoning given by the philosophic historian, would justify its suppression; if for no other reason, because of their unreasonableness. For instance,—"He consoles a woman who has lost her sweetheart, by showing her the misfortunes of so many other people who are suffering the greatest evils at the same time. * * * He rests virtue on interest rightly understood." But in these the philosophic historian says that Addison "falls short of philosophic life." And indeed he does. It would be difficult to conceive a more despicable spirit than one that so enjoys the wretchedness of others as to forget its own in

contemplation of theirs. It is difficult to conceive how the wretchedness of others could otherwise heal one's own. It is difficult to conceive a more despicable selfishness than that of one who would be virtuous for interest, either rightly or wrongly understood. Such alleged virtue is a contradiction. If virtue is not its own reward it is because it is incompatible with the idea of reward. The really virtuous are such solely for the abstract good of virtue. The moment interest is consulted and the idea and hope of reward are entertained, selfish motives prevail, calculation begins; and if interest as understood could otherwise be promoted, virtue might go—a good riddance. It is not a very ennobling conception of the soul, to fancy it figuring on the probabilities of conduct with a view to its own interest of any kind. The proposition is analagous to the threadbare contradictory proverb *that honesty is the best policy*. Whoever would be honest from policy, would be dishonest were it better policy. Policy is poisonous to honesty; interest is no less poisonous to virtue. It is no answer to say that genuine ultimate interest could not be better promoted than by being virtuous. This would be mere assertion. No human being has yet ascertained just what is his genuine ultimate interest. Among those of generally recognized ability there is great difference of opinion as to what it is. But there are certain inflexible rules of thought, according to which it is impossible to imagine that one would be virtuous because he believes it to be to his interest; without also imagining that he would be vicious if he believed *it* would be to his interest. So the proposition that one could not better promote his genuine ultimate interest than by being virtuous, besides being mere assertion, involves a psychological impossibility.

In the fourth section of this chapter the philosophic historian, disagreeing with Addison's theology, says, "We ought not to try and overdefine God; religion is rather a matter of feeling than of science; we compromise it by exacting too rigorous demonstrations, and too precise dogmas." I do not remember having seen a sounder philosophical proposition than this. If there is a legitimate basis for the science of psychology, if the science is not a mere travesty upon *bona fide* reasoning,

religion certainly is rather a matter of feeling than of science, and the proposition expresses "more true religion than all the dogmatic theology ever written." Certainly no one would maintain that a religion could be a religion devoid of candor and humility. No one could maintain that a science could be a science devoid of knowlege; or that it could legitimately rest to any extent on faith. It must rest on demonstration, and none of its tenets or propositions not so sustained ought to be tolerated. Even psychology which is the most recondite of all sciences, must be based on demonstration to entitle its tenets to credit. As to any one subject, forming a distinct subject matter of any science, there can be but one true science. Hence if religion, or to be more accommodating, if theology is a science, or a subject matter of a science, there can be but one true religion or theology; and its principles and their operation must be uniform in all climes and in all minds. The principles of all sciences which are really known to be sciences, are the same the world over, or at least so far over the world as they are known. They operate at the equator as at the arctic circle. Gravitation, heat, light, and thought, vary in operation only as they are variously affected in place. Unless the superiority of one scientific doctrine over others is demonstrable on principles universally known to be sound, or irrefragable in themselves, it is more dogmatic than philosophic to claim for it a superiority, to say nothing of an exclusive validity or genuineness. Difference in religious opinion and doctrine, however minute, is still difference, and necessarily implies conflict. Wherever it prevails it necessarily implies the invalidity of one or the other of the doctrines. Scientifically, if any one doctrine is true, all conflicting doctrines are untrue. These differences not only prevail among all religions; they characterize all subdivisions of ecclesiastical society in each religion. There are no data physical or psychical on which any incontestable and universal principle can be established that could be trusted as a test of the validity of any religion, or of any one of the variant doctrines of any religion. Properly speaking, there can be no science in which there are not principles, according to which every question that can legitimately arise therein can be satisfactorily set-

tled. Psychologically and philosophically there can be no evasion of these propositions. Candor requires the concession of their force. Humility forbids the egotistical attempt on one's mere *ipsi dixit* to erect an alleged religious system incompatible at any point with their operation. To do so the religion would be a mere evasion, based on a palpable subterfuge. It takes all the dignity and sanctity out of religion to require it to account for itself on philosophic or scientific principles which are within the comprehension of a mere human being. It is purely a matter of faith, blind and unquestioning, and the philosophic historian has truly said "it is the heart which sees heaven."

In the account of Dean Swift he is represented as the saddest, the maddest, the most acrimonious and malignant egotist of all writers, and still, as being a great moral teacher, indeed a supremely practical philosopher. His arrogance, his incisive irony, and his coarse brutality are represented as being so extravagant as to attract by means of their very absurdity. The account is interesting, but the Dean's peculiarities are exaggerated. and an inexcusable blunder is made in characterizing them as typically English. The truth is Swift's writings imply that he was a literary monstrosity, a remarkably gifted lunatic, whose frenzy seems to have been aggravated if not caused by the fact that he was not esteemed so highly by those whose favor he once aspired to as he thought he deserved to be. He was more bitterly sarcastic than Carlyle, because he was endowed with greater genius, and was by nature more vindictive. They were each very cordial haters, Swift being the more intense of the two, and having what he seemed to regard as great grievances to resent. His influence with the masses, as exhibited in his opposition to an issue of copper coinage, is very illogical, except on the hypothesis that the masses were very willing to be influenced against the measure, or were unable to distinguish the rabid declamation from argument. His writings are entitled to no more consideration in an estimate, or philosophic history of English literature, than the buffoonery and blasphemy of the stews, or the ravings of the rioters or of the madhouse. There is nothing essentially English in or about

them. They are scholarly, and it must be admitted, pertinent expressions of irony, scorn, rancor, in which the more malignant the hatred, the more genteel and polished the style.

It is strange that a philosophic historian of the literature of a nation would, through five hundred pages of his philosophic history, his literary classification, generalization and metaphor, insist that there was such an entity as a national English mind, indigenous to the Island and its climate, and that it was essentially sombre and addicted to Puritanism or some gloomy form of religion, and then in considering the nauseous rant of Matthew Prior, and assigning it and him their place in the alleged national literature and system of thought, declare that "the whole armory of the skeptic was built and furnished in England when the French took to it. Voltaire has only selected and sharpened the arrows." The English generally claim the distinction of being the pioneers in an alleged modern civilization. The philosophic historian seems disposed to load them with the doubtful honor of being the pioneers in an alleged skepticism. He seems to be also disposed to give Voltaire a distinction in that behalf which he never courted. His life work was a prolonged and in some measure successful protest against superstition, but he was as far from skepticism as the most fanatical Puritan that ever affected the nasal twang. He was never more irreverent in his treatment of sacred subjects than the lionized and canonized leader of the reformation, who is quoted by the philosophic historian as having said,—"When Jesus Christ was born, he doubtless cried and wept like other children, and his mother tended him as other mothers tend their children. As he grew up he was submissive to his parents, and waited on them, and carried his *supposed* father's dinner to him; and when he came back, Mary no doubt often said, 'My dear little Jesus, where hast thou been?' "

Speaking of what he seems to regard a violent revolution in thought, and attributing its possibility to the fact that there were certain people inhabiting a certain part of the continent of Europe who were called Germans, and that they used a certain language called the German, the philosophic historian says, "These simple folk who smoked and warmed themselves by a

stove, and seemed fit only to produce learned editions, became suddenly the promoters and leaders of human thought. No race has such a comprehensive mind; none is so well adapted for lofty speculation. We see it in their language, so abstract, that away from the Rhine it seems an unintelligible jargon. And yet thanks to this language, they attained to superior ideas." Is it not a little remarkable that a philosopher would hold that one language could have a peculiar efficacy in enabling its users to attain to superior ideas? Do the Germans think with the tongue and pen? Was any idea ever conceived by a German that could not be expressed in English or French? The philosophic historian says there is no exact equivalent in the French language for the English word humor. Yet he gives us some humorous instances of the humor of Frenchmen. One example will suffice, taken from Chapter I, of Book III. "The Count de Grammont has too much wit to love an orgie. * * * One day, being penniless, he fleeces the Count de Cameran at play. Could Grammont, after the figure he once cut, pack off like any common fellow? By no means; he is a man of feeling; he will maintain the honor of France. He covers his cheating at play with a joke; in reality his notions of property are not over clear. He regales Cameran with Cameran's own money; * * * ." I recall another example, as pithy and pungent and at the same time as decorous as anything so nearly sarcastic could be, a kind of grim humor. "Rousseau, in the pride of a poet's heart at meeting an appreciative listener, read to him a poem he had just finished, an 'Ode to Posterity.' Voltaire expressed a doubt 'whether it would reach its address.'" If there were many words in the German language for which there is no exact equivalent in the English, the fact would not enable the Germans to attain to ideas superior to those attainable by the English. It might enable them to express their ideas more elegantly, but I notice different English translators of the writings of the same German author give substantially the same interpretations of the same passages in terms widely different. It cannot be a very sound philosophic proposition that "these simple folk who smoked and warmed themselves by a stove," should *suddenly* become

the promoters and leaders of human thought on account of any supposed psychological magic of their language. Unless the language itself was suddenly formed, or had suddenly acquired its peculiar property, neither of which appears to have been the case, the philosophic historian should have explained why "these simple folk" had not always been the promoters and leaders of human thought,—at least why they had not been such while they had such language, or while it had such peculiar property. The use of the word *suddenly* in this learned proposition renders some such explanation essential to its philosophy. If the Germans have suddenly become the promoters and leaders of human thought, to attribute such effect, or their attainment to superior ideas, to any peculiarity or property of their language is sheer nonsense.

As before indicated, change seems to be the *ignis fatuus* of the philosophic historian. It seems to float like a spectre constantly before his mental vision. At one place he says, "Every two centuries, amongst men, the proportion of images and ideas, the mainspring of passions, the degree of reflection, the species of inclinations, change." What could be more interesting than to know the cause of this, especially the cause of such periodicity? Has he not promised that in the history of a literature he would seek for the psychology of a people? Would not the psychology of a *people* if there were such thing and it were successfully sought for and known, reveal such cause? Has the philosophic historian been successful in his promised search for such psychology? If so, why has he not given us the cause of this alleged change in the proportion of images and ideas, the mainspring of passions, the degree of reflection, and species of inclination?—and above all, the cause of its periodicity? So far as actual change is concerned, I have before shown that the most stable existence with which we are acquainted, is change. And that no changes so sudden or pronounced as to be properly called periodical, occur, either in history, literature, or thought, taken as an entirety. Even the tortuous course of the philosophic history itself exhibits no abrupt changes. True, there are in it certain arbitrary divisions, purporting to treat severally of certain alleged periods,

during which certain, or rather uncertain, alleged kinds of literature and thought are said to have prevailed. But if these arbitrary divisions were not distinctly separated from each other, numbered and labeled, very few readers would observe the change. They might observe the progress of the general history from The Source to its Modern Authors, and that such progress is not interrupted by its numberless incongruities, nor by its frequent direct contradictions. But they would never suspect that at any of the points of its present demarcation its author had actually finished or quitted the consideration of one subject, or one distinct part of the general subject, and taken up another. The numbers and labels indicate breathing spells, between which the section numbers indicate brief respites. Having said that there was, during Walter Scott's time, an English national sentiment, demanding that the *Novel* should contribute to the "amelioration of man and society," to the "glorification of virtue, and the chastizement of vice," and that it should be an "instrument of inquiry, education and morality;" he says, "Side by side with this development there was another, and with history philosophy entered into literature, in order to widen and modify it. It was manifest throughout, on the threshold as in the center. On the threshold it had planted æsthetics: every poet, becoming theoretic defined before producing the beautiful, laid down principles in his preface, and originated only after a preconceived system. But the ascendency of metaphysics was much more visible yet in the middle of the work than on its threshold; for not only did it prescribe the form of poetry, but it furnished it with its elements." But long before this, perhaps so long that he had forgotten it, he had Bacon and Milton and numerous others propounding philosophy and history in the literatures which he says were the essential products of the moral conditions (at such times) of the race, epoch, and circumstance. No moral condition at any time has legitimately required any *kind* of literature. Nothing legitimately entitled to a place in literature was ever produced solely to meet any such supposed requirement, or moulded to suit it. The legitimate substance of literature at all times, under all circumstances and moral conditions, whether in history, theology,

science, or poetry, must be candid expression of intelligent and intelligible thought. Thought may be in accord with the requirements of a moral condition, but if it should not happen to be so, the moment it attempts to adjust itself to it, it stultifies itself, it is no longer thought, but affectation and pretense.

Doubtless there are very few writers who have read more extensively than the philosophic historian. But his history plainly indicates that his reading was of much greater width than depth. He has given some fairly correct estimates of the literary worth of the works of some writers, and many interesting anecdotes of them and of other historic celebrities. Had he contented himself with this, his history would have possessed an intrinsic worth and interest properly entitling it to a place in every library in civilization. But such worth as it might thus have had, is dwarfed or obscured or depreciated by the burial of fact beneath great dunes of classification, generalization, and metaphor, which seem to be intended for philosophy.

There are very few pages in the philosophic history on which there is not an attempt to account for some freak, having, or being credited with having some significance in literature, as a psychological necessity of the epoch, race, and circumstances. The souls of the great and strongly impassioned writers are mercilessly anatomized; and they are made to suffer from excess of the same passions, are actuated by the same impulses, and guided by the same instincts which they have attributed to the prominent characters they depict in their own works. The attempt to account for and define human genius is not only hopelessly futile ; it is audacious. The attempt to trace the so-called Norman literary *Sap* through all the infinite and infinitely obscure and complicated ramifications, changes, and modifications of the stock, to all the infinitely varied results in which it is said to have culminated in nearly a thousand years, is not only hopelessly futile, it is absurd. A thousand such attempts in the same inflated style of classification generalization, and metaphor in one volume, become tedious. To say that Shakespere was himself the Hamlet he has so vividly painted, might be sufficiently safe, if nothing was known of his character and he had not painted other characters very dif-

ferent from Hamlet in colors fully as strong. If he was the Hamlet, why was he not also the Wolsey, the Macbeth, the Othello, the Falstaff, the Shylock, the Timon, and, forsooth, the two Dromios? If Byron was the Corsair he was so vividly painted, why was he not also the Harold, the Manfred, the Cain, and the Faliero? If it was a specific moral condition of race, epoch, and circumstance that called forth the Jolly Beggars, the Address to the Deil, and Holy Willie's Prayer, was it the same moral condition that called forth the Cotter's Saturday Night?

There can be no such thing as a philosophy without fixed principles. Men may change with the varying whirl of time, circumstance, and occasion; but principles never change. If there is a philosophy of literature, it must be based on principles in themselves immutable. On such principle it cannot be philosophically maintained that any specific moral condition of race, epoch, and circumstance calls forth from one and the same mind two forms of poetic sentiment and expression so opposite to each other as those of The Jolly Beggars and The Cotter's Saturday Night. If one of these was a legitimate literary result of a moral condition of race, epoch, and circumstance, the other was not, because in sentiment they are directly opposed to each other. A philosophy of literature which furnishes no key to the solution of the problem as to which of them was the legitimate result of the alleged moral condition, ought not to affect the airs of a philosophy. If they are both legitimate ingredients of the literature of one and the same period, then no such alleged moral condition ever in any manner affected the form and sentiment of any literature of any period. Philosophic principles could not be so capricious and remain principles.

Making an illustration in the argument of a psychological proposition, Herbert Spencer has said, "Print upon paper having been so widely instrumental in diffusing information, and the knowledge of all the highly cultivated having been mainly acquired through print upon paper, there has been established such an intimate association between truth and print upon paper, that much of the reverence given to the one gathers round the other." The illustration is capable of another application. It implies the too prevalent servitude of the

human mind to a slovenly habit of blindly accepting whatever is printed upon paper for whatever it purports or professes to be. If that habit were eradicated or overcome, if readers would think as energetically as they read, there would be but little use in the world for a great deal of the learned nonsense that is now imposed upon it, and which passes current, without being understood, as the quintessence of wisdom.

In point of literary integrity, according to the only supposably legitimate ethics of literature, it is equally as reprehensible to assume philosophical authority and attribute general results arbitrarily to specific causes, which philosophy unmistakably shows are not responsible for them, as it is to assume historical authority and wilfully or recklessly misstate facts. It is but one remove from either of these blemishes on literary integrity, to collate a great magazine of important literary and historical facts, and arbitrarily classify them in heterogeneous groups, and generalize on them in metaphorical terms of high-sounding philosophy which may mean anything or nothing, or any one thing as well as any other. The obligations of literary integrity and even common veracity are violated in the one case as much as the other, and we have seen that in each of these respects the author of the philosophic history of English Literature is a reckless offender.

CHAPTER XIII.

MYSTIFIED METAPHYSICS.

Genius Drawing Upon Mystery—Question, Existence and Justice of Almighty Division of Knowledge, *a Priori* and *a Posteriori*—Purpose of Knowledge *a Priori* Impossible—Copernicus, Kant's Parallel—Proving Actuality of Objects Assumed by Reference to Faculty of Assumption—All Knowledge Necessarily Empirical—Analysis of Fourteen of Kant's Postulates—Analysis of Eight More of his Postulates—Space and Time not mere Forms of Intuition, but Objects of Thought– Representations of Space Must be Obtained From Relations of External Phenomena—Primitive Cognition Wholly Impossible—Consciousness Must be Evoked—No Knowledge Without Consciousness—All Knowledge Derived—Time is of Objective Validity without Regard to Phenomena Other than Itself—Things are, Regardless of Our Cognitions of Them—Outward Objects are More than Mere Representations—Appearances must be of Things Appearing—Substance must have Form and Form must be of Substance—Abstraction of our Subjective Nature Abolishes Thought, even the Thought Necessary to the Abstraction —Things Known Only by their Relations—Thing as a Thing in Itself, Unthinkable—Relations of Things the Bulk of Knowledge—Philosophy Degenerates into Apologetics.

I know of no worthier ambition than that of Genius, apparently conscious of its powers, in its efforts to lay the domain of mystery under contribution to the general intellectual advantage of the race. It is simply responsive to a universal yearning to attempt to explore the unknown and unknowable realms of the unsubstantial for truths with which to augment the common fund of intellectual acquisition. Those whose exploits therein have attracted most attention, and whose contributions have done most to elevate the tone of and ennoble human thought, have generally looked back over their achievements with a doubtful satisfaction and a vague suspicion as to their real worth. Being themselves sometimes puzzled as to the actual purport of their speculations, it is little surprising that their reading clientage disagree among themselves as to the philosophic force of their philosophies, and even hesitate to accord them moderate literary merit.

Genius sometimes so far overreaches itself in its inroads into the domain of profound guess-work, that it might have been

better satisfied with the results, if during their attainment it had proceeded as though it were conscious of its weakness. The objective point in most speculative philosophy is the settlement, scientifically, of problems which in the nature of the human mind never can be settled to its satisfaction.

The existence of God, and if he exists, his justice, as well as the immortality of the soul, are either self-evident final facts, back of which there is no proof, and of which none can be either required or admissible,—or they are hopelessly insolvable and perpetually perplexing problems. The experience of all past time very forcibly implies that they are the latter. With such problems human reason can have no more business than it could have in attempting to account for the origin of the ultimate atoms of substance, or the infinitude of space.

One of the most unsightly blemishes on learned philosophic speculation, is the recklessness of the assumptions on which it proceeds.

In order to dignify and enthrone Reason in unrivalled intellectual supremacy, and enable it, or make it appear able, to solve the most difficult and most persistent questions with which the mind was ever harrassed, knowledge has been arbitrarily divided into knowledge *a priori* and knowledge *a posteriori*. The former is said to pertain exclusively to pure reason, that is, reason devoid of everything empirical; the latter to be acquired by experience. To justify this division the greatest modern metaphysician has assumed that objects must conform to our sensuous intuition of them, that is, that they must be as we cognize them, (a proposition in itself illogical)—and that otherwise we can have no *a priori* knowledge of them.

No doubt it is true that if our cognition of objects must conform to them, our knowledge of them must be knowledge *a posteriori*, that is, empirical, because as he says the objects or their representations can only reach us through the senses. But if the representation of an object to the sensuous faculty produces or is an image of the object, it would seem more logical to say that the mental image (cognition) of the object conforms to that which produces it, than to say that the object must conform to the image which it produces. Logically the

shadow can not be more substantial than the substance, and it ought not to assume to create or mould the substance by which it is cast. Objects differently cognized by different minds might become very much confused in contour and even in construction, when beheld by many minds.

The department called knowledge *a priori* seems then to have been made solely for the employment of the supposititious faculty called pure reason. If it was not established therefor by the philosopher, he has zealously labored to amplify its range in order to worthily employ his favorite among the mental faculties. He says, "It has hitherto been assumed that our cognition must conform to the objects; but all attempts to ascertain anything about these objects *a priori*, by means of conceptions, and thus extend the range of our knowledge, have been rendered abortive by this assumption. Let us then make the experiment whether we may not be more successful in metaphysics, if we assume that objects must conform to our cognition. This appears at all events, to accord better with the possibility of our gaining the end we have in view, that is to say, of arriving at the cognition of objects *a priori*, of determining something with respect to these objects before they are given to us. We here propose to do just what Copernicus did in attempting to explain the celestial movements. When he found he could make no progress by assuming that all heavenly bodies revolved round the spectator, he reversed the process, and tried the experiment of assuming that the spectator revolved, while the stars remained at rest. We may make the same experiment with regard to intuition of objects. If the intuition must conform to the nature of the objects, I do not see how we can know anything of them *a priori*. If, on the other hand, the object conforms to the nature of our faculty of intuition, I can then easily conceive the possibility of such *a priori* knowledge."

Knowledge *a priori* then is a possibility only on condition that objects conform to the nature of our faculty of intuition. If our cognitions must necessarily conform to the objects there can be no *a priori* knowledge. This is the position. On the authority of some others of the philosopher's postulates in which

he is equally as positive, and which will be considered, one illustration will suffice to demonstrate either that the position is untenable, or that there is no such thing as knowledge *a priori*. There is no knowledge of anything *a posteriori* until an object is given, that is represented to the sensuous faculty. God is not so given or represented. If there is any knowledge of Him whatever, it must then be knowledge *a priori*. If, in all knowledge *a priori*, the object must conform to the cognition or intuition, then God is purely a creature of the multitudinous imagination, degraded to the uneven level of a capricious human conception, and constructed on as many plans and according to as many patterns as there are different types of sensuous faculty or imagination. Any alleged cognition, the validity of which cannot be demonstrated by some means available to the sensuous faculty, cannot be more than mere imagination. The necessary result is, that the object (God) is first assumed to be. Then by an intricate and involved process of reasoning, the assumption is *assumed* to be verified, or at least corroborated. So far in the process nothing is represented to the sensuous faculty, and until something is represented, until the object is given, the alleged cognition, the *a priori* intuition, is necessarily mere imagination. The process cannot rise to the dignity of an experience. The word experience implies a process leading to demonstration, with a possibility of certainty as its results.

The alleged parallel with Copernicus' experiment or assumption is invalid. He was dealing with matter and motion, physical phenomena, objects which could be presented to the sensuous faculty, and he knew them to be within the range of experience (physical and mental observation) and that by such means the validity of his assumption could be tested. The *a priorist* on the other hand deals with that which he knows cannot be brought within the range of experience or sensuous demonstration, with that the very existence of which he has first assumed, knowing that the validity of his assumption cannot be tested by anything more trustworthy than the assumption itself. He who assumes God to *be*, deals with spiritual phenomena (?) knowing it to be beyond the range of possible experience, observation, or sensuous demonstration; and that

the validity of his assumption cannot possibly be tested by any means more reliable than the assumption itself, and that any attempt to sustain it by reasoning is only an appeal to the relative acumen of disputants. I have already shown (Chap. 7) that in the philosophies of Socrates and Lucretius, both the affirmative and negative of the question of the immortality of the soul are conclusively established by strictly legitimate and unanswerable argument, from unquestionable data.

The proposition to arrive "at the cognition of objects *a priori*," to determine "something with respect to these objects before they are given to us," implies great confidence in the human mind. According to the philosopher's division of knowledge, if the object is given, knowledge of it is empirical, it is knowledge *a posteriori*. It would seem that if the object is assumed to *be*, whatever knowledge there may be of it is, or might as well be, assumed at the same time, and it might pass for the *a priori* knowledge. The objects of all *a priori* knowledge must be assumed to *be*, and the validity of the assumption, or even its probability, the question of the actuality of the object, cannot be tested or determined by anything within the range of possible experience or sensuous demonstration, because the object would thereby be presented to the sensuous faculty, and the knowledge of it would then be empirical—*a posteriori* knowledge.

From this it would appear that the philosopher deals entirely with myth and shadow, leaving fact and substance out of the account. To obviate this he proposes to prove the actuality of the objects the existence of which is so assumed, and the validity of the *a priori* cognitions or intuitions of them, by reference to the very faculty which has itself done all this assuming, And if it can restate its alleged intuitions or cognitions substantially, but in other terms, or if it can conceive something further in relation to the same objects without contradicting the first assumptions, then the philosopher has *a priori* knowledge. He first assumes that the objects must conform to our cognitions:—that as phenomena they must be as we cognize them, and that we cannot know them as they are, that otherwise they have no actuality or reality for us;

that in themselves they are nothing, so far as we are concerned. Then assuming the *being* of an object, if he can conceive it to be clothed with such attributes as reason *would suggest*, and which must be such as experience shows that analogous objects possess when presented to the sensuous faculty, he has *a priori* knowledge. But its inferiority to empirical knowledge is inadvertently conceded in gauging the validity or propriety of the attributes which reason *would suggest*, by the standard of experience in case of analogous objects presented to the sensuous faculty. Reason cannot be much superior to experience if its *a priori* knowledge must be verified by the demonstrations of experience, or by comparison with them.

The philosopher declares that "necessity and strict universality are infallible tests for distinguishing pure from empirical knowledge," and, that "pure knowledge *a priori* is that in which no empirical element is mixed up." But a difficulty appears. I do not see how one can know the necessity and strict universality of a judgment except by some kind of experience, observation, or sensuous cognition. If these infallible tests are themselves derived from experience, as they must be if they are known, then there must be some empirical element mixed up with the alleged *a priori* knowledge to which they pertain, and which they are said to distinguish from knowledge *a posteriori*. Even the apodeitic certainty, the necessity and strict universality of mathematical demonstration itself is known only empirically.

If objects must conform to our cognition of them, our cognition, or rather our imagination, is the real creator of all material objects. The quantity of matter cannot be imagined to have ever been either increased or decreased. The creation of an object therefrom is simply arranging a portion of it in a certain form. So the cognitive faculty or imagination is an active partner with the Almighty in the creation of objects, the Almighty furnishing the material, and the imagination, probably the more artistic artist of the firm, working it up into objects. It would not mend matters to say "there are objects which reason *thinks*, and that necessarily, but which cannot be given in experience, or, at least, cannot be given *so* as reason thinks them."

If objects which reason necessarily thinks cannot be represented to the sensuous faculty *so* as reason thinks them, it would seem to be a metaphysical misfortune for which there is no remedy. But I think objects which cannot be represented to the sensuous faculty are more likely to be creatures of imagination than of reason. I do not think we can legitimately assume the existence of such objects, and then excogitate an *a priori* knowledge of them by simply viewing them from the two different sides as suggested by the philosopher. If his conception is viewed "*on the one hand* in relation to experience as an object of the senses and of the understanding, and *on the other hand*, in relation to reason, isolated and transcending the limits of experience, as an object of mere thought,"—and "if we find that, when we regard things from this double point of view, the result is in harmony with the principle of pure reason," what will we then have achieved? Unless the alleged principle of pure reason is itself established, fixed firmly and forever, with apodeictic certainty, and known to be necessarily *so*, what validity can be given a conception by the fact that when it is so viewed the result is in harmony with such principle? And which is it, the sense and the understanding, or the reason and mere thought, the validity of which is to be ascertained in the agreement to be discovered in such comparison? If it is reason and mere thought, then reason is admittedly inferior to sense, and seeks to establish its own validity by attempting to show its consonance with sense. If it is sense and understanding, then the process is worse than idle, it is absurd; because no one ever thinks of proving the validity of the palpable by attempting to show that it might accord with the impalpable.

If the objects, which reason necessarily thinks cannot be represented to the sensuous faculty, they are not. Or, if they are, they must be so impalpable as to be beyond the reach of every mental faculty, except the imagination. If they are too unsubstantial to be thought as material, or as related to or affecting the material, the mind can never settle on any fixed principle of the reason which necessarily thinks them. The data of all science ought to precede the science itself. But the philosopher proposes to construct a science, and then improvise

its imaginary data, instead of constructing a science on and according to its data. It would be equally as philosophical and feasible to attempt to show *why* reason necessarily thinks its imaginary objects, as to attempt to construct an *a priori* knowledge of such unsubstantial material.

The mind beholds many of its own operations, which to it are a kind of mental phenomena. In a sense they may be said to be represented to the sensuous faculty, and to be intuited; but certainly never *a priori*. The mind cannot know of or behold any of its own actions except by experience. Intuitions of them then must be *a posteriori*. Apperception is necessarily empirical. It would be equally as philosophical and feasible to attempt to account for the mind's capacity to behold its own operations, as to attempt to construct or acquire an *a priori* knowledge of objects whose existence is only assumed, especially when such knowledge must be derived from or by means of an alleged pure reason, operating on an alleged principle, the validity of which cannot be tested by any certain, universal, and palpable criterion. If the validity of the alleged "principle of pure reason" depends on any accord with, or on the sanction of the results of empirical observation, then reason is dethroned from its alleged intellectual supremacy, and becomes a sort of hand-maid or hanger-on of experience, and its operations are valid and authentic only as they may happen to be authorized or sanctioned by experience. If the validity of the alleged "principle of pure reason" is referred to the reason itself, then the speculator will find himself reasoning in a circle, ascertaining that his assumptions are sound, because in reason he finds them to be sound. It is impossible to imagine anything else upon which the validity of the alleged principle can be said to depend.

In the introductory section of the philosopher's dissertation on Transcendental Æsthetic, there are some propositions which I think deserve especial attention. For convenient consideration they may be quoted separately, but in their order, and numbered.

1. "In whatsoever mode, or by whatsoever means, our knowledge may relate to objects, it is at least quite clear, that

the only manner in which it immediately relates to them, is by means of intuition.

2. "To this, as the indispensable ground work, all thought points.

3. "But an intuition can take place only in so far as an object is given to us.

4. "The capacity for receiving impressions (receptivity) through the mode in which we are affected by objects is called sensibility.

5. "By means of sensibility, therefore, objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes us with intuitions.

6. "By the understanding they are thought, and from it arise conceptions.

7. "But all thought must directly, or indirectly, by means of certain signs, relate ultimately to intuitions; consequently, with us, to sensibility, because in no other way can an object be given to us.

8. "The effect of an object upon the faculty of representation, so far as we are affected by said object, is sensation.

9. "That sort of intuition which relates to an object by means of sensation, is called an empirical intuition.

10. "The undetermined object of an empirical intuition is called a phenomenon.

11. "That in the phenomenon which corresponds to the sensation, I term its matter.

12. "But that which effects that the content of the phenomenon can be arranged under certain relations, I call its form.

13. But that in which our sensations are merely arranged, and by which they are susceptible of assuming certain form, cannot be itself sensation.

14. "It is then the matter of all phenomena that is given to us *a posteriori*. The form must lie ready *a priori* for them in the mind and consequently can be regarded separately from all sensation."

These fourteen propositions are essential parts of the basis of the Critique of Pure Reason. There must be fallacy in them if there is contradiction, and there may be fallacy irrespective of contradiction. The form mentioned at No. 13 and 14 may be a

quantity, a quality, a tendency, or a condition; but it must be an object if it can be thought of, and it must be thought of if it "can be regarded" at all. The word regarded as there used means thought of, or it means nothing. There can be no thought nor regard without an object thought of or regarded. At No. 7 it is declared that all thought must relate to sensibility, for in no other way can objects be given. This irresistibly implies, if it does not declare, the necessity of objects to thought. At No. 8 it is declared the effect of an object upon the faculty of representation is sensation. Then this very form of a phenomenon must be the matter of a phenomenon, that mentioned at No. 11, and the philosopher errs in saying at No. 14 that it "can be regarded separately from all sensation." The form must be very unsubstantial if it is too intangible to be thought of, and the philosopher has effectually precluded all possibility of thought without sensation.

At No. 1 it appears that knowledge can only relate directly to an object by means of an intuition. At No. 2 it appears that intuition is the indispensable groundwork of all thought. At No. 3 it appears that intuition can take place only in so far as an object is given. At No. 5 it appears that objects can only be given by means of sensibility, and that sensibility alone furnishes us with intuitions. And at No. 8 it appears that the effect of objects when given is sensation. The necessary result is, if the form of phenomena can be thought, it not only can *not* "be regarded separately from all sensation," it can reach the mind or be thought only by means of sensation. It cannot lie ready *a priori* in the mind.

At No. 10 it is declared that a phenomenon is the undetermined object of an empirical intuition. This is psychologically impossible. An empirical intuition cannot *be* without an object. Until the object is determined it cannot be known to *be* really an object, and as long as the object is not determined there can be no intuition of it. While it may not be indispensable that the object be correctly or thoroughly determined, the intuition necessarily includes its determination, or implies its pre-determination. So long as the object is undetermined the substance of the supposed intuition is necessarily unknown.

At No. 13 it is declared that "that in which our sensations are merely arranged, and by which they are susceptible of assuming certain form, cannot be itself sensation." This is also psychologically impossible. The sensations cannot be arranged nor assume certain form in the mind without some kind of mental operation. There can be no mental operation of any kind but originates in sensation. This is the necessary logical result of the above quoted postulates of the philosopher, and they are irreconcilably contradictory.

In the same section there are some further propositions deserving consideration—some of them in connection with the above. They are quoted and numbered as follows :

1. "I call all representations pure, in the transcendental meaning of the word, wherein there is nothing that belongs to sensation.

2. "And accordingly we find existing in the mind *a priori*, the pure form of sensuous intuition in general, in which all the manifold content of the phenomenal world is arranged and viewed under certain relations.

3. "This pure form of sensibility I shall call pure intuition.

4. "Thus, if I take away from our representation of a body, all that the understanding thinks as belonging to it, as substance, force, divisibility, &c., and also whatever belongs to sensation, as impenetrability, hardness, color, &c., yet there is still something left us from this empirical intuition, namely extension and shape.

5. "These belong to pure intuition, which exists *a priori* in the mind, as a mere form of sensibility and without any real object of the senses or any sensation.

6. "In the science of transcendental aesthetic accordingly, we shall first isolate sensibility or the sensuous faculty, by separating from it all that is annexed to its perceptions by the conceptions of the understanding, so that nothing is left but empirical intuition.

7. "In the next place we shall take away from this intuition all that belongs to sensation, so that nothing remains but pure intuition, and the mere form of phenomena, which is all that the sensibility can afford *a priori*.

8. "From this investigation it will be found that there are two pure forms of sensuous intuition, as principles of knowledge *a priori*, namely, space and time."

It is not essential to a lucid consideration of these propositions that they be taken seriatim. If sensibility should be isolated as proposed at No. 6, "so that nothing is left but empirical intuition," then the space and time mentioned at No. 8 are a part of this empirical intuition. According to No. 9 among the above quoted fourteen propositions this empirical intuition relates to an object by means of sensation. The necessary logical result of the above quoted fourteen propositions is that nothing can be thought except by means of or through sensation, so if space and time can be thought, the further isolation named at No. 7 last above quoted, would take them "away from this empirical intuition," as they certainly cannot be thought except by means of or through sensation, and they could not then be left in the mind as pure forms of sensuous intuition.

The proposition at No. 4 last above quoted is illegitimate, and the supposition contained in it is not psychologically supposable. If we abstract from the representation of a body all that the understanding can think as belonging to it, and all that belongs to sensation, there will be nothing left of it, or of the empirical intuition of it. The understanding can think extension and shape as belonging to body, with as much facility as it can think substance, force, or divisibility as belonging to it, and extension and shape belong to sensation as appropriately as impenetrability, hardness, or color belong to it. Indeed, neither extension nor shape of body can be thought without substance, and some measure of force, nor without divisibility; nor can the body itself or any property or attribute it could have, be thought without sensation; the philosopher having, as above shown, based all possible thought, ultimately but absolutely upon sensation. So extension and shape cannot be in the mind except as intuition, and "intuition can take place only so far as objects are given to us," and "by means of sensibility therefore objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes us with intuitions." So the very extension and shape which

are said to be left in the mind after the supposed abstraction, are themselves objects of intuition and are given by means of sensibility. Worse than this, the supposed abstraction reverses the natural order of the process by which the mind should be searched. If the alleged extension and shape are in the mind *a priori*, there ought to be some other means of ascertaining their presence besides merely finding them left there after everything else is cast out by the supposed abstraction. If they are not otherwise nor earlier known to be there, the legitimate presumption is that they come with the residue of the representation and intuition of the object, by means of the sensibility. No matter how pure the intuition may be, if it is an intuition at all, it must have an object, and according to some of the above quoted propositions, the object can only be given by means of sensibility. If extension and shape possibly might be in the mind as mere forms of the sensuous intuition of other objects, the supposition is not psychologically supposable, and if some of the above quoted propositions are true, the extension and shape certainly cannot be in the mind *a priori*, "as mere forms of sensibility, and without any real object of the senses or sensation." They can only get there by being themselves real objects, mentally tangible, and being represented to the sensuous faculty, or by being accompaniments or attributes of real objects which are represented to the sensuous faculty. So if sensuous intuition is either directly or ultimately due to sensation, its form, however shadowy and unsubstantial it may be, cannot be in the mind without being thought,—it cannot be thought without being itself the matter, or substance, or object of ulterior sensuous intuition, the object of the thought by means of, or in which, its presence is detected or recognized. And according to the philosopher's own axioms above quoted, the very thought by means of, or in which the presence of the alleged form of sensuous intuition in the mind is recognized, must come from sensation, by means of or through intuition, the "indispensable ground work of all thought." If the mere form of phenomena (space and time) is in the mind it gets there by intuition, which "can take place only so far as an object is given to us," it is there *a posteriori*

and not *a priori*. The severity of logic detracts nothing whatever from its justice.

Continuing with the subject of Transcendental Aesthetic, the philosopher says :

1. "The representation of space cannot be borrowed from the relations of external phenomena through experience; but on the contrary, this external experience is itself only possible through the said antecedent representation."

2. "Space then is a necessary representation *a priori*, which serves for the foundation of all intuitions."

"Space is essentially one, and multiplicity in it, consequently the general notion of spaces, of this or that space, depends solely upon limitations. Hence it follows that an *a priori* intuition (which is not empirical) lies at the root of all conceptions of space."

4. "Space is represented as an infinite given quantity. Now every conception must indeed be considered as a representation which is contained in an infinite multitude of different possible representations, which, therefore, comprise these under itself; but no conception, as such, can be so conceived as if it contained within itself an infinite multitude of representations. Nevertheless, space is so conceived of, for all parts of space are equally capable of being produced to infinity. Consequently, the original representation of space is an intuition *a priori* and not a conception."

To intelligibly consider these propositions a concession must be made of the possibility of a palpable impossibility. No human mind ever conceived of, or had any intuition of space. When the mind has taken in all of it which can be conceived, there is infinite space beyond. But for the present purpose I shall proceed as though the mind could comprehend or conceive space. A representation of space (not of part of it) or of anything else, if within the receptive capacity of the mind, produces in such mind a cognition, or an intuition; or rather its effect upon the mind's receptivity is an intuition of space, or whatever it may be which is represented. It is already shown to be idle to speak of such a nonentity as a representation without an object represented. So the mind

through its sensuous faculty, which alone can receive representations, conceives of or intuites space. Mind is the subject which by means of the inexplicable receptivity of its sensuous faculty, is capable of taking the impression, or receiving the representation of the object,—in this instance, space. Space is then the object which is represented to the sensuous faculty, by means of which representation the intuition arises or takes place in the mind—it is represented to the mind, and cognized by the mind, to which nothing, however unsubstantial or intangible can come except in the form of intuition, from sensation, and through the sensuous faculty. Then the original representation of space is *not* an intuition *a priori*, but is necessarily an empirical intuition, or a conception *a posteriori*.

The very word representation destroys the philosopher's argument. There can be no representation of space, original or otherwise, unless space is the object represented to the mind, and of which it has the intuition. It cannot be an *a priori* intuition, because it comes by means of the representation, which can only be received by means of the sensuous faculty. The representation could not be so original as that the idea of space could have always been in the mind, because if it were always there, there could be no further representation of it to the mind. Besides, there is a time to every mind when it has no idea of space. "The capacity for receiving representations (receptivity) through the mode in which we are affected by objects is called sensibility." And "by means of sensibility, therefore, objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes us with intuitions." And "by the understanding they are thought, and from it conceptions arise." So instead of being in the mind *a priori*, as a "condition of the possibility of a phenomenon," or as "the form of all phenomena, of the external sense," it is itself a phenomenon, and whatever idea of it the mind has, is a conception.

The proposition in the quotation number one last above, is an arbitrary assumption without basis either in fact or philosophy. Representations of space can be had in no other way than in borrowing them "from the relations of external phenomena through experience." As I stated above, no mind can

think space—that is, space as an entirety—all space cannot be thought. The only possible representations of space are necessarily representations of parts of space. And parts of space are dependent upon limitations, and representations of it can only come "from the relations of external phenomena." It matters not that the mind cannot stop at any conceivable limit of space, but immediately thinks space further on. If the mind cannot think the whole of space absolutely and finally, it can only think part of it. And the fact that the instant it attempts to think a limit to it, more space appears further on, is as potent to prove the impossibility of thinking space, as any of the data of experience can be to prove any conceivable proposition. The mind has not the capacity to receive any representation of space, greater than may be borrowed from the relations of external phenomena, and it is impossible to think space beyond possible external phenomena. Representations of the whole of space being impossible, indeed the whole of space being absolutely unthinkable, it follows that the only possible representations of space must come from the relations of external phenomena so far as they are known or thinkable. And we cannot have a representation of it further than that. We can imagine space beyond known external phenomena, other than the space itself, but we cannot imagine it as necessarily void of the external phenomena, nor can we imagine it except as in relation to external phenomena, known and supposable.

At birth the mind is a blank. It certainly has no intuition of space then. Many intuitions, conceptions, and ideas arise in the mind long before it thinks of space, or of any of the relations of external phenomena in space. Its earlier exercises seem to be recognitions of physical pains and comforts, and in its very nature and constitution it seems to be incapable of having any idea except such as are derived. It cannot have a primitive cognition, an original idea, nor an *a priori* intuition.

The fact that space, or the idea of space, is conceived as containing within itself an infinite multitude of representations. renders it no more an intuition *a priori*, and no less a conception *a posteriori*, or an empirical intuition. Literature may be conceived of as containing within itself countless works on

various subjects, and the idea remains a conception. There are many subjects represented to the mind, and by it conceived of as containing multiplicity. Substance is conceived of as containing within itself an inconceivable number of particles, yet the idea remains a conception. The understanding thinks it, and the conception arises. There is no psychological principle requiring that "no conception, as such, can be conceived of as if it contained within itself an infinite number of representation." If a conception can contain multiplicity at all, and many of them certainly do, where shall the line be drawn? And by what principle of psychology shall the limit be ascertained?

If "the receptivity or capacity of the subject necessarily antecedes all intuitions of these objects," space is still no more an intuition *a priori*, and no less an empirical intuition. The mind was primarily possessed of its receptivity, its capacity to be affected by objects, or it could never have received and have been affected by the representations of space itself. There is no knowledge without consciousness. Consciousness must be evoked. It cannot be evoked without some kind of change in the conscious subject. Change, of which the subject is conscious, is experience, and knowledge so derived is empirical knowledge. A representation cannot *be* until it is made. No matter how ideal or intangible the object may be, there must *be* an object, and it must be represented before there can be a representation. It cannot affect any faculty of the mind but the sensuous faculty. "Understanding cannot intuite, and the sensuous faculty cannot think." The representation, whenever and however it takes place, must in some way affect the subject, and this is experience. It follows that there is no such thing as knowledge *a priori*, and that there can be no other than knowledge *a posteriori*. Even if the mind contemplates its own existence, condition, or action, past, present or future; the existence, condition, or action so contemplated is represented to the mind. The philosopher says the mind could not take any representation but for the receptivity of the sensuous faculty. The existence, condition, or action, so represented must then be an an object, and the mind to which it is so represented must be a subject, and knowledge accruing thereby must be a knowledge

a posteriori; it relates to the object by means of an empirical intuition. The philosopher's definition of Transcendental Aesthetic as "the science of all the principles of sensibility *a priori*" is thus shown to be a contradiction. It is proven by an analysis of his own postulates. I have assumed nothing. I have simply analyzed the philosopher's own declarations, and applied his own principles of logic to them. He says, as hereinbefore quoted, that "pure knowledge *a priori* is that in which no empirical element is mixed up;" and that sensibility is our capacity for receiving representations through the mode in which we are affected by objects, *when they are given to us*. If this is true the phrase sensibility *a priori* has no meaning whatever, and the science called Transcendental Aesthetic is a Nescience.

Of time, the second one of the "two pure forms of sensuous intuition," the philosopher says, "it is only of objective validity in regard to phenomena, because these are things we regard as objects of our senses. * * * We cannot say 'all things are in time' because in this conception of things in general, we abstract and make no mention of any sort of intuition of things. But this is the proper condition under which time belongs to the representation of objects. If we add the condition to the conception, and say 'all things as phenomena, that is, as objects of sensuous intuition, are in time,' then the proposition has its sound objective validity and universality *a priori*." It is very difficult to understand just what is meant by the declaration that time "is only of objective validity in regard to phenomena." If, by the phrase objective validity is meant validity as an object, it is easy to perceive that time can have no such validity except in regard to, or as, a phenomenon. To have objective validity it must be an object. All objects presented to the mind are phenomena. If time has objective validity at all, it is so far valid as an object. To be thought by the understanding it must first be intuited by the sensuous faculty. The sensuous faculty cannot intuite until an object is given or represented to it. Then time must have objective validity without regard to phenomena, other than itself.

But the proposition quoted seems to involve a contradiction. Objects of sensuous intuition are known only empiri-

cally, that is, by being presented to the sensuous faculty. If pure knowledge *a priori* is necessarily "that in which no empirical element is mixed up," it would seem more accurately logical to say "all things are in time," than to say "all things as phenomena, that is as objects of sensuous intuition, are in time." The only possible difference between things, and things as phenomena, is not a difference in the things. It depends wholly upon the things having been represented to the sensuous faculty, and having thus become phenomena. Things cannot be nothings. Thing must *be;* the mind cannot imagine a thing without imagining it as being. The mind cannot imagine a thing as being, without imagining as being in time. If a thing cannot be imagined except as being in time, it is more accurate to say all things are in time, than to say all things as phenomena are in time. The mind cannot imagine a thing except as potentially an object of sensuous intuition. There may be many things of which no sensuous intuition has been had, because they may not have been represented to the sensuous faculty. But the word thing necessarily implies that of which a sensuous intuition could be had, if it should be so represented. That which is in itself too unsubstantial to be represented to the sensuous faculty, is, to the mind at least, nothing. Then all things, including time itself, are in time, and time is of objective validity without regard to phenomena, other than itself, and whether the things have or have not been represented to the sensuous faculty and thus become to us phenomena.

The philosopher may be correct in denying that time "absolutely inheres in things as a condition or property." There seems to be no meaning in either the assertion or denial of such a proposition, and neither could render time of any less objective reality or validity as to things, whether as phenomena or as things in themselves. To say that time is "only of objective validity in regard to phenomena, because these are things which we regard as objects of our senses," is attributing an undue importance to our way of regarding things. Time is an entity, or it is not an entity. It is an object, or it is not an object. If it is not an entity nor object, it is nothing, or rather time is not. If it is an entity or object it must be of objective

validity and reality. In either case, we can neither make nor unmake it, nor can we either appreciate or depreciate its objective validity or reality, by regarding phenomena "as objects of our senses," or otherwise. The view we may take of things is not so important as all that.

Judging from the progress recently made in scientific research, there may be a great deal in the domain of *things*, which we have never yet regarded at all. During the decade last past a great deal has been discovered which was theretofore unknown, even unsuspected, and hence had not been regarded as "objects of our senses." Yet during and before that time the various subject matters of such discoveries were things in time, and when discovered they were found standing necessarily in relations of time; as having been, and as likely to be. The undiscovered things, whatever they may be, in the yet unexplored regions of existence are objects—potentially at least. Until they shall be discovered we will not know and may not suspect them, and to us they will not be phenomena. But to say that they are not things in time until they are discovered and become to us phenomena, is equivalent to saying that our discovery of them is their creation. They cannot *be* either before or after their discovery without being in time. If they are only things in time as they happen to be discovered and thus become phenomena, this involves the absurdity of successive creations of the same objects by those who may successively discover them, or apprehend their existence. It appears to be minimizing the consequence of time, which manifestly antedates and outlasts all things, which indeed encompasses all things, to say that it is only the subjective condition of our intuition of things when they are represented to the sensuous faculty. It will not mend matters to say that *objective validity* is validity with reference to the operations of the human mind, that the term is simply improvised for such special use. The mind imagines many things which never become to it real phenomena. But it cannot imagine any thing except as in time, and as in relations of time, no more than it can sensuously intuite real phenomena or objects otherwise than as in time, and in relations of time.

To deny absolute reality to time is similar to saying that we know only appearances, that "what we call outward objects are nothing else but mere representations of our sensibility, whose form is space, but whose *real* correllate, the thing in itselt, is not known by means of these representations." The use of the word real, is very unfortunate for such saying. How is the real correllate, the thing in itself, known to be real? If it is not known by means of these representations, that is, by the effect which, as a phenomenon, it has upon the mind when represented to it, then how is it to be known to be the real correllate? The philosopher names no other means by which it can be known, and yet he calls it the real correllate, the thing in itself. If the mind knows appearances, and knows them to be appearances, it must know them to be appearances of the things appearing. It may not be able to transport or think them out of space and time, or to know or conceive of them except as in relations of space and time; but if it knows that which it knows to be the appearance of a thing, It must know the thing. Otherwise it could not know that it, instead of some other possible thing, caused the appearance which it knows. Then what we call outward objects must be more than "mere representations of our sensibility, whose form is space." Neither our sensibility regarded as a mental faculty, nor any representation of our sensibility regarded as a mental effect or condition or operation of mind, can have for its form *space*. It cannot be imagined as occupying any portion of space, or as having any kind of relation in or with space, without itself becoming a phenomenon, an object of sensuous intuition. Representations of our sensibility cannot have any form at all, if by form is meant figure or contour or proportion, which would seem to be meant if space is intended as the form. One may as well speak of the weight or the density or the color of a pain, as of the form (in space) of a mental representation. If the word form is used as or for condition—implying that some idea, conception, or forsooth, some intuition of space must be in the mind as a condition of its receiving representations of objects, on the hypothesis that it cannot conceive of objects except as in space, it only argues the incompleteness of the philosopher's formula. It

indicates that little progress has been made in the metaphysical process. The mind cannot think an object except as being and having form. Why not then say that form and being are themselves intuitions *a priori*, that they are also in the mind as mere forms of sensuous intuition? As conditions of representation of objects? As such, they are not necessarily included in the conception or idea of space and time, and yet they are as necessary to the conception or intuition or idea of an object as space and time can possibly be. The philosopher says we can think of space and time as devoid of objects, but we cannot conceive of objects except as in space and time. With equal plausibility and propriety it may be said, we can conceive of time as devoid of events, but we cannot conceive of events except as in time. With equal plausibility and propriety it may be said we can conceive of form as devoid of substance, but we cannot conceive of substance except as having form. With equal plausibility and propriety it may be said, we can conceive of being without an object in existence, although we cannot conceive of an object except as being. Yet none of these propositions has any plausibility or propriety. Space cannot be conceived of as devoid of objects, nor can time be conceived of as devoid of events, nor can form be conceived of as devoid of substance, nor can being be conceived of except as it implies the existence of an object. We may think parts of space as void. But to think *space* we posit ourselves therein, and unavoidably think objects more or less remote. The mind cannot divest itself of the thought of objects, and think absolute vacuity. We cannot think time as devoid of events. We cannot even think portions of time, except as limited by events occurring in time. The mind cannot divest itself of the thought of events, and think absolute inaction. We cannot think form as devoid of substance. Even a shadow must be cast upon *something*. The mind cannot divest itself of the thought of substance and think absolute nothingness. Accordingly then, instead of the "two pure forms of sensuous intuition," space and time, there would seem to be at least four, if there are any, and that form and being should be included in the list. This appears to be a logical necessity.

The philosopher says, "Time is nothing but the form of our internal intuition. (I can indeed say 'my representations follow one another, or are successive;' but this means only that we are conscious of them as in succession, that is, according to the form of the internal sense. Time, therefore, is not a thing in itself, nor is it any objective determination pertaining to, or inherent in things.) If we take away from it the special condition of our sensibility, the conception of time also vanishes; and it inheres not in objects themselves, but solely in the subject (or mind) which intuites them." If time were not a thing in itself, if it has only subjective validity, and has no actuality itself, if it only inheres in the mind which intuites objects, the argument adduced in favor of the proposition does not even tend to sustain it. What is the special condition of our sensibility which if taken away, the conception of time vanishes? Will not the conception of any and every thing conceivable vanish "if we take away from it the special condition of our sensibility?" If there is a special condition of the conception of time, then time can be conceived by the mind when the sensibility is in, or is attended by, the special condition; and it cannot be conceived of in the absence of such special condition. While time might be a condition of the conception of other things, or, be in some sense a form of their sensuous intuition, yet, so far as the mind is concerned, it is itself a phenomenon, an object of which the mind, with the special condition of sensibility, has the conception, which the philosopher says will vanish if we take away the special condition. Then to the mind time must have as valid objective reality as any other object of which the mind can have a conception; although it might in turn become the form or condition of the sensuous intuition of other objects, or be a condition of their conception.

The philosopher himself says, "so soon as we abstract in thought our own subjective nature, the object represented, with the properties ascribed to it by sensuous intuition, entirely disappears, because it was only this subjective nature that determined the form of the object as a phenomenon." This is fairly equivalent to saying that if we take away the mind's capacity to think, it then cannot think; or cannot then think so

as it could before. If the phrase "our own subjective nature" means anything, it must mean our capacity to be affected in some manner by the representation of objects to the sensuous faculty. As there can be no thought without an object, and as the object must be represented to the sensuous faculty before there can be a thought, and as the sensuous faculty must intuite the object so represented before the understanding can think the object, the removal of the capacity for all these processes or operations which constitutes our subjective nature, would certainly deprive us of the power to think the object. But the proposition to "abstract in thought our own subjective nature" is a palpable absurdity. Without our subjective nature, there could not be a thought in which this or any other abstraction could take place. To abstract such subjective nature, is to obliterate all thought, and render it thereafter impossible. We certainly cannot think without being in some manner affected by some kind of objects,—if our subjective nature is abstracted, we cannot be so affected and the process of abstraction itself, which requires thought, would be impossible. Then what is it that is in the mind as the special condition (its subjective nature) whereby it has the conception of time? What is it that constitutes its special condition of the sensibility? There must be something, if there is such special condition to be taken away by the proposed abstraction. When the analytical chemist has reduced a composite to what he regards its ultimate elements or units, what assurance has he that a further analysis will not some time be made, and show that his supposed ultimate element or unit, is itself a composite of a high degree of heterogeneity?

Further in the same argument the philosopher says, "in confirmation of this theory of the ideality of the external as well as internal sense, consequently of all objects of sense, as mere phenomena, we may especially remark, that all in our cognition that belongs to intuition, contains nothing more than mere relations.—The feelings of pain and pleasure, and the will which are not cognitions, are excepted.—The relations, to wit, of place in an intuition (extension), change of place (motion), and laws according to which this change is determined (mov-

ing forces). That, however, which is present in this or that place, or any operation going on, or result taking place in the things themselves, with the exception of change of place, is not given to us by intuition. Now by means of mere relations, a thing cannot be known in itself; and it may therefore be fairly concluded, that, as through the external sense nothing but mere representations of relations are given to us, the said external sense in its representations can contain only the relation of the object to the subject, but not the essential nature of the object as a thing in itself." Several questions are suggested by these propositions. Why is it that that which is present in this or that place, or any operation going on, or result taking place in the things themselves, with the exception of change of place, is not given to us by intuition? The philosopher has emphatically declared that to intuition as "the necessary ground-work, all thought points." Why should change of place be given us by intuition, and not any other operation going on, or result taking place in the things themselves? And if these are not given us by intuition, how are they given us? If there is a conception of any operation going on, or result taking place in the things themselves, it must, according to the philosopher's declarations hereinbefore quoted, arise from the thought of the understanding. According to other of his declarations also hereinbefore quoted, the understanding cannot think until the sensuous faculty intuites the object. So if there is any operation going on, or result taking place in the things themselves, which is not given by intuition, it is not given at all,—it is entirely too unreal to be thought, it cannot be the content of a conception; and the philosopher says, "Thoughts without content are void, intuitions without conceptions, blind."

The further questions occur,—what is "the essential nature of the object as a thing in itself?" and,—is it possible for the human mind to imagine an object as a thing in itself, that is, as a thing without relation? If the phrase, *thing in itself*, has any meaning, it must mean thing without relation to other things. It cannot be a phenomenon until it is represented to the sensuous faculty, and it cannot be represented to the sensuous faculty, except in relation, and the philosopher's division of things is,—

into things as phenomena, and things in themselves. So things in themselves must be things without relations. Upon the answer to these two questions depends the validity of this division of things, and hence, the utility of the system propounded by the philosopher. By whatever name his system may be called it is plainly a psychology. It is devoted almost exclusively to a discussion of the possibilities, properties, characteristics, capacities, divisions, relations, and laws of thought. If its essential principles are incapable of application in the possible operations of the human mind, the system can be of no utility for such mind. The investigation will probably demonstrate its futility.

There is no sense, either external or internal, nor any combination of senses, by means of which the mind can know or or imagine an object except as in relation. There is no psychological warrant for speaking of things which cannot be known or imagined, or for philosophizing upon them *as* they cannot be known or imagined. Psychologically, there can be nothing except in relation, and the relations, whatever they may be, must determine the real nature of the things, so far as such nature may be known. The nature of simple ingredients is determined by their action in combination. If the mind cannot imagine a thing without relation, actual or potential, it would seem that relation (not particular, but necessary relation) must be of the very essence and nature of the thing. Then if things are known at all, it must be by means of mere relations, which renders the knowing of things as things in themselves and without relation, impossible; because it is these very relations which constitute the real nature of the things so far as they are, or can be conceived of as being, things.

Illustrations are obvious. Take the simplest possible mathematical proposition—one and one make two—what is one? It has no meaning whatever except in some kind of relation, and it will be just whatever its relations make it. Again,—one is contained in two twice,—what is one? It has no meaning except in its relations. Take the simplest possible chemical proposition,—hydrogen and oxygen compose water,—what is hydrogen? "It is generally stated that hydrogen does not exist naturally in a pure and uncombined state." If this is

correct it would certainly be nothing naturally except in its relations. If it were found to exist naturally in a pure and uncombined state, it would still be in space, and would be in necessary relations with other objects therein, if of no other kind, then of position. But its real nature could not be known except by knowing its action in combination with some other thing. It is impossible to imagine a chemical analysis of any thing into elements so elementary but that their further reduction may be as legitimately imagined. It is impossible to imagine an atom except as in relation of some kind, and the real nature of nothing can be known except by its relations. So instead of the "two pure forms of sensuous intuition," which the philosopher posits, *space* and *time*, there would seem to be at least five, if there are any, and that in addition to the *form* and *being* above spoken of, relation should be included in the list.

It would seem to be an abuse of terms to say that "by means of mere relations, a thing cannot be known in itself; and it may therefore be fairly concluded, that, as through the external sense nothing but mere representations of relations are given us, the said external sense in its representations can contain only the relation of the object to the subject, but not the essential nature of the object as a thing in itself." There is some sense, it may not be the external sense, which seems to contain more than the relation of the object to the subject—the relations between and among objects seem to be known to some extent. And knowledge of such relations constitutes the greater part of what we know. The existence of an object or a thing necessarily involves much more than its relations to the subject cognizing it. To many persons (subjects) the existence of many things (objects) is forever unknown. Until known they have no known relation to the subject, yet if they *are*, they co-exist with the subject in space and time, if they *were* they and the subject exist successively in space and time, supposing them to be the object and subject before they become actually such by means of the subjects cognition of the objects.

If the external sense cannot give us more than the relations of object to subject, it can afford us but little knowledge of the

nature of the object, but even this little is so much of the real nature of the object. The relation which the object bears to the subject must be supposed to be its necessary relation, and hence necessarily a constituent factor in the composition of the quantity or quality called the real nature of the object. The real nature of the object consists in great measure of its relations, actual and potential, to the other things, including the subject; or at least such nature is determined by such relations, actual or potential. Spectrum analysis is supposed to aid in ascertaining what are the constituent substances of the sun, by coordinating in some measure what are supposed to be the relations of such supposed substances to known substances. Microscopical analysis, chemical analysis, common observation and experience, are constantly discovering new relations between and among countless objects, whose relations to the subject are of trifling or rather of no apparent consequence in comparison.

If psychological principles go for anything in the discussion, there can be no such thing as a thing in itself, because the mind is utterly unable to imagine anything except as in relation. And the philosopher himself attributes supreme authority to psychological principles, in his worse than futile attempt to show that objects must conform to our cognition, or sensous intuition of them. But unfortunately for his system, he thereby asserts the supremacy of that which is now shown to be hopelessly irreconcilable with the fundamental postulates of his philosophy. I believe it is now demonstrated that there is no such thing psychologically supposable as the alleged distinction between things as phenomena and things as things in themselves—that no one can know that he knows appearances, without also knowing that he knows the things of which they are the appearances.

The two questions which I proposed, to wit,—what is the essential nature of the object as a thing in itself? and,—is it possible for the human mind to imagine an object as a thing in itself,—without relations—are now disposed of. The first is shown to be irrelevant by the necessarily negative answer to the second one. The logical result is, there can be no utility in that part of the Critique of Pure Reason which is thus far

examined, and as it is the basis of the entire fabric, it would seem but illy sustained. Depending as it must,—indeed as it professes to do, upon the alleged distinctions,—of knowledge as *a priori* and empirical,—and of things as phenomena and things in themselves, both of which are now shown to be psychologically impossible, there cannot be much philosophic merit in the work.

I have said that the ultimate object of nearly all speculative philosophy is the settlement, scientifically, of problems which in the nature of the human mind never can be settled to its satisfaction. Such philosophy almost uniformly degenerates, apparently unconsciously, into the coarsest and most dogmatic of apologetics. While it professes to be, and seems to imagine it is, reasoning out its deductions, it often arbitrarily assumes whatever appears necessary to their validity, creates arbitrary divisions of labor for the employment of the alleged various mental faculties, and arbitrary divisions or departments of alleged knowledge; and after denouncing experience generally as unworthy comparison with the alleged pure reason, and of no reliable validity, it almost invariably endeavors to give credence to its own deductions by showing their supposed consonance with the results of experience.

And the Critique appears to be no exception to the general rule, as one or two instances of its statement of the problems it involves will suffice to show. "These unavoidable problems of mere pure reason are God, Freedom (of will) and immortality." And again, " * * it is plain that *the hope of a future life* arises from the feeling, which exists in the breast of every man, that the temporal is inadequate to meet and satisfy the demands of his nature. In like manner it cannot be doubted that the clear exhibition of duties in opposition to all the claims of inclination, gives rise to the consciousness of *freedom*, and that the glorious order, beauty, and providential care, everywhere displayed in nature, give rise to the belief in a wise and great Author of the Universe." The avowed purpose of the Critique is to so purify and train the reasoning faculty, that it may infallibly establish the validity of, and confirm such beliefs, and solve "these unavoidable problems of mere pure reason."

In reality it is an indirect, but a very learned and labored and dogmatic system of apologetics. Its author says, "But above all it will confer an inestimable benefit upon morality and religion, by showing that all objections urged against them may be silenced forever by the Socratic method, that is to say, by showing the ignorance of the objector."

It is difficult to harmonize the "glorious order" with "the clear exhibition of duty in opposition to all claims of inclination." The order would be more glorious if duty and inclination were in accord instead of opposition. The clear exhibition of this opposition may give rise to the consciousness of freedom. But this consciousness of freedom, if put to the test, will be found lacking a great deal of being a knowledge that one is actually free. What is freedom? Is it compatible with restraint? And what is duty apart from restraint? If one is free he may follow inclination without restraint. If one is conscious of freedom he must know he is free. He cannot be free so long as he is restrained, whether by a sense of duty or by fear. If there is opposition between duty and inclination freedom is impossible. One may in such case follow inclination, but not in freedom; he can in opposition to duty follow it only in resistance. If the opposition between duty and inclination is clearly exhibited, then duty itself is clearly exhibited. Then if one follows inclination he knows he is defying duty and is a rebel instead of a freeman. His duty cannot be clearly exhibited without its restraint is also clearly exhibited. Knowledge of, or belief in, ill consequences, to result from certain action, renders it impossible for one to be free to take such action. His duty forbids it. His inclination may prompt him to take it, but he is not free to do so. He is restrained by fear or by a sense of duty. He may resist such restraint, just as men defy the laws and cheat and kill each other.

If "it is plain that the hope of a future life arises from the feeling which exists in the breast of every man, that the temporal is inadequate to meet and satisfy the demands of his nature," and if duty has relation to happiness in the future life, —it is indeed strange that there should be "the clear exhibition

of duty in opposition to all the claims of inclination." Suppose that we examine this proposition minutely. The universality of tendency seems to establish in one case the reasonableness of the hope of a future life. In the other case the universality of the tendency seems to be consistent with its turpitude, and to be in plain opposition to duty as it relates to the fruition of the hope. The hope of a future life, the inclination to live hereafter, so the demands of our nature may be met and satisfied, is a universal tendency. The word duty is used to imply a condition of the happy fruition of such hope. Can an opposite tendency be supposed to universally prevail? If the universality of the "feeling that the temporal is inadequate to meet and satisfy the demands of our nature," gives rise to the hope of a future life, then the universality of any other feeling, tendency or inclination, ought, on the same principle to give rise to the hope, the fruition of which would gratify such feeling, tendency, or inclination.

The validity of morality and religion cannot be made manifest by the Socratic method, and no inestimable benefit can be conferred upon them by showing the ignorance of the objector. If they are debatable they must be sustained. If they are not debatable they need no support. If their claims are to be sustained it must be by showing their validity, and not by showing the invalidity of objections. These may be endless, and all that are offered may be shown to be invalid. But if morality and religion are debatable at all, their validity is not established by the overthrow of certain objections against them. In order that they may be benefited by the Socratic or any other method, they must be confessed debatable. If the objector is sincere, and no other deserves notice, he may insist that his supposed ignorance is wisdom in comparison with the apologist's dogmatism. And he may be right. When the apologist appeals to pure reason, he may find the Court on both sides of the case. Socrates and Lucretius both recovered special verdicts, and exulted over their success. One proved that the soul is immortal, the other that it is born and dies with the body. Pure Reason set the seal of its approval upon each of them.

CHAPTER XIV.

MYSTIFIED METAPHYSICS.

But one Logic—No Cognition without Content—Conception has no *a priori* Relation to Object—No Universal Criterion of Truth—Understanding not Distinct from Sensibility—No Representation of Undetermined Object—Judgment Necessarily Composite—Negative Content of Predicate an Absurdity—No Logical Extent of Judgment Beyond Content of the Cognition—No Difference Between Internal Necessity and External Cause—Principles of Philosophy not Expressed in Alternatives—Mind (Soul) a Physical Condition—Modality of Judgments must Add to their Value—No Distinction Between the True and the Necessary—False Judgment Cannot be Basis of Cognition of Truth—Sensibility has Nothing Primitively and Derives Nothing Except Empirically, Hence no Sensibility *a priori*—No Spontaneity of Thought—Synthesis must be *a posteriori* and not *a priori*.

Notwithstanding the opinion expressed in the last chapter concerning the utility of that part of the Critique so far examined, and which seems to be the basis of the entire fabric, and although the general prevalence of such an opinion might be equivalent to a repeal or a nullification of the philosopher's laws of thought, it may be found both interesting and instructive to continue the inquiry.

The second part of the doctrine of Elements is called Transcendental Logic. As distinguished from Transcendental Aesthetic, the alleged science of the laws of sensibility, this is said to be the science of the laws of the understanding. It cannot bode very favorably for the result when discussion of such a subject begins in an illogical division of it.

As in Transcendental Aesthetic knowledge is divided into *a priori* and empirical knowledge, so in this, logic is divided into logic of the general, and logic of the particular, use of the understanding. The first is said to contain "the absolutely necessary laws of thought, without which no use of the understanding whatever is possible." It is said that it "gives laws therefore to the understanding without regard to the difference of objects on which it may be employed." The second is said to contain "the laws of correct thinking upon a particular class of objects." If such division is logical there should be a further

division giving laws of correct thinking upon particular objects in the particular classes. The occasion for the division must be that the general logic does not give *all* the absolutely necessary laws of thought. I find it impossible to imagine that the operations of the mind are to be governed by one law or set of laws when dealing with objects in general, and by another law or set of laws when dealing with a particular class of objects. Further classification of objects would necessitate additional systems of logic; logic would itself become more an incident to the classification of objects than a law of thought.

While we may not look for a rule without an exception, we may object to the exception being made the rule. The word *law* is irreconcilable with difference in the mode of correct thinking, according to classification of objects. Law implies uniformity and regularity, and if one law governs thought when dealing with one class of objects, and another law governs thought when dealing with another class of objects, there can be no general law governing thought when dealing with objects in general. An insuperable objection to the division is plainly apparent in the statement of the division. There can be no useful division without a difference between the laws of the general logic, and those of the alleged particular logic. The general logic is said to give laws, those absolutely necessary, to the understanding without regard to the difference of objects with which it may be employed, in which case the laws of the alleged particular logic would not only be superfluous, they could not apply. Two solids cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If the general logic contains the absolutely necessary laws of thought, it contains those which can in no case of correct thought be dispensed with, and there can be no correct thought upon any object but according to such laws. If it is complete it will neither need nor admit being supplemented by the laws of the alleged particular logic. It it is incomplete it cannot be general. If it is to be supplemented or superseded by a particular logic in any case, it must itself be particular, giving laws only to a particular part of the thought, or to thought only when employed with particular objects.

That such processes and divisions can be dovetailed together, that the jurisdictions under which they operate can be kept from collision, so that the processes can proceed harmoniously to intelligible results is a mystery. The very statement of the order, or rather the disorder, of the combinations and processes is a confusion. Take for examble the abstraction by which occasion is given for the operation of the laws of the alleged pure general logic as distinguished from general applied logic. The philosopher says, "We abstract all the empirical conditions under which the understanding is exercised; for example, the influence of the senses, the play of the phantasy or imagination, the laws of memory, the force of habit, of inclination, etc., consequently also the source of prejudice,—in a word we abstract all causes from which particular cognitions arise, because these causes regard the understanding under certain circumstances of its application, and to the knowledge of them experience is required. Pure general logic has to do therefore, merely with pure *a priori* principles, and is a canon of understanding and reason, but only in respect of the formal part of their use, be their content what it may, empirical, or transcendental. General logic is called applied, when it is directed to the laws of the use of the understanding under the subjective empirical conditions which psychology teaches us. It has therefore empirical principles, although, at the same time, it is in so far general, that it applies to the understanding, without regard to the difference of objects."

This abstraction leaves nothing,—and this residue is divided. If we abstract all empirical conditions under which the understanding is exercised, the influence of the senses, the imagination, memory, habit, inclination, and prejudice, and all causes from which particular cognitions arise; then the understanding will not be exercised at all, there will arise no cognition whatever, and the understanding will not even understand that it has performed the supposed abstraction. Without the influence of the senses there can be no thought, and without memory thoughts cannot be connected. If the causes from which particular cognitions arise regard the understanding under certain circumstances of its application, to a knowledge of which ex-

perience is required, then the remnant of the understanding remaining after the supposed abstraction, will be under the certain circumstances of its application, if it is applied, and to the knowledge of this experience will be required. The abstraction itself will be experience, and the supposed condition of the understanding after the supposed abstraction will be an object, to be known only empirically. If it is neither applied nor known, it is entirely too shadowy for philosophic discussion. There is no cognition without content. The condition of the understanding after the supposed abstraction must be known, or it must be unknown. If it is unknown the disquisition is idle. If it is known, the knowledge of it is the content of the particular cognition which the philosopher says regards the understanding under certain circumstances of its application, to the knowledge of which experience is required. Some kind of observation or perception will be necessary to know it, and they are experience. If all causes from which particular cognitions arise were abstracted, then that particular cognition would not arise, and we could know neither the condition of the understanding, nor that the abstraction itself were made.

Some controversial philosophy when closely scrutinized appears more like contention for signification of terms, than for doctrine and the application of principles. It is not intended to be understood as a wrangle over terminology, and much of it does not seem to be intended to be understood at all. But the critical reader of the works of some philosophers who appear to be in violent opposition to each other, will see that there is little if any occasion for their dissention.

In the philosophy in question, which most English-speaking scholars modestly admit they do not fully comprehend, it is said, "in the expectation that there may perhaps be conceptions which relate *a priori* to objects, not as pure sensuous intuitions, but merely as acts of pure thought, which are therefore conceptions, but neither of empirical nor æsthetical origin—in this expectation, I say, we may form to ourselves, by anticipation, the idea of a science of pure understanding and rational cognition, by means of which we may cogitate objects entirely *a priori*. A science of this kind, which should determine the origin, the

extent, and the objective validity of such cognitions must be called *transcendental logic*, because it has not, like general logic, to do with the laws of understanding and reason in relation to empirical as well as pure rational cognitions without distinction, but concerns itself with these only in an *a priori* relation to objects."

The word transcendental is used here in relation to logic in a sense analogous to that in which the term *a priori* is in the same philosophy so frequently used in relation to knowledge. So far as position in the order of a mental process is concerned, the function of transcendental logic is intended as analogous to that of the alleged *a priori* cognition. But a great deal must be done before there can be the function of transcendental logic, and it must all be done in anticipation and with the imagination. In view of the palpable improbability that the expectation will ever materialize in intelligible psychological results, in order to give scope for the operations of the rare invention—it is necessary to imagine a sort of mental Utopia, where certain laws of the alleged transcendental logic control the action of the pure understanding, in its dealings with that which has no psychological content. The science is supposed to "determine the origin, extent, and objective validity," of cognitions which are said to have no object. This is rarified air.

If conceptions are acts of pure thought, there can still be no conception without an object. When thought becomes too pure to have an object it ceases to be thought. There can be no cognition without content. When cognition becomes too airy to contain the knowledge constituting it, it ceases to be cognition. There can be neither a conception nor a cognition unless it is of empirical or aesthetical origin. The philosopher himself says, "our nature is so constituted, that intuition with us can never be other than sensuous, that is, it contains only the mode in which we are affected by objects. On the other hand the faculty of thinking the objects of sensuous intuition is the understanding. Neither of these faculties has a preference over the other. Without the sensuous faculty no object would be given to us, and without the understanding no object would be thought. Thoughts without content are void, intuitions

without conceptions are blind. Hence it is as necessary for the mind to make its conceptions sensuous (that is, to join to them the object in intuition) as to make its intuitions intelligible (that is, to bring them under conceptions). Neither of these faculties can exchange its proper functions. Understanding cannot intuite, and the sensuous faculty cannot think. In no other way than from the united operation of both, can knowledge arise." So according to his own unqualified declarations, it plainly appears, that unless the mind can, by means of some of its faculties, employ itself in a process or operation more subtle than thought, there can be no mental domain within the jurisdiction of the laws of the transcendental logic. It is simply impossible to imagine that it can do so.

There is manifest contradiction and absurdity in the proposition to cogitate objects entirely *a priori*. One of the philosopher's cardinal principles is, that objects only reach us through the sensuous faculty. Another one is, that all cognition arising therefrom is *a posteriori* cognition. Now to cogitate a thing is to think the thing cogitated. To intuite a thing is to know or perceive the thing intuited without deduction or reasoning, that is, to know it directly. To cognize a thing is to know the thing cognized. The mind cannot cogitate, intuite, nor cognize, without cogitating, intuiting or cognizing something. Neither cognition nor cogitation then can be possible *a priori*, nor in an *a priori* relation to objects. There can be no such relation. Relation of any thing mental to objects must be *a posteriori*. The relation cannot *be* until the object *is*, nor indeed until it is given. In delirium a mind may wildly and weirdly imagine much that is unreal, both as to its imaginary objects and their imaginary relations. But in its dealings with thought philosophy is supposed to refer to that of rational creatures in their sober senses. Psychology will be but little advanced by being taught in terms of visionary vagary; and the alleged *a priori* cognition can be no more than that.

Conceptions cannot have an *a priori* relation to objects. The philosopher says, "By means of sensibility objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes us with intuitions; by the understanding they are *thought*, and from it conceptions arise. But all

thought must directly or indirectly, by means of certain signs, relate ultimately to intuitions; consequently, with us, to sensibility, because in no other way can an object be given to us." If conceptions arise from thought, and if thought must originate in sensibility, the conceptions must be *a posteriori*. They must come after the object is represented to the sensuous faculty, and the intuition arises or *is*. The sensuous faculty must intuite before the understanding can think. If thoughts without content are void, then they are not. To be thoughts they must be joined to the object in intuition, and thus they have content. Conceptions arising from them, come necessarily after the object in intuition, and hence *a posteriori*. Conceptions must *be* before they can have any relation whatever, and it is impossible for them to *be* before the thoughts from which they arise; and thoughts originate only in sensibility. So if it is the sole office of the transcendental logic to determine the origin, the extent, and the objective validity of conceptions which relate *a priori* to objects, there is no practical utility in it. No such conceptions are conceivable.

Nothing could be much more illogical than the proposition to furnish a "universal and secure criterion of the truth of every cognition." "With regard to our cognition in respect of its mere form (excluding all content), it is equally manifest that logic, in so far as it exhibits the universal and necessary laws of the understanding, must in these very laws present us with criteria of truth." And this position is equally as illogical, unphilosophical, and absurd as the proposition which he denounces. In the same paragraph he says, "these criteria, however, apply solely to the form of truth, that is, of thought in general, and in so far they are perfectly accurate, yet not sufficient. For although a cognition may be perfectly accurate as to its logical form, that is, not self-contradictory, it is notwithstanding quite possible that it may not stand in agreement with its object." One simple truth is sufficient to show the utter fallacy of such proposition, and to answer all the argument adduced to sustain it. It is this,—there can be no cognition which does not agree with its object. Another is,—a cognition cannot be perfectly accurate as to its logical form, that is, not

self-contradictory, and then not stand in agreement with its object. A cognition, to be such, must have an object. It must relate to its object. It is nothing with an object. It is determined by its object, both as to form and content. It is a cognition of the object cognized, or it is nothing. If there is no content (object) there is no cognition. Its content is its form. It is impossible to think without thinking something. Both knowing and accurate thinking must agree with the thing known and accurately thought. The supposed cognition which does not so agree, is self-contradictory, for it is now clearly shown that it can only be a cognition in so far as it agrees with its object. It is not merely asserted, it is shown, that a cognition to be such must agree with its object. If it is not satisfactorily shown, I will proceed to do so on the authority of the philosopher's own unqualified declarations. It is illogical, unphilosophical, and absurd to say,—"with regard to our cognition in respect to its mere form (excluding all content)." When all content is excluded there is no cognition to have form. According to the philosopher, thought is the work of the understanding, which can only be performed when the sensuous faculty has intuited an object. The laws of the understanding cannot present us with any criteria of truth either in particular or in general. The laws of the understanding (transcendental logic) may prescribe certain rules for accurate thinking, but truth is not to be tested by any criterion which they can afford. If truth is "the accordance of the cognition with its object," it can only be known when the object is presented, and the criteria must then be afforded by the sensuous faculty (in a summary of the experiences, or deductions therefrom) to which the object is presented.

Under the general head of Transcendental Logic the philosopher treats of what he calls the transcendental clue to the discovery of all pure conceptions of the understanding. But within the first page of the discourse he shows the impossibility of such conceptions, and hence the superfluity of the alleged clue for their discovery. He says,—"independently of sensibility, we cannot possibly have any intuition; consequently the understanding is no faculty of intuition. But besides intuition

there is no other mode of cognition, except through conceptions; consequently the cognition of every, at least of every human, understanding is a cognition through conceptions,—not intuitive, but discursive. All intuitions, as sensuous, depend on affections; conceptions, therefore, upon functions. By the word function, I understand the unity of the act of arranging diverse representations under one common representation. Conceptions, then, are based on the spontaneity of thought, as sensuous intuitions are on the receptivity of impressions." But a little previously he had said, "pure understanding distinguishes itself not merely from everything empirical, but also completely from all sensibility." And not very far back he had declared the impossibility of the understanding *so* distinguishing itself, as well as the impossibility of any conception not based, like sensuous intuitions, on the receptivity of impressions, except that they are one remove further away from, in advance of, or above sensibility. As quoted in the last preceding chapter he had said, "an intuition can take place only in so far as the object is given to us. This, again, is only possible to man at least, on condition that the object affect the mind in a certain manner. The capacity for receiving representations (receptivity) through the mode in which we are affected by objects, is called *sensibility*. By means of sensibility, therefore, objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes us with intuitions; by the understanding they are *thought*, and from it arise conceptions. But all thought must directly, or indirectly, by means of certain signs, relate ultimately to intuitions; consequently, with us, to sensibility, because in no other way can an object be given to us." Conceptions then arise from thought. And all thought must relate to sensibility. If it is the understanding which does the thinking, how is it to distinguish itself "completely from all sensibility.?" Further, if conceptions depend on function, and if function is "the unity of the act of arranging diverse representations under one common representation," and if conceptions arise from the thought of the understanding, then the understanding cannot distinguish tself completely from all sensibility. The representations with which function deals, are made only to the sensibility. The

sensibility receives them by means of the receptivity of the sensuous faculty.

It is irrelevant to say that "besides intuition there is no other mode of cognition except through conceptions." The above quoted postulates preclude the possibility of conceptions except by means of, or arising from intuitions. And they are equally as positive that intuition is impossibile without sensibility, that is, impossible except by means of sensibility. Where such declarations are positively made, and are so contradictory, the reader must either misunderstand or forget what he reads on one page, in order to be prepared to understand what he may read upon another page of the same philosophy.

In the introduction to his discourse upon the analytic of conceptions, the philosopher says, "Transcendental philosophy has the advantage, and moreover the duty, of searching for its conceptions according to a principle; because these conceptions spring pure and unmixed out of the understanding as an absolute unity, and therefore must be connected with each other according to one conception or idea. A conception of this kind, however, furnishes us with a ready prepared rule, by which its proper place may be assigned to every pure conception of the understanding, and the completeness of the system of all determined *a priori*,—both which would otherwise have been dependent on mere choice or chance."

It would really seem more logical, though perhaps not so transcendentally logical, to assign the pure conceptions of the understanding to their proper places, than to assign their proper places to them. Such conceptions would seem to be as transitory and portable as place. But aside from this, which may be regarded captious, I think I have shown that according to the philosopher's own positive declarations, a pure conception of the understanding, as he defines it, is an impossibility. He says it is a conception in which there is nothing empirical. Also that the understanding has been negatively defined "as a non-sensuous faculty of cognition." I think I have already shown that according to his positive declarations, there can be no such faculty, or at least that no faculty of the mind can have a non-sensuous cognition; that he absolutely precludes the

possibility of thought without sensation, and no one would claim that there could be cognition without thought.

Later in the section last above quoted from he says, "Now thought is cognition by means of conceptions. But conceptions as predicates of possible judgments, relate to some representation of a yet undetermined object." I believe it is shown that according to his own positive declarations, both these propositions propose impossibilities. As quoted in the preceding chapter he has said, "By means of sensibility, therefore, objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes us with intuitions; by the understanding they are *thought*, and from it arise conceptions." Then thought cannot be "cognition by means of conceptions," because conceptions themselves arise from thought, or from the understanding which thinks. It would be a somewhat circuitous process if thought, or the understanding that thinks, should first produce conceptions, and thought should then be cognition by means of them. Conceptions as predicates of possible judgments cannot relate to the representation of a yet undetermined object. A mere representation is sufficiently filmy when the object is determined. There can be no representation of a yet undetermined object. A representation, to be such, must be a representation of an object. So long as the object is undetermined, how can the mind know that it has a representation of it? If the mind even imagines that it has a representation of an object, it must also imagine the object of which it so imagines itself to have such representation. The object must be determined in the imagination, or the representation of it cannot be in the imagination. In proof of this it is sufficient to ask the reader to try to imagine the representation of an object, without at the same time imaging the object as determined. Herbert Spencer says it is impossible to look at the sun and think of green. I have tried to imagine myself doing so, and found it impossible. His assertion is proved, psychologically at least. If one cannot imagine the representation of an object without also imagining the object as determined, it is proved there can be no such thing as a "representation of a yet undetermined object." These conceptions cannot "spring pure and unmixed out of the understanding as an

absolute unity." The understanding is not, and cannot be imagined to be, an absolute unity. It may be the highest faculty or function of the mind. But according to the philosopher's own positive declarations, it is merely a relative factor, and not an absolute unity. As already quoted he says, "without the sensuous faculty no object would be given to us, and without the understanding no object would be thought. * * * In no other way than from the united operation of both, can knowledge arise." If this is true the understanding not only cannot be an *absolute* unity, it must be a mere factor or faculty of essential *relativity* in the mental make-up, the psychological organism. Substantively the understanding is nothing. If it is in reality a faculty of thought, or a faculty which thinks, or even an entity which thinks, its existence is only known in its thinking. Until it thinks it is not known to *be*. It cannot be imagined as in being, except as engaged in thinking. The philosopher says it cannot think unless it is furnished with an object by sensuous intuition. If he is correct in this, the understanding must be a relative quantity or quality, dependent in its existence and operations, which as above shown are but one, upon the faculty of sensuous intuition. Then it certainly cannot be an absolute unity. The imperativeness with which he declares the understanding to be an absolute unity, is unwarranted. Positiveness is not philosophy. If, however, it is the alleged pure conception of the understanding which he means to call an absolute unit, the result is even worse for his philosophy. According to his declarations conceptions must be composite, and cannot be unity. The raw material of which they are composed is the intuition of the sensuous faculty, intuited only when an object is presented or represented. This intuition is worked over by the understanding into thought and conceptions. Then conceptions must be as empirical, as heterogeneous, and as relative, as the thing intuited by the sensuous faculty, or as the intuition of the sensuous faculty.

Of the alleged logical function of the understanding in judgments, he says it may be brought under four heads, of which each contains three momenta. They are, first, Quantity of judgments, as universal, particular, and singular. Second,

Quality of judgments, as affirmative, negative, and infinitive. Third, Relation of judgments, as categorical, hypothetical, and disjunctive. Fourth, Modality of judgments, as problematical, assertorical, and apodeictical. That in the use of judgments in syllogisms, singular judgments may be treated like universal ones. That because a singular judgment has *no* extent, its predicate cannot refer to a part of the conception of the understanding, and be excluded from the rest. That the predicate is valid for the whole conception as if it were a general conception and had extent, to the whole of which the predicate applied. That in point of quantity the singular is to the general judgment as unity to infinity; that as to their intrinsic validity, and their use with reference to each other, they need not be separately placed; but that according to quantity they are entirely different.

This is very obscure; but I believe I apprehend its meaning. In what I have to say of it I shall endeavor to be strictly logical. There is no logic in the distinction between singular and universal judgments. The supposed universal judgment is probably called so because of the universality of its application. It may be of universal application and still singular, numerically. If the word singular is used as the antithesis of composite, no such judgment is psychologically possible. A judgment must be somewhat in the nature of a conclusion reached by means of or after deliberation, and it cannot be conceived of as simple. Deliberation is necessarily a hesitating between different mental tendencies, and the conclusion (judgment) reached is composed of the result of the consideration of the matters, whatever they may be, which tend the mind this way or that way. If the word judgment is used in the sense of cognition, it not only necessarily tends to confusion, but is even worse for the philosophy than if it were used in the common acceptation of the term, and as I have above supposed. A cognition cannot be singular, that is simple, but is necessarily composite. It can arise only from a mental survey of things in their relations. It is psychologically impossible to think of any one thing to the utter exclusion of all other things, and of all relations. Suppose one to try the simplest and most direct

cognition possible, and see if it can possibly be singular in the sense of simple, or as distinguished from the composite. Apperception is probably the simplest and most direct of all possible cognition. By it we know that we *are*. But what? and where? and how? and when? and amongst whom? and with what? The cognition is nothing if not composite.

The philosopher seems to base the distinction between the singular and universal judgments on the alleged fact that the singular has no extent. This necessarily implies that the universal judgment has extent, and he says the singular is to the general judgment as unity to infinity. This relation is analogous to that sometimes supposed between the atom and the universe. But it is impossible to suppose an indivisible atom, or an atom without extent. If the singular judgment has *no* extent it cannot be to the general judgment as unity to infinity, because unity cannot be supposed to have *no* extent; and worse than this, no human judgment can be supposed to correspond with infinity.

Further of the logical function of the understanding he says that in transcendental logic infinite are distinguished from affirmative judgments, though they are rightly classed with them in general logic. General logic abstracts all the content of the predicate, though it be negative, and only considers whether the predicate be affirmed or denied of the subject. Transcendental logic considers the content of the negative predicate, and inquires what the cognition gains by such affirmation. That by the negative proposition, "The soul is not mortal," one really affirms, places the soul in the unlimited sphere of immortal beings, affirms that the soul is one of the infinite multitude of things which remain when all mortal things are taken away. That by such means the unlimited sphere of all possible existences is so far limited that the mortal is excluded from it, and the soul is placed in the remaining part of this sphere. That this part remains infinite, and more may be taken away from the whole sphere without augmenting or affirmatively determining our conception of soul. That such judgments, infinite in respect of their logical extent, are in respect of the content of their cognition, merely limitative. That

hence they belong in the transcendental table of the momenta of thought in judgments, because the function of the understanding exercised by them, may perhaps be of importance in the field of its pure *a priori* cognition.

It would seem very much like an abuse of terms to speak of an alleged negative content of a predicate. And indeed in the example given, viz., "the soul is not mortal," the philosopher says we really affirm. To affirm with negative propositions is to obliterate all distinction between the negative and affirmative and abolish all intelligible thought. If the content of a predicate is negative the predicate is void. The soul is not necessarily placed in the sphere of the immortal by merely affirming that it is not mortal. So far as such affirmation is concerned it may not *be* at all. Such a proposition does not affirm that the soul is one of the multitude of things which remain when all mortal things are taken away. The infinite sphere of possible existence cannot be limited and remain infinite. It would require great metaphysical acumen to harmonize infinity with limitation. Whenever and wherever infinity shall be limited right then and there it will cease to be infinite. If judgments are infinite in respect of their logical extent, they can only be so by being infinite in respect of the content of their cognition. The content of the cognition of judgments measures their logical extent. There is nothing of a judgment beyond the content of its cognition, and it can have no extent of a logical or any other kind, beyond the scope of the matter to be extended. There can be no judgment and no part of a judgment beyond the content of its cognition. If this is infinite the judgment is infinite, otherwise the judgment is limited. The logical extent of a judgment is nothing except as it extends the judgment with the content of its cognition correctly in the domain of thought, and the content of its cognition is necessarily the measure of its extent in such domain. If such judgments are important only in the field of the understanding's *a priori* cognition, they are without importance,—it is already shown that there can be no such cognition.

Of the alleged logical function of thought in judgments, the philosopher makes the following division according to their

alleged relations: "Those (a) of the predicate to the subject; (b) of the principle to its consequence; (c) of the divided cognition and all the members of the division to each other." He proceeds to say, that hypothetical propositions contain the relations to each other of two propositions. That nothing is cogitated by means of such judgments except a certain consequence, the result of the two propositions of the hypothetical proposition. That a disjunctive judgment contains a relation of two or more propositions, not of consequence, but of logical opposition, so far as one proposition excludes the other. That it contains at the same time a relation of community in so far as all the propositions taken together fill up the sphere of the cognition,—for example, the world exists either through blind chance, or through internal necessity, or through an external cause.

This last and alternative proposition, the alleged disjunctive judgment, is utterly senseless. If the dogmas of philosophy are to be illustrated or enforced by the use of propositions, it should be done by such as have some intelligible meaning, and not by puerile exclamations without meaning. There is no intelligible difference between internal necessity and external cause. If the world exists through an external cause, it must be an efficient cause, one not to be opposed. The existence of the world, then, must be a necessity,—a necessary result of such cause. Internal necessity, to mean anything, must mean necessity inherent in the nature of the world, that world which exists through such internal necessity. To say that the world exists through such necessity means nothing. It must exist before, or at least as early as, it can have a nature necessitating its existence. To say that the world exists through blind chance argues only the blindness of the proponent of such a proposition. There is too much order, uniformity, permanency, and purpose apparent in its existence and progress or development for the admissibility of any such proposition.

Sound philosophy never expresses itself in such alternatives. The alternative itself implies that its proponent does not know what he proposes. If he knows that the existence of the world is due to some one of the three alleged causes, he must know which of them. In such case there could be no occasion nor

excuse for the alternative. If he does not know which of the three alleged causes produces the existence of the world, he cannot know that it is any of them which does so, unless he has the infinite knowledge necessary to know that among all the infinite number of supposable causes, no other than the three alleged could be efficient. It is both illogical and irrelevant to speak of cause as external to the world. The word world as there used means the entire material universe. It is impossible to imagine any thing as external to it. Space cannot be supposed to extend beyond matter, and we cannot imagine anything as external to space. As far as the vision has gone in space it has found celestial systems, and nebula implying the presence of matter. The mind cannot go further than it can, and necessarily must, posit the like. To treat the term external cause as though it were meant to imply spiritual as distinguished from material, would be beneath the dignity of serious philosophy. The spiritual cannot be imagined as entirely distinct from the material, but only as a condition of the material. It is impossible to imagine a spirit otherwise than as in the form of some known or supposable aggregation of matter, and form cannot be imagined except as outline or contour of something. Even a shadow is the manifestation of the condition of matter, and of the relation of some part of substance to another part during its existence. It is cast by something and falls on something, and cannot itself be nothing.

If mind is soul, a spirit, the spiritual is merely a condition of the material. Mind is a state or condition of nerve substance, and it cannot be imagined as external to, nor as before or after, the substance of which it is the state or condition. So it appears that the deepest, the dullest, and the dryest of all metaphysics deals in the veriest visionary vagary, and that its profoundest wisdom is the sheerest folly.

The philosopher declares that the modality of judgments is a quite peculiar function that contributes nothing to the content of a judgment, but concerns itself only with the value of the copula in relation to thought in general. That problematical judgments are those in which the affirmation or negation is regarded as merely possible; that in the assertorical we regard

the proposition as true, in the apodeictic we look upon it as necessary. That problematical judgments may be obviously false, and yet, taken problematically, be conditions of our cognition of the truth. That the assertorical speaks of logical reality or truth; that the apodeictical cogitates the assertorical as determined by the laws of the understanding, consequently as affirming *a priori*, and in this manner it expresses logical necessity. That because we judge problematically, then accept assertorically our judgment as true; and then accept it as inseparably united with the understanding, that is, as necessary and apodeictical, these three functions of modality are so many momenta of thought.

I do not see how the modality of judgments can concern itself with the value of the copula so as to determine anything concerning such value, without contributing something to the content of the judgment. If the modality of judgments concerns itself with the value of the copula, it must be for the purpose of determining such value, or it is idle. If the copula, as it is supposed to do, unites the subject and predicate; and if the modality of the judgment determines the value of the copula, it must add something to the content of the judgment; it necessarily adds the conception of the value as so determined. Subject and predicate are without meaning in the absence of the copula. They may be the material out of which a judgment may be constructed by the use of a proper copula. The judgment will be just whatever the copula makes it, by bringing the subject and predicate together in this or in that particular form. Then that which determines the value of such copula adds more to the content of the judgment than is derived from any other source, and it does so by determining the value of such copula.

With regard to the accuracy or verity of judgments there can be no intelligible difference between the true and the necessary. The true is necessarily true, and the mind cannot imagine it as unnecessary. The necessary is no more true than the true. It is not a higher grade of truth. Truth admits no graduation. When an intelligible judgment is formed, and is by some means known to be true, the mind cannot with the same

data before it imagine it to be untrue, or otherwise than as so formed. The philosopher defines truth as the agreement of the cognition with its object. If this definition is exclusive there can be no *a priori* knowledge which is true. As heretofore shown, he declares that in knowledge *a priori* the object must agree with the cognition, and not the cognition with the object. The subject (mind) cognizes the object (thing.) This cannot be done unless the cognition agrees with the object. This agreement is necessary to the cognition, and it is necessarily true, or it cannot be agreement. Cognition is knowing. When one cognizes he knows. It is impossible to imagine one knowing anything by means of cognition disagreeing with the thing known. Psychologically, then, there can be no difference between the true and the necessary in judgments. Assertorical and appodeictical judgments are merely true judgments. If a judgment is true it cannot be false, and hence it is necessarily true. The distinction is without difference, and the division of the modality of judgments into the three alleged functions is arbitrary and idle.

An obviously false judgment cannot be a condition of our cognition of truth. Really, there can be no judgment in which the affirmation is merely possible. Blind guess-work is not judgment. If an affirmation or negation is merely possible, it is not probable, and is more in the nature of the vagary of delirium than the judgment of a thinking mind. So far as we know possible affirmations and negations may be innumerable. That which is merely possible cannot be certain, while if our cognition of truth depends upon any condition, it must be upon a condition certain. Otherwise the supposed cognition will be uncertain, and instead of being cognition it will be mere surmise or conjecture, depending for its truth upon something which *possibly* may, but which probably does not, have truth.

Of the pure conceptions of the understanding or categories the philosopher says, general logic abstracts all the content of cognition, expecting to receive representations from some other quarter, in order by means of analysis, to convert them into conceptions. That on the contrary, transcendental logic has lying before it the manifold content of *a priori* sensibility,

which transcendental æsthetic presents to it in order to give matter to the pure conceptions of the understanding, without which transcendental logic would have no content, and be therefore utterly void. That space and time contain an infinite diversity of determinations of pure *a priori* intuitions, yet that they are the condition of the mind's receptivity, under which alone it can obtain representations of objects, and which consequently must affect the conception of these objects. That the spontaneity of thought requires that this diversity be examined after a certain manner, received into the mind and connected, in order afterwards to form a cognition out of it. That this process is synthesis. That synthesis is pure when the diversity is not given empirically, but *a priori*. That representations must be given before there can be any analysis of them, and no conceptions can arise, as to their content, analytically. That synthesis of a diversity is the first requisite of a cognition; it is that by which alone the elements of our cognitions are collected into a certain content; it is the first step in the investigation of the origin of our knowledge. That synthesis is the mere operation of the imagination—a blind but indispensable function of the soul, without which we should have no cognition whatever. That the understanding reduces it to conceptions, by means of which we attain to cognition. That pure synthesis rests upon a basis of *a priori* synthetical unity. That numeration is a synthesis according to conceptions, because it takes place according to a common basis of unity, as the decade. That by means of this conception the unity in synthesis of the manifold becomes necessary.

All these assertions, if they were otherwise valid, are vitiated by the use of the term *a priori* sensibility. Sensibility is, by the philosoper himself, defined as, or declared to be, the capacity for receiving representations through the mode in which we are affected by objects. If he is correct in this there can be no *a priori* sensibility. When a representation is received, an object has been presented to the sensuous faculty. Sensibility then cannot be *a priori*, it must be *a posteriori* in its operations, whatever they may be. So that if transcendental logic has nothing lying before it but the alleged manifold content of

a priori sensibility which transcendental aesthetic presents to it in order to give matter to the pure conceptions of the understanding, it can have no content and must be utterly void.

Transcendental aesthetic cannot present the alleged manifold content of the alleged *a priori* sensibility to transcendental logic, nor to anything else. The alleged manifold content of the alleged *a priori* sensibility cannot be the matter of a pure conception of the understanding. Such conception can have no matter in any way derived from or related to any form of sensibility. Sensibility has nothing primitively, and it derives nothing except empirically. The philosopher says transcendental aesthetic is the science of all the laws of sensibility *a priori*. But I have just shown that sensibility *a priori* is impossible. And further, sensibility cannot be conceived to have any content until something (an object) is presented to the sensuous faculty, because sensibility is, he says, the capacity for receiving representations through the mode in which we are affected by objects. Then if sensibility has a content it must be the representation of an object. And this could not be the matter of a pure conception of the understanding,—it must be the matter of an empirical conception (intuition ?), because it is derived through some kind of experience. The philosopher declares, as hereinbefore quoted, that "pure understanding distinguishes itself not merely from everything empirical, but also completely from *all* sensibility." And *all* sensibility includes sensibility *a priori*, if there is such thing. If sensibility is the capacity for receiving representations of objects through the mode in which we are affected by them, it certainly has nothing primitively, and derives nothing except empirically.

If space and time contain an infinite diversity of determinations of intuitions, they certainly do not contain such diversity of determinations of *a priori* intuitions. The philosopher as hereinbefore quoted says, "an intuition can take place only in so far as an object is given to us,"—in which case *a priori* intuitions are impossible. If space and time are "the condition of the mind's receptivity," under which alone it can receive representations of *some* objects, and which consequently must

always affect the representations of these objects; on the authority of the philosopher's own declarations I have shown that space and time are themselves objects of sensuous intuition. The philosophic truth is that thought is the development and coordination of sensations. Then thought cannot be spontaneous, and there is no such thing as spontaneity of thought to require any diversity of determinations "to be examined after a certain manner, received into the mind and connected, in order afterwards to form a cognition out of it." Thought cannot proceed alone from any inherent tendency of the mind to think. An object of some kind, tangible or intangible, must be in some manner presented to the sensuous faculty; or it must be, in what we call memory, represented to the mind, before there can be thought. When an object is presented or represented it is not exclusively by means of any voluntary act of the mind alone. It is fortuitous to, and originally caused by something external to the mind; so the mind never thinks without some measure of some kind of constraint. If thought were spontaneous it would not be caused by, nor originate from the effect of an object upon the sensuous faculty. A purely voluntary thought is unthinkable. However slight the impulsion may be, the presentation or representation of an object to the mind implies thought according to the receptivity of the sensuous faculty, and in exact ratio with the capacity of the mind to develope and coordinate the sensations produced by such presentation or representation.

If synthesis is the examination of the diversity of determinations of intuitions, the receiving them into the mind and connecting them, in order afterwards to form a cognition out of it; if it is the process of joining different representations to each other, and comprehending their diversity under one cognition, it cannot be pure, if, in order that the synthesis may be pure, the diversity must *not* be given empirically, but *a priori*. The diversity of the determinations of intuitions cannot come to the mind before the intuitions themselves, and they can only come with or by means of the presentation of objects to the sensuous faculty. Then synthesis must be empirical, and cannot be *a priori*.

Of the same subject the philosopher further says, "The first thing which must be given to us in order to the *a priori* cognition of objects, is the diversity of the pure intuition; the synthesis of this diversity by means of the imagination is the second; but this gives, as yet, no cognition. The conceptions which give unity to this pure synthesis, and which consist solely in the representation of this necessary synthetical unity, furnish the third requisite for the cognition of an object, and these conceptions are given by the understanding. The same function which gives unity to the different representations in a judgment, gives also unity to the mere synthesis of different representations in an intuition; and this unity we call the pure conception of the understanding. Thus, the same understanding, and by the same operations, whereby in conceptions, by means of analytical unity, it produced the logical form of a judgment, introduces, by means of the synthetical unity of the manifold in intuition, a transcendental content into its representations, on which account they are called pure conceptions of the understanding, and they apply *a priori* to objects, a result not within the power of general logic."

And I think it may be appropriately added, "nor within the power of any logical logic whatever." The *a priori* cognition of objects being now shown to be utterly impossible, and the alleged synthesis of the diversity of the alleged pure intuition being confessedly the work of the imagination, no object having in any manner been given, presented, or represented, and thought itself being as a necessary consequence impossible, it would seem like a puerile elaboration of a groundless fancy to go so minutely into a description of the functions and their alleged operation in an exercise which cannot take place. Supposing all these intricate and involved processes of the mind to be gone through with, and no object, or no suitable object, should be given, presented, or represented to the sensuous faculty—what have we then but shadow? And upon what manner of substance is such a shadow cast? Many predicables may be in the mind. It may be stored with qualities and conditions to assign to and predicate of the countless objects in all their diversity that may be given. But to predicate any-

thing of any object before the object is given, that is, *a priori*, the mind must imagine such object. If such object should never really be given, the process is idle. If such object should really be given, the propriety of the anticipatory predication is at once a question of experience, and knowledge of such propriety or impropriety is necessarily empirical. The alleged synthetical unity of the manifold in intuition, is impossible *a priori*. Supposing the content of an intuition may or may not be very variously manifold, depending upon the object given, and the manner and circumstances of its presentation or representation, yet an object must be given before there is the intuition. The synthetical unity of the manifold in such intuition cannot be imagined to antecede the intuition itself, and whatever follows the giving of the object is *a posteriori*. If intuition is correctly defined as direct apprehension, or cognition, or as immediate knowledge, it would seem to be unity itself. And while it might be manifold, there could be no synthetical unity of such manifold because there would be no time for synthesis to take place.

It may not be amiss here to notice one of the philosopher's examples of the so-called synthetical propositions. He says, "A straight line between two points is the shortest, is a synthetical proposition. For my conception of straight contains no notion of quantity, but is merely qualitative. The conception of shortest is therefore wholly an addition, and by no analysis can it be extracted from our conception of a straight line. Intuition must therefore here lend its aid, by means of which and this only our synthesis is possible." There may be many lines of various degrees of crookedness, going or extending by as many various routes from one point to another point. But *between* two points no other than a straight line is possible. The moment (or the point at which) the line deviates from a straight course, the part of it involved in such deviation is not between the two points. If no other than a straight line between two points is possible, the proposition that a straight line between two points is the shortest is more absurd than synthetic. On the authority of the philosopher's own declaration that necessity and strict universality are infallible tests of the

accuracy of *a priori* cognition, and conceding, for the sake of the argument, that the proposition is an appropriate one, his conception of straight as to the supposed line between two points must contain the notion of quantity. On such hypothesis it is necessarily true, and strictly universal, that the straight is the shortest possible line,—that any other must be greater in quantity. The conception of shortest, then, is not wholly an addition, but is necessarily and universally implied and included in the conception of straight as to the supposed line between two points. The mind cannot think a straight line between two points except as the most direct and shortest possible route from one of the points to the other. The thought necessarily involves the notion of quantity,—the length of the supposed line. The conception of straight comes so nearly containing the notion of quantity, that the conception of shortest is the first one possible in any analysis of the conception of straight. The very moment one begins to examine his conception of a straight line between two points, other lines are necessarily supposed, and they not only are necessarily and universally greater in quantity, but they are necessarily and universally thought (at the moment) as greater in quantity, and the notion of the lesser quantity in the straight line necessarily and universally appears. Of course one may think a straight line of indefinite or undetermined extent without conceiving any definite notion of quantity; but when he thinks a straight line between two points, that is, extending from one of the points to the other, the notion of quantity is in the conception.

CHAPTER XV.

MYSTIFIED METAPHYSICS.

Conception of Cause has no *a priori* Basis in the Understanding—Necessity as Basis of *a priori* Knowledge, Insufficient—Necessity Itself Known only Empirically—*A priori*-ism Inverts Order of all Supposable Cognition—Intuition is some Form of Apprehension of Phenomena—Sensation the Basis of all Intelligence—Content of Representation—Capacity to Have, is not Form of, Intuition—No act of Understanding can be Unconsciously Done—No Purely Spontaneous Activity of Subject—Intuition is not an Undecomposable Mental Act—Unity (as distinguished from union) in any Element of Thought is Unthinkable—Apperception is Empirical—Difficulties of the Critique—Cheap Criticisms.

Speaking of the alleged deduction of the categories, the Philosopher says, the conception of cause cannot arise from experience, but must have an *a priori* basis in the understanding, or be rejected as a mere chimera. That it demands one thing to be of such a nature, that another thing necessarily follows, according to an absolutely universal law. That to the synthesis of cause and affect, there belongs a dignity utterly wanting in any empirical synthesis.

It were an endless undertaking, the attempt to test the validity of all the declarations of the philosopher in the Critique. The selection of those most worthy controversial attention is difficult. But it is not so difficult as to conceive how the conception of cause can have an *a priori* basis in the understanding.

Whatever the understanding may be, whether a faculty or a condition,—thought is developed and coordinated sensation. The philosopher says it is the understanding which thinks, but it would seem more philosophical to say that understanding is developed and coordinated thought, or a result of it. Then conception of cause can have no *a priori* basis in the understanding, because it must be itself of empirical derivation. It cannot be before thought, and thought cannot precede sensation. So conception of cause must arise from experience.

If the synthesis of cause and effect is so dignified as to require something to be of such a nature, that something else (specific) should follow from it necessarily, and according to

an absolutely universal law, it demands that which in the nature of the human mind it is impossible to know that such synthesis can have. The mind cannot know anything until it acquires the knowledge. This requires experience,—the development and coordination of sensation, followed by the development and coordination of thought.

The Philosopher says we may "collect from phenomena a law, according to which this or that usually happens, but the element of necessity is not to be found in it."

The element of necessity further than it is known empirically is not to be found in anything. Without the element of necessity empirically known, there can be no known physical law. With the thought of a low temperature, congelation of substances appears to the mind; but Blackstone says the King of Siam would not believe the Englishman who told him of ice. Anyone having never observed the effects of cold would probably be equally as incredulous. The conception of cold as a cause of the phenomenon cannot be *a priori* in the understanding, nor can it have an *a priori* basis in the understanding. Still there is nothing in all physics more necessary or universal than this effect resulting from this cause. But facts must be learned in some way, and when from long experience (observation) the result is found to be constant, the mind becomes convinced of its universality and necessity. The conception of such cause is empirically derived. Scientists sterilize air and vegetal infusions to destroy the germs contained in them. They know empirically, and not *a priori*, that heat destroys life. Biogenesis claims to have vanquished Abiogenesis by means of such experiments. Heat of a certain degree is universally and necessarily certain to destroy life. The conception of heat as a cause of the phenomenon cannot be *a priori* in the understanding.—nor have an *a priori* basis in the understanding. Still there is nothing in all physics more universal or necessary than this effect resulting from this cause. But facts must be learned in some way, and when from long experience (observation) the result is found to be constant, the mind becomes convinced of its universality and necessity. The conception of the cause and its effect is an empirical synthesis.

The doctrine of *a priori* conceptions of the understanding derives no warrant from any alleged universality and strict necessity. Nothing can be known to be universal or necessarily so until it is learned. All knowledge is derived; and the capacity to acquire it, the conditions of its acquisition, the principles of the sensuous and reasoning faculties on which it must be acquired, are themselves no part of knowledge. One may as well say that the essential conditions of growth and strength and health are *a priori* growth and strength and health, as that the essential conditions of cognition are *a priori* cognition.

The proposition that "either the object alone makes the representation possible, or the representation alone makes the object possible," is unwarranted. Without an object represented there can be no representation. Without a representation there can be no cognition. That we can conceive of objects as thus and so, and cannot conceive of them as otherwise, does not make it necessary that they should be thus and so. So far as we are concerned, and so far as our capacity to conceive is concerned, objects may be of any form or nature, or they may not be at all. The object alone cannot make the representation possible; there must be a sensuous faculty endowed with receptivity. The representation alone cannot make the object possible, any more than one's image reflected in a mirror makes his existence possible. The representation itself is possible only when an object is presented to a sensuous faculty endowed with receptivity. So the possibility of *a priori* representation does not depend upon the representation alone making the object possible;—it is demonstrated that *a priori* representation is already unconditionally impossible.

He says that in case representation alone makes the object possible, although it does not produce the object as to its existence, it must nevertheless be *a priori* determinative in relation to the object, if it is only by means of the representation that we can cognize anything as an object. Representation cannot be *a priori* determinative with regard to an object, when representation is itself impossible until an object is given. An object cannot be given indeterminately. It must be given determinately or it cannot be known to be an object.

Representation is often illusory. A straight stick set perpendicularly in clear water cannot be made to appear perpendicular below the surface. The slightest declination from the perpendicular makes the stick appear to deflect at the surface. The representation changes while the object remains unchanged, yet in its actuality it is still represented (or perhaps misrepresented) in the apparently bent form. Stars of immeasurably different distances from us appear to be the same distance away. The earth appears to be flat, and the sky appears to be a great dome resting upon it at the horizon. Through the clear air objects appear to be in what we have come to regard their real forms and colors. Through colored and waved glass they appear to be in different forms and colors. Near the horizon the heavenly bodies appear much larger than when near the zenith. If objects must conform to our cognition, and if representation makes them possible (not as to their existence, but as phenomena), then the straight stick is actually bent by the submersion, the heavenly bodies are all equidistant from us, the earth is flat and the sky is a dome resting upon it at the horizon, the heavenly bodies are larger near the horizon than near the zenith, and they cannot be at the nadir at all because we can have no representation of them there; objects seen through different intervening media change form and color, and countless other phenomena actually are that which we know they actually are not.

A priori-ism is an inversion of the natural order and sequence of all supposable cognition. Instead of supposing the possibility of our cognition of objects as they are, it supposes the possibility of their existence as we cognize them.

The Philosopher says, "There are only two conditions of the possibility of a cognition of objects; firstly, Intuition, by means of which the object, though only as a phenomenon, is given; secondly, Conception, by means of which the object which corresponds to this intuition is thought. But it is evident from what has been said on aesthetic, that the first condition, under which alone objects can be intuited, must in fact exist, as a formal bases for them, *a priori* in the mind. With this formal condition of sensibility, therefore, all phenomena

necessarily correspond, because it is only through it that they can be phenomena at all; that is, can be empirically intuited and given. Now the question is, whether there do not exist *a priori* in the mind, conceptions of understanding also, as conditions under which alone something, if not intuited, is yet thought as object. If this question be answered in the affirmative, it follows that all empirical cognition of objects is necessarily conformable to such conceptions, since, if they are not presupposed, it is impossible that anything can be an object of experience. Now all experience contains, besides the intuition of the senses through which an object is given, a conception also of an object that is given in intuition. Accordingly conceptions of objects in general must lie as *a priori* conditions at the foundation of all empirical cognition; and consequently, the objective validity of the categories, as *a priori* conceptions, will rest upon this, that experience (as far as regards the thought) is possible only by their means. For in that case they apply necessarily and *a priori* to objects of experience, because only through them can an object of experience be thought."

Obscurity and profusion are the ready resources of philosophy, or the learned jargon which passes current as philosophy. But the Philosopher who relies too much upon them may cross his own trail, unless he carefully remembers his prior postulates when making subsequent declarations. If intuition and conception are the two conditions of the possibility of the cognition of objects, it is still not necessary that all phenomena nor indeed that any phenomena correspond with the intuition. The proposition that intuition is the only means by which an object, that is, only as a phenomenon, is given, can only amount to this; that it is by means of intuition that we apprehend phenomena, or more accurately, that our apprehension of phenomena is intuition. But this must necessarily be empirical, and not *a priori* intuition. The object cannot be apprehended until it is given, and when it is given it becomes to us a phenomenon. The object must be either a phenomenon or a noumenon, and as noumenon, it is not given at all. But intuition does not give the object, any more than the microscope gives the Bacillus. It is the means by which, or the process in which,

the mind takes the object when it is given, just as the thermopile is the means by which, or its use is the process in which, we ascertain the temperature given by a certain degree of heat. This, of course, is upon the hypothesis that intuition is itself a faculty, or its use a mental instrumentality. But it is neither. It is a mental process, or perhaps more accurately, it is an essential prelude to a mental process, the whole of which is the cognition of an object when it is given. Now why should an object when it is given, and so becomes to us a phenomenon, necessarily conform to or correspond with the intuition? It is not a phenomenon until it is given, or as the Philosopher has said, until it is presented to the sensuous faculty,—whatever that may be. What was it before it was so presented? Have we any reason to believe it was different from what we find it when it is presented? If not, if for aught we know or may reasonably suppose, the object as a phenomenon is not inherently different from what it was as a noumenon, it would seem more accurate to say that our intuition and cognition of it conform to and correspond with it, than to say that it must conform to and correspond with them. Does the fact that by means of intuition we discern that an object is thus and so, render it necessary for the object to be thus and so? For countless ages the Binaries have appeared to be single stars. They, as objects, as phenomena, have been intuited and cognized as such, until comparatively recent astronomical investigation has disclosed that they were really double, revolving around their common centers of gravity. Until such discovery was made they had never been accurately or truly intuited or cognized. The faculties of intuition and cognition were then at fault. With their improvement the objects the double stars are intuited and cognized as they are. Did they formerly conform to or correspond with the faculties of intuition and cognition? If not then, why should we say that they do now? Does the apparently unchangeable conform to and correspond with the palpably changeable? May not the changeable be more likely to be brought to conform to and correspond with the unchangeable?

To say that intuition as a condition of the possibility of the cognition of objects, "must in fact exist, as a formal basis for them, *a priori* in the mind," can legitimately signify no more than that the mind cannot take the representation of an object unless it is endowed with the capacity, whatever that may be, of receiving such representation. But minds have such capacity in various degrees of proficiency. If objects, as phenomena, must necessarily conform to and correspond with this faculty, it ought to be of steadfast uniformity among all persons and during all time. There ought to be an unvarying standard of intuitive and cognitive faculty, so the moon need never be taken for a green cheese, and the settling and shrinking of house walls need not be taken for the tolling off of the time by the death watch.

How can we suppose there can exist *a priori* in the mind, conceptions of understanding, as conditions under which alone something, if not intuited, is yet thought as object? It is already shown that, according to the Philosopher's own declarations, thought cannot precede intuition, that sensation must precede both, and that neither can accomplish anything like cognition without the other. If he is correct in this, it does not follow "that all empirical cognition of objects is necessarily conformable to such conceptions;" nor that "if they are not presupposed, it is impossible that anything can be an object of experience." Things are potentially objects of experience long before the mind can conceive of anything. Objects of experience are objects of the senses. "The lowest form of vision appears to be nothing beyond a sensitiveness to the proximity of a body which intercepts the light." When the hydra removes from the light to the dark side of the vessel in which it is placed, it exhibits some intelligence. It seems to know the difference or to know that there is a difference between light and darkness, and to know which is best suited to it. The light and darkness are, to it, objects of experience. It has an empirical cognition of them, which can scarcely be supposed to conform to an *a priori* conception of them;—and it would be equally as difficult to suppose that it had presupposed them. These phenomena, light and darkness, are to the hydra objects

of experience, without the necessity, or even the possibility, of its having any *a priori* conception of them, or of objects in general; and hence there can be no necessity of the experience conforming to any *a priori* conception, and still its movements exhibit a degree of intelligence.

As no other time is fixed for the human mind to begin to conform to the laws of psychology enacted in the Critique, it is fair to presume that its allegiance to such laws is coeval with its existence. The earliest manifestations of its existence are generally the cries with which it greets the midwife on its arrival in this wicked world. It has experience then of objects of which it cannot be said to have any *a priori* conception. At birth no mind was ever known to exhibit more intelligence than is shown by the amœba in projecting in this or that direction a prolongation of some part of itself and attaching it to some fixed object to draw itself forward, or to some small portion of organic matter around which it collapses, and which it dissolves or absorbs for its nutriment. The labia of the infant cling to the maternal nipple with perhaps less tenacity, but about the same degree of intelligence as that with which the tentacles of poulpe adhere to the limbs of the drowned mariner. They each have experiences of objects, but it is impossible to suppose that either of them has an *a priori* conception of objects in general, or indeed of any object whatever. That the infant may rapidly develop a mind, while the poulpe remains limited to a meagre instinct, does not invalidate the illustration. Evolutionists (and even the philosopher himself) all trace mind back to its alleged origin in Sensation. If they are correct in this, every exhibition of sensation is an expression (pro tanto) of intelligence.

The Philosopher says that the empirical derivation which some philosophers attribute to the alleged pure conceptions of the understanding, cannot possibly be reconciled with the fact that we do possess scientific *a priori* cognitions, namely, those of pure mathematics and general physics. This seems more like assertion than philosophy. It is not apparent that we have *a priori* cognitions of pure mathematics and general physics, any more than of applied mathematics or any particular topic

that may engage thought. If mathematics is the science of spatial and quantitative relations, it is a system of calculation. The symbols, signs, or instrumentalities used in the process render it neither more nor less mathematics. In a steeplechase, the width of the ditches and the height of the hedges are calculated by the horse and not by the rider, and as they are approached, the steed measures his leap so as to be under full momentum and clear the obstacle, without having to divide a leap so as to spring from the most advantageous point. A hawk swoops down upon a barnyard, and a fowl flies for shelter. The hawk observes this and changes its course from directly toward the fowl to a point in advance of it, and veers just enough to reach that point just when the fowl reaches it. An elephant directed to pick up a penny lying by a wall and beyond the reach of its proboscis, blew violently against the wall above the penny, and the reflex atmospherical current brought the penny within its reach. Here are some instances of very nice calculation of time, speed, space, and their relations. According to the Philosopher's philosophy, these animals had scientific *a priori* cognitions of pure mathematics, or *a priori* conceptions of pure understanding, relating to the data of consciousness, which guided them respectively and unerringly to such results. Are such exhibitions of intelligence essentially different from those made by human minds in innumerable instances? Is intelligence any the less intelligence that it is exhibited by a quadruped or a winged biped instead of a biped without wings? Can either of the animals in the instances above named be supposed to have had an *a priori* conception of any kind or of anything whatever? But touch the horn of a snail and observe how quickly the slimy little creature shrinks back into its shell. Does it not exhibit intelligence,—a discreet fear for its personal safety? Has it had an *a priori* conception of danger to enable it to experience such fear? It acts as though it really had some mind,—and doubtless it has, but who would venture the assertion that it has had an *a priori* conception of the pure understanding in order that it might think the dangerous object from which it shrinks? It evidently does think the dangerous object, and experience the fear of it when

it shrinks from it. Now, unless we maintain that the snail is capable of *a priori* intuition, or *a priori* conceptions of the pure understanding, we must admit that experience is possible without any *a priori* conception of objects in general. If it is so in any instance of intelligent action, why may it not be so in all?

Of the deduction of the alleged pure conceptions of the understanding the Philosopher says, "The manifold content in our representations can be given in an intuition which is merely sensuous—in other words. is nothing but susceptibility; and the form of this intuition can exist *a priori* in our faculty of representation, without being anything else but the mode in which the subject is affected."

This dual proposition is very obscure, and it is difficult to ascertain its meaning so as to give it intelligent consideration. Taking the parts in their order the question occurs,—what is it that is nothing but susceptibility—the manifold content in our representations—or the merely sensuous intuition? One would scarcely suppose that the capacity to have an intuition, the susceptibility to the effects of that which gives rise to the intuition, could be the manifold content of the representation. A representation being necessarily a representation of something, its manifold content must be the qualities, attributes, and peculiarities, of whatever kind and nature they may be, which serve to distinguish the particular thing represented from other things. In a representation the mind must see the particular thing represented, separately or as distinguished from other things, but not without relation to them. Whatever it may be that distinguishes the particular thing represented from other things, and thereby furnishes the data of the intuition so the mind can intuite the particular thing, must (together with its relations) be the content of the representation by means of which the intuition is possible. Then it must be the merely sensuous intuition which the Philosopher means to say is nothing but susceptibility.

An intuition is quantitative or substantive, so far as mental effects can be regarded as such, while susceptibility cannot be regarded as other than qualitative,—that is, as the capacity to have intuition. The latter part of the proposition,—that the

form of this intuition can exist *a priori* in our faculty of representation, without being anything else but the mode in which the subject is affected,—has no legitimate psychological import.

The expression, the mode in which the subject is affected, means the mode in which the subject is affected by the object, if it means anything. Different objects affect the subject differently, and the mode in which the same object will affect the subject depends upon circumstances external to the subject. The difference in the mode in which objects affect the subject testifies in some measure the difference in objects. Every object which is in any respect different from any other object will affect the subject differently from such different object. Numerically speaking, objects are infinite,—they are beyond imaginable computation. The mind cannot contain *a priori* one form for each and every intuition it may have on the presentation of every possible object to the sensuous faculty. If such form is nothing else but the mode in which the subject is affected, it cannot exist *a priori* in the faculty of representation. The mode in which the subject is affected is variable, depending upon the mental condition of the subject, and the circumstances attending the presentation of the object.

The subject's capacity to be affected at all by an object, measures the possibility of the mind's having an intuition of the object, the form of which intuition depends upon something external to the mind. Such capacity cannot be the form of the intuition itself. If the intuition varies with the various objects and the circumstances attending their presentation, the form of such intuition cannot exist *a priori* in the faculty of representation,—but the subject's capacity to receive representations, or to be affected in any manner by any object, may be a primitive and inherent quality or property of the subject. The mode in which the subject is affected cannot exist *a priori* in the faculty of representation unless the subject must necessarily be affected in but one mode under any and all possible circumstances that might attend the presentation of the object. Obviously this could not be. An electric light which can scarcely be seen at noon is dazzling at night. The surfeited appetite revolts against the most palatable food, and the rarest delicacies

become nauseating. Music that charms and exhilarates for a time, becomes monotonous, and finally annoying. Charity and courage without unnecessary display, command our esteem and admiration; exhibited with a flourish, they deserve and have our contempt. The form of the intuition of these objects depends upon the condition of the mind and the circumstances attending their exhibition. Under some circumstances the intuition may be of one form, while under different circumstances it will be of a different form. If the form were *a priori* in the faculty of representation the intuition were necessarily of but one form, and the condition of the mind and circumstances attending the presentation of the object would be without influence to vary or affect the form of the intuition. This, it is shown, is impossible.

Proceeding with the alleged deduction, the Philosopher says, —the conjunction of a manifold in intuition never can be given to us by the senses; that it cannot therefore be contained in the pure form of sensuous intuition, for it is a spontaneous act of the faculty of representation. That as we must, "to distinguish it from sensibility entitle this faculty understanding; so all conjunction—whether conscious or unconscious, be it of the manifold in intuition, sensuous or non-sensuous, or of several conceptions—is an act of the understanding. To this act we shall give the general appellation of synthesis, thereby to indicate, at the same time, that we cannot represent anything as conjoined in the object without having previously conjoined it ourselves. Of all mental notions, that of conjunction is the only one which cannot be given through objects, but can be originated only by the subject itself, because it is an act of its purely spontaneous activity. * * * * That the possibility of conjunction must be grounded in the very nature of this act, and that it must be equally valid for all conjunction; and that analysis, which appears to be its contrary, must, nevertheless, always presuppose it; for where the understanding has not previously conjoined, it cannot dissect or analyze, because only as conjoined by it, must that which is to be analyzed have been given to our faculty of representation."

If the conjunction of a manifold in intuition cannot be given us by the senses, but must, whether conscious or unconscious, be an act of the understanding, the mind will never accomplish much in the way of conjoining such manifold. What is the alleged manifold in intuition? How can the understanding unconsciously conjoin such alleged manifold? Is it possible to imagine an act of the understanding unconsciously done? What is understanding? If it is the intellectual faculty, the rational powers collectively conceived and designated, then what are they? What can they accomplish without thought? What can be thought unconsciously? The manifold content in intuition may be the elements composing the substance of the intuition. Suppose an intuition of an incorporeal object,—for instance, charity. It is sufficiently a substantive to be the object of a sensuous intuition. It may be felt,—the several senses are so many different modes of feeling. The manifold in such intuition may be the several elements and characteristics of an act which combine to make the act charitable. For instance,—an enthusiast, with more zeal than wisdom in advocating some heresy may make himself ridiculous. His hobby may have attracted attention and deserved intelligent consideration. It may be examined by some one of superior capacity, and he may utterly demolish it. This may be done in kind, considerate, and respectful terms, and the argument in which it is done may even raise the mistaken bigot in the estimation of all who read or hear the argument in which his heresy is exploded. The reviewer may make the bigot's sincerity prominent, and, while showing his fallacy, he may also labor to show that the error is not one which was at all unlikely. The manifold in intuition of charity so exhibited, consists of the apparent error of the enthusiast, his deserving of rebuke, and the demolition of his doctrine done by a superior without malice. Now these are all conjoined in this intuition.

The Philosopher says this conjunction "cannot be given through objects, but can be originated only in the subject itself, because it is an act of its purely spontaneous activity." There is no such thing as the subject's purely spontaneous activity. In order that there may be a manifold in intuition, there must

be an intuition. Intuition cannot be spontaneous,—an object must be presented to the sensuous faculty, and the intuition must be provoked. Its manifold then must be perceived or thought at the time of or after its inception. Conjunction of this manifold cannot be supposed to precede the perception or thought of the manifold. Wherever the conjunction takes place it follows and is provoked by the presentation of the object of the intuition to the sensuous faculty. As it is impossible to suppose it to take place otherwise, it cannot be an act of the subject's purely spontaneous activity.

Conjoining the manifold in intuition may be the work of thought, but it still cannot be an act of the subject's purely spontaneous activity. No mind ever performed such an act. The act of conjunction is provoked, ultimately by the presentation or representation of the object to the sensuous faculty, originating or causing the intuition; this gives rise to thought in which conjunction of the manifold takes place, so it is given through objects and by the senses.

One of the most startling of the above quoted propositions is the one that, "where the understanding has not previously conjoined, it cannot dissect or analyze." If this were true, analysis would be a useless labor. The only possibly legitimate office of analysis is to ascertain the constituents of a composite, and their character. If the same understanding which is to analyze, has already conjoined these constituents (manifold in intuition), it must have known what they were, and their character. Otherwise the understanding could not have very understandingly conjoined them. The Philosopher bases this proposition on another, viz., only as conjoined by the understanding, "must that which is to be analyzed have been given to our faculty of representation." Here he reverses the order in which his mental processes have been proceeding. Hitherto representation has preceded understanding. Understanding is now in advance, conjoining the manifold in intuition in order that the representation may be afterwards analyzed by the same understanding: Of course that which is not in conjunction cannot be analyzed; that, the parts of which are not together, cannot be separated into its parts. But there is

no logic in combining merely for the sake of afterward separating,—nor in the supposition that the same faculty can spontaneously conjoin that which it can analyze only by or after presupposing its conjunction.

If there is a manifold in intuition, and if intuition is susceptible to analysis, then Herbert Spencer's definition of intuition is seriously at fault, He says it is an undecomposable mental act,—an immediate perception for which no reason can be given. The distinction then between it and understanding would seem to be with scarcely a difference, unless it were in degree. Understanding, regarded either as a mental faculty, or as a substantive result of a mental process, is simply an advanced stage of or refinement upon intuition. The great concern of philosophy seems to be to prove propositions of various degrees of probability and perplexity, by reference to subsumed propositions which it says cannot themselves be proved by any means,—the alleged fundamental principles or primitive cognitions. Its authors write as though a standard of mentality were established and their readers had attained to it. Their illustrations generally assume that their readers are acquainted with first principles and simple truths, and consequently agree in their cognitions of them. And if intuition is an undecomposable mental act, an immediate perception for which no reason can be assigned, there can be no manifold in intuition, and all persons knowing anything must be acquainted with first principles and simple truths, and conseqently must agree in their cognitions of them. In such case there can be no analysis of intuition or of the representation producing or accompanying it.

But intuition is not an undecomposable mental act, and it *can* be proved. That a foot (as a measure of matter or space) is more than an inch, may be known by the mechanic as well and conclusively as by the mathematician. It may be known to be a necessary and necessarily immediate perception of the mind. It is not an undecomposable mental act from the fact that it must be learned before it is known, and it can be learned only by a series of mental acts, including comparison and calculation. It can be proved by dividing the foot into inches,

or by adding together a sufficient number of inches to make the foot, or by filling the measure of each with substance and comparing their quantities and calculating how many of the one will be required to equal the other. Apart from the measurement of substance or space neither the inch nor the foot is anything whatever, and neither is either more or less than the other. Yet even then they are each the object of intuition, and may be presented or represented to the sensuous faculty so as to give rise to the intuition, although neither can be imagined except as in space. The difference between them, as measures, or that there is such difference, is known intuitively, that is, it is known universally, directly, and necessarily; it is an intuition. And yet the intuition is not an undecomposable mental act, and may be proved. Indeed it must be proved, or be susceptible of proof, in order to be an intuition; and it can only be proved by decomposition.

The manifold in this intuition, the difference, (or that there is such difference) between an inch and a foot, are not conjoined by the understanding, nor by any mental faculty or process whatever. The manifold are already conjoined in the intuition at the instant of its inception. The understanding does not have to think them into the intuition in order that they may be there. The only means by which the understanding can know them to be there, is by analyzing the intuition and finding it composed of or containing the alleged manifold.

The Philosopher transcends human thought when he says, "The conception of conjunction includes, besides the conception of the manifold and of the synthesis of it, that of the unity of it also." Of course there can be no conjunction where there is no manifold to be conjoined, and the conception of conjunction necessarily includes that of such manifold and the synthesis of it. But the unity of it is quite another thing. If unity is oneness, the use of the term neutralizes the declaration. There is quite a difference between unity and union. Synthesis (combination) produces or results in union, but it cannot be supposed to produce or result in unity. Unity cannot be supposed to be produced or to result at all, but wherever it is supposed it must be supposed to have always been. If unity is properly

affirmed of a supposed simple substance or indivisible monad in the sphere of physical existence, it can have no analogous application in the realm of mental activity. No mental act can be undecomposable. The simplest perception of the simplest object is composite. Herbert Spencer says, "Where intelligence is but little evolved, a single sensation, as of scent, serves the organism for an index of the combined attributes with which such scent is connected; and similarly, in undeveloped language a simple sound is used to indicate a complex idea." To anyone who will consider the matter, it will clearly appear that unity, as distinguished from union, in any element of thought is not only impracticable, but it is entirely unthinkable.

In a foot note the Philosopher says, "Whether representations are in themselves identical, and consequently whether one can be thought analytically by means of and through the other, is a question which we need not at present consider. Our consciousness of the one, when we speak of the manifold, is always distinguishable from our consciousness of the other; and it is only respecting the synthesis of this (possible) consciousness that we here treat."

But a moment's reflection shows that there can be no consciousness of the one, entirely distinct from consciousness of the other, in any manifold. *E pluribus unum*, the twain shall be one flesh, and the Holy Triune, are expressions of absolutely unintelligible nonsense. So, if the term Synthetical Unity has any legitimate meaning, it is by virtue of a misuse of the term unity for union or combination.

The Philosopher says, "That representation which can be previously to all thought, is called intuition. All the diversity or manifold content of intuition, has, therefore, a necessary relation to the I think, in the subject in which this diversity is found. But this representation, I think, is an act of spontaneity; that is to say, it cannot be regarded as belonging to pure sensibility. I call it pure apperception, in order to distinguish it from empirical, or primitive apperception, because it is a self-consciousness which, whilst it gives birth to the representation I think, must necessarily be capable of accompanying all our representations. It is in all acts of consciousness one and

the same, and unaccompanied by it, no representation can exist for me. The unity of this apperception I call the transcendental unity of self-consciousness, in order to indicate the possibility of *a priori* cognition arising from it."

If I have already demonstrated the impossibility of *a priori* cognition, it would seem to be scarcely profitable to discuss the propriety or feasibility of the means by which the Philosopher claims it may be produced. But for the sake of the argument, if we suppose *a priori* cognition to be a possibility, it does not follow that it can arise from the alleged unity of apperception. Apperception is itself empirical. No one was ever conscious of himself or self-conscious until he experienced his existence. There cannot be, then, any such thing as transcendental unity of apperception or of self-consciousness. Self-consciousness is merely thinking one's self in connection with and relation to his environment; and he cannot otherwise be thought. This thought is merely the coordination and development of the sensations one has of himself in such connection and relation. These sensations are all experiences or results of experiences which one has of himself in such connection and relation. They may be synthetized or combined into one general self-consciousness, and habit may render the process automatic, or so nearly so that one is apparently unconscious of the process. But an analysis of apperception shows that it is a composite, formed from empirical sensations, experiences of self in connection with and relation to environment. If this is correct there is no such thing as transcendental unity of self-consciousness.

I come now to a proposition of the Philosopher's which is difficult to restate, but which conclusively shows that his entire Critique is in reality a system of apologetics, as I have before stated. It is substantially this,—some one may propose a species of preformation system of pure reason, that the categories are neither *a priori* principles of cognition, nor empirical, but subjective aptitudes for thought, exercised in harmony with the natural laws regulating experience. His objections to this are, that we cannot say where to stop in the employment of predetermined aptitudes, and the categories would lose the

character of necessity which is essentially involved in the very conception of them. That one could not then say the effect is necessarily connected with its cause, but only, that one is so constituted that he can think this representation only as so connected. That this is just what the skeptic wants. That in such case, all our knowledge depending on the supposed objective validity of our judgment, is mere illusion. That we could not dispute on that which depends on the manner in which the subject is organized.

This appears to involve, or rather to be, a contradiction of the entire doctrine of *a priori* cognition, and the doctrine that objects must conform to our cognitions of them. If the manner in which the subject is organized is not to be depended upon, if its predetermined aptitude for thought does not produce knowledge objectively valid, but mere illusion, there certainly cannot be any *a priori* cognition that is trustworthy. An *a priori* cognition, if possible at all, necessarily depends for its validity upon the manner in which the subject is organized. It must be an entirely subjective state of consciousness, or knowledge of an object not yet given. A cognition of a given object is empirical or *a posteriori*. If objects must conform to our cognitions of them, then all knowledge of objects necessarily depends on the manner in which the subject is organized, because such cognitions must conform to, or be just such as can be produced by the subject as organized. If there is any validity or sound sense in the doctrine of *a priori*-ism at all, it is because the manner in which the subject is organized renders it necessary that *a priori* cognition be of such objective validity, that the object itself when given must conform to it. Whether one can say *a priori* that the effect is necessarily connected with its cause in the object, necessarily must depend upon the manner in which the subject is organized. The subject must be so organized that it can have such *a priori* cognition, to which the object (connection of cause and effect) must necessarily conform.

It becomes clear that in less than one page the Philosopher has conceded away the entire argument of more than a hundred pages. Metaphysics, as a subject of philosophic disquisi-

tion, is essentially fugitive and volatile. It is difficult to lay hold upon it sensibly, and intelligibly trace any thread of argument relating to it to final appreciable results. If one attempts to construct a system of it of such proportions and character as to make it available as a weapon of offense or defense against a so-called skepticism, he certainly ought not to assume anything nor assert anything that cannot be conclusively demonstrated. Above all, he ought not to allow any actual contradictions to appear in the work. The Critique of Pure Reason is the crowning effort of a recognized intellectual Hercules. I think it is now shown to be a shapeless, incongruous mass of assumption and sophistry. The exceedingly tedious and involved style of its expression, together with the dry and unfruitful nature of the subject itself, have perhaps prevented its ever being thoroughly analyzed by any one caring to hazard an opinion at variance with that of a philosopher of such eminence. Those who have disagreed with him have generally misstated his doctrines, and couched their own disapproval in terms that commit themselves to nothing definite except their unintelligible objections to his philosophy. The work is too voluminous to justify a complete analysis of all its propositions, and the exposure of all its errors and inconsistencies. But its fundamental principles are embodied in the first one hundred pages of Meiklejohn's translation, to the consideration of which this and the two chapters next preceding it are devoted.

It is really amusing to read some of the commendations as well as strictures upon the doctrines of the Philosopher, written by those who show in writing them that they have not grasped the thought of the Philosopher. Such praises and criticisms are cheap. Almost anyone may indulge in them. It is quite another thing to take a deep philosophy of a world wide reputation, and an almost universally admitted soundness, written in the style of the Critique, and study out its fundamental principles, and trace its essential doctrines to their necessary logical results. But I believe that it is now done, and that the reader of these chapters who will study the Critique in the light of the exposition here given, will discover that it is a laboriously learned effort to fortify apologetics generally in the stronghold

of the very Reason from the standpoint of which an alleged Skepticism has made its most formidable attacks upon Religion. I believe he will also discover the necessarily absolute futility of all effort, either to impair or sustain any Religion by any attack or defence depending for its validity upon any principle of human Reason; that all Religion is necessarily a matter of faith pure and simple, and that with all their differences no more or better reason can be assigned for the validity of any one religion than for that of any other. I believe he will also discover that all the so-called additions to our knowledge, made by Reason from alleged *a priori* conceptions of the Understanding, and alleged *a priori* intuitions and cognitions, are so much learned guess-work, based upon assumptions conflicting with all possible experience, and the validity of which cannot be tried by any test of more known validity than that of the assumptions themselves.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCIENTIFIC CIRCUMLOCUTION.

Press-notices of Publications—Interpretation of Philosophies—No Division of Parties in Knowledge—No Fundamental Principles—Absolute Certainty, Unthinkable—Consciousness Necessarily Empirical—Propositions must Contain Subject, Copula, and Predicate—Predicating a thing of Itself is no Proposition—There can be no Consciousness without Self-consciousness—Activity and Passivity to be Reciprocal, must Determine each Other—Fichte's Example of Interchangeable Propositions is mere Difference in the Form of one Proposition—The Validity of Memory—The Past an Actuality—Memory is not Purely of the Mind—Religion incompatible with Reason—Philosophy's Limit of Infinity.

In the preface to a Critical Exposition of Fichte's Science of Knowledge it is proposed to "show as occasion may require in what way German thought contains the natural complement or much needed corrective of British speculation." Were there a difference between thought and speculation, merely as such, one of them, and it may not matter which, may be the natural complement or much needed corrective of the other. Thought may not be necessarily speculation, but speculation is necessarily thought. But the objection is to the use of the terminology in such manner as to imply more systematizing than the nature of the subject will admit. There prevails entirely too much tendency to reduce every subject of thought to a science, and to systematize all mental action.

Fashionable periodicals are filled with wise saws eulogizing the alleged German systems, from which it appears that the editors either do not understand such systems, or that they are more courteous than candid in their allusions to them. Immediately following a list of Philosophic Classics in the above mentioned Critical Exposition, is the following paragraph, politely called a press notice: "These excellent books, as remarkable for ability as for clearness, will do much to clear the way and make the mastery of the German systems an easy task."

It is remarkable that ability or clearness in a book should be deemed so remarkable as to provoke so remarkable a remark.

In literary propriety ability and clearness ought to be reasonably expected in all scientific books. No one has any right to inflict upon suffering humanity an additional book, especially one assuming the dignity of a philosophy, unless it is characterized by ability and clearness as much at least as by learning. In such case it may not be an infliction, otherwise it must be. Ability and clearness are qualities which readers have a right to expect in every book *thrust* upon them, and few others find their way to the modern library. It is a humiliating confession that such qualities are so rare as to be considered remarkable when detected or suspected in some pedantic print.

Another *book notice* in the same connection is as follows: "One of the most valuable literary enterprises of the day. Each volume is a condensed presentation made by an author who combines thorough philosophical study with literary talent, and who has made a specialty of the philosopher whose work is interpreted." This out-Herods all patent medicine advertising, and even the gay and gaudy show bill may look well to its laurels. Such paragraphs come too fast and furious to be expressions of the deliberate judgment of any editor having candidly examined the publications puffed. It becomes apparent that much that is so said of them is said upon the same *principle* as that with which the inspired copper plate recommends some marvellous spavin cure, and with about the same measure of intelligence.

The latter of the above quoted *book notices* contains a more damaging confession than the former. It is not only of the utility, but of the necessity of interpretation of philosophy. Upon the same principle it might well be followed by a confession of the utility and even necessity of explication of the interpretation. The theory seems to be that the more obscurely a science or philosophy is taught or expressed, the more profound its wisdom; the more books that are necessary to be studied in order to get at the original doctrine, the more *valuable the literary enterprise.* If literature is a trade, and if money instead of culture is its object, there may be some weight in the idea. If shelf room in the library is to be utilized upon the

same principle as that upon which it is utilized in the larder, then there cannot be too many editions, interpretations, and explications of Philosophy; and consequently it cannot be too obscure or senseless in the original. Such seems to be the theory upon which it is written.

Looking into the above named Critical Exposition, and also the Science of Knowledge, of which it is said to be a condensed presentation, various ideas occur to the thinking reader which may not disturb the equanimity of the casual reader at all. One remembers that it is said that Science is itself classified knowledge. If this is accurate then a Science of knowledge is a classified knowledge of knowledge. Legitimately, in a science classification should be strictly scientific, when of course it must be intelligible. In such case there could be no occasion for its interpretation. A dictionary, or a glossary of its technical terms, would unfold all its mystery. No one ever knew so much, and of such an exalted type of wisdom, but that he might in some language intelligibly express himself to his fellows. The fact, if it is a fact, that an alleged philosophy must be interpreted in order that the mastery of the system may be made a comparatively easy task, is a convincing proof of the worthlessness of the system, or its philosophy, or both.

Substantively considered, knowledge is what is known, and what is known is knowledge. It cannot consist in any part of what is assumed or guessed. The *content* of knowledge cannot, nor can any part of it, be otherwise than as known. A science of knowledge, then, must be a science of that which we know. While there may be so much legitimate elasticity in the term, that it may include the means by which, the manner in which, and the evidence that, we know the content of our knowledge; yet no such consideration can mitigate the perplexity sure to arise in the mind, when it attempts to conceive of the infinitely varied content of its knowledge, as reduced to a science, or as scientifically classified. No human mind can do this. But in this, its broadest supposable scope, a science of knowledge would be a classified knowledge of that which is known (including itself) together with the means and manner and proof of its being known. This would be a

perfectly round circle, everywhere equidistant from its center and from its purpose, and it could never be brought nearer to them. Regardless of the philosopher's real intention, which no one ever knew, the manner in which he has dealt with the alleged science, and the name by which he has christened his alleged philosophy, commit him to the idea that his Science of knowledge applies as well to the content as to the means and manner and proof of knowledge.

An unfortunate confession is covertly, perhaps unintentionally, made in the opening sentence of the work. The words are these, "To unite divided parties it is best to proceed from some point wherein they agree." A really sagacious philosopher would have known that parties are never divided in knowledge. If agreement constitutes knowledge, or if it transforms opinion into knowledge, such a sentence might be eminently fitting at the beginning of a discourse upon the alleged science of knowledge. Divided parties may be, and frequently are, united in opinion and in error. The inference from the use of the sentence quoted is, that the philosopher intends that when the divided parties shall be united, the science of knowledge will be constructed, and of course understood by the parties so uniting.

But if they agree upon one point or upon several, and disagree upon others, there is no more psychological warrant for starting from a point upon which they happen to agree, than from any other, for the purpose of uniting them in a science of knowledge. Such plan might be more available for the purpose of uniting them in opinion. But the alleged German System purports to be a science of knowledge, and not a science of opinion. The philosopher says, "A science has sytematic form. All propositions in it are connected in one single fundamental proposition or principle, and unite with it to form a whole. This is universally conceded." But universal concession does not constitute knowledge; nor can it be, or give validity to, any principle of knowledge. It is but a stronger form or type of agreement, from which knowledge may be as remote as from any tenet of either of the divided parties where there is disagreement.

One of the greatest difficulties with philosophy arises from considerations of utility and propriety relating to its supposed starting point, its supposed fundamental principle. Some seem to have fancied that this difficulty was obviated by what they regard agreement, general, or pehaps universal. But nothing can be clearer than the untrustworthiness of such agreement. Illustrations are obvious. Down to a certain stage in the development of the physical sciences it was generally, perhaps universally, agreed that the earth was the center of the universe. From that point, upon which there was such agreement, the sages of antiquity started out in various directions to unite divided parties, with what success is apparent in the thousand theories of every debatable subject of human thought. The wisdom wasted in their fond and fruitless efforts is a stupendous monument to their zeal and energy, as well as to what now appears to to have been their stupidity. Even the very Prussian who is reputed to have conceived the idea of the universe which Science is said to have demonstrated is the correct one, is said to have given the most absurd reasons imaginable for its then supposed validity. It required a long time for actual physical demonstration to bring about or produce general agreement on that proposition. So it appears that in Science the universality with which men may agree upon any proposition is no valid argument for its soundness, to say nothing of the soundness of any supposed fundamental principle. Speaking psychologically, and with the strictness due to all philosophical discussion, there is no such thing conceivable as a fundamental principle. The mind cannot get back to anything without being forced to base it upon or attribute it to something still further back. It cannot imagine anything as being entirely in and of itself. Even a thought, the vainest and lightest thinkable, and the most original, is the product of something preceding it. The mind that can conceive of and formulate an intelligible idea of a fundamental principle, may be expected to give us a natural history, or a histology, of the formation and development of the atom, the plastid base of organic existence. If it cannot reach the fundamental in phys-

ical phenomena, it can scarcely be expected to reach it in mental phenomena.

The philosopher makes two propositions at the base of his imposing structure. First, that "Every science has *one fundamental principle*, which cannot be proven in it, but must be certain in advance of it;" and second, that "the science of knowledge is itself a science; hence it must also have *one fundamental principle*, which cannot be proven in it, but must be presupposed for its very possibility as a science." How anything which is merely presupposed for the possibility of something else, can be in itself absolutely certain, is not apparent. If a science cannot *be* otherwise than as based upon such supposititious fundamental principle, there cannot be much psychological certainty of its being at all. Yet, elaborating these propositions he says, "This fundamental principle is absolutely certain, that is, it is certain *because* it is certain. You cannot inquire after its ground without contradiction. * * * It accompanies all knowledge, is contained in all knowledge, and is presupposed by all knowledge." It is startling that anything can be so certain that an inquiry after its ground would be a contradiction of anything else except its assumed absolute certainty, or the assumed absoluteness of its assumed certainty. But according to the philosopher, the certainty, or more accurately speaking, the validity of the fundamental principle of the Science of knowledge cannot be proven, but must be presupposed if there is to be a science of knowledge. In other words the certainty which is the basis of all knowledge is assumption. This can be neither objectively nor subjectively valid. Too many assumptions have been exploded for the discriminating mind (to say nothing of the skeptical) to accept any mere assumption of certainty as the basis of any knowledge.

What men may know may depend largely upon the nature of their cognitive powers; but it depends no less upon the nature of the content of that which is to be known.

Man is too small and insignificant a factor in the domain of substantive existence to assume to prescribe a limit to even his own investigations, and condemn all inquiry after the ground of an assumed fundamental principle of certainty as a contra-

diction. The mere fact that the mind yearns for a fundamental principle of certainty, upon which to rest its supposed knowledge, if it ever intelligently does so, is no more or better argument that there is such fundamental principle, than the fact that the mind shrinks from the idea of its own annihilation, is that the soul is immortal. Nothing but the existence of a tendency is proved in either of these cases. The universal and irrepressible tendency to speculation, and demand for the proof of all content of all so-called knowledge, is as strong an argument for the reasonableness of such demand, and of the probability that it may be supplied, as the universal yearning for a fundamental principle can be, that there is such principle. The tendency to speculate is not to be suppressed or restrained by the dictatorial terms of an alleged philosophy, which merely assumes the existence of its fundamental principle of certainty, and declares all inquiry after its ground a contradiction. The universal demand for the proof or ground of the certainty of an assumed fundamental principle of knowledge, or of a science, is not to be silenced by merely emphasizing the assumption. No inquiry was ever more natural, or indeed more reasonable, than that of the child, who, on being told that God made everything, then inquired who made God.

Proceeding to the establishment of the "highest fundamental principle" of the science of knowledge, the philosopher resorts to a process which he calls abstracting reflection, and says that therein, "we must start from some proposition which everyone will admit without dispute." But I have shown the futility of this in referring to the fallacy that prevailed in physical philosophy while mankind were agreed in the error which was exploded by the assumption and speculation of Copernicus. That which every one will admit without dispute may be as it is admitted to be, but such admission alone, however universal, is no evidence that it is so. In illustration however the philosopher proceeds to say, "Any fact of empirical consciousness, admitted as such valid proposition, is taken hold of, and from it we separate one of its empirical determinations after the other, until only that remains, which can be no longer separated and abstracted from. As such a proposition we take

this one; A is A. Every one admits this proposition, and without the least hesitation. It is recognized by all as completely certain and evident. If any one should ask a proof of its certainty, no one would enter upon such proof, but would say: This proposition is absolutely (that is, without any further ground) certain; and by saying this would ascribe to himself the power of absolutely positing something."

If any other than empirical consciousness were possible, there might be some occasion for the particularity with which the philosopher specifies the empirical consciousness; and by such particularity he plainly implies that there is some other kind. But reflection forces the recognition of the supreme absurdity of supposing any other than empirical consciousness. If there can be a consciousness without some measure of sensation, or some sort of experience, it would be indeed interesting to know what kind it is, how it can arise, and how we became cognizant of it. The selection of the admitted proposition from which it is proposed to "separate one of its empirical determinations after the other," is unfortunate. From the alleged proposition A is A, nothing whatever can be separated and abstracted; certainly no empirical determination, because it contains none. While it may be "recognized by all as completely certain and evident," it is not a proposition. One of the greatest absurdities Superstition ever attributed to Deity is the senseless exclamation, "I am that I am," and if the Lord exclaimed it He said absolutely nothing. Such a combination of words has no meaning whatever. All the recognition it can have as completely certain and evident can give it no validity, for it imports nothing which can be either certain or uncertain.

Apart from psychology metaphysics has no meaning. All propositions are necessarily addressed to the human mind. They are the vehicles or media by which, or perhaps more accurately speaking, the form in which intelligence of some kind and in some measure is conveyed to the mind. To say that man is, imports the being of a creature called man. To say that man is an animal, imports the being of a creature called man, and that he may also be called animal. To say that man is an animal that laughs, imports the being of a creature called

man, and that he may also be called animal, and that there are other creatures called animals that do not laugh, and distinguishes him from them. Each of these is a proposition by which intelligence is communicated from one mind to another. In each of them something is affirmed or predicated of the subject man. But to say that man is man, is to begin and end with man, without having affirmed or predicated anything of him. A proposition must have a subject and predicate, and they must be connected by means of a copula. Less than this cannot be a proposition. By means of less than this no idea can be communicated from one mind to another. In some instances one of the three parts may not be expressed, but in such case it must be implied. The subject cannot be affirmed or predicated of itself or of the predicate. But the predicate, whatever it may be, must be affirmed or predicated of the subject. If the last term (man or A) in the so-called proposition—man is man or A is A—has the same meaning as the first term (man or A), if it means the same thing on one side of the copula (is) as upon the other side of it, it is necessarily subject in both places, and there is no predicate, and hence no meaning in the so-called proposition. In order to be a predicate, the term must mean something different on one side, from what it means on the other side of the copula. And then, according to the philosopher, the assumed absolute certainty of the proposition is gone—it may be disputed. So it is manifest that the alleged proposition—A is A, not only is *not* a proposition that is absolutely certain, but that it is not a proposition at all. It is an idle exclamation without meaning. To have any psychological validity as a proposition, the combination of words must purport something which, if known to be the truth, would add to the actual knowledge had without their combination. If such purport is not known to be the truth, it will not add to the actual knowledge, but if believed it must add to the volume of the content of opinion, or the combination cannot be a proposition. Any combination of words without a purport which, in such circumstances would have such effect, is not a proposition, it expresses no idea. In a combination of words in which it is said that man is man, or that A is A, there

is absolutely nothing which can be supposed to be so known to be the truth as to add to the content of the knowledge had without it; or which if believed to be the truth, can add to the content of opinion. Science is sadly scant of data when it is forced to resort to such twaddle in exemplifying or applying its alleged fundamental principle. If the alleged fundamental principle of the science of knowledge depends for its validity upon the alleged absolute certainty of such so-called propositions as that A is A, it has no validity, or rather there is no such fundamental principle.

In further illustration of the properties or peculiarities of the so-called proposition, the Philosopher says, "In insisting on the in itself certainty of the above proposition, you posit *not* that A is. The proposition A is A is by no means equivalent to A *is*. (Being when posited without a predicate is something quite different from being when posited with a predicate.) Let us suppose A to signify a space inclosed within two straight lines, then the proposition A is A would still be correct; although the proposition A *is* would be false, since such a space would be impossible. But you posit by that proposition: *If* A is *then* A is. The question whether A is at all or not does not occur in it. The content of the proposition is not regarded at all—merely its form. The question is not whereof you know, but *what* you know of any given subject. The only thing posited, therefore, by that proposition is the absolutely necessary connection between the two A's."

This is a tissue of contradiction and absurdity. If A is A, then A *is*, for it cannot be A without *being*. If A is A, then there is but one A posited, and it is predicated of itself, which is absurd. If A is A, it is necessarily one and the same A, and there cannot be two A's for there to be any absolutely necessary connection between, and the supposition of any connection between *it* is absurd. Being when posited without a predicate may be something quite different from being when posited with a predicate. But when being is posited at all it cannot have a predicate by being posited of itself. The proposal to let A signify a space enclosed within two straight lines is admittedly senseless, yet it is in keeping with the residue of the argument.

It would be as reasonable and profitable to attempt to demonstrate that there could be such space as to attempt to demonstrate that A is A, unless in the first place A is. A cannot be A, nor can it be anything, nor can it be at all, without it *is*. To say that *if* A is, *then* A is, is too silly to be said in any philosophy. It is to say actually nothing, and make even that contingent. If we say air is air, we have not proceeded a step. We are exactly where we started, or rather, we have not started. We have proposed nothing. We have not stated a proposition. If we have posited air, we certainly have not posited it with a predicate, for we have named or mentioned one and the same air only. Mentioning it twice, once on each side of a supposed copula (which really is no copula because it connects nothing with air) does not make it two airs. Hence it is necessarily subject on both sides of the supposed copula, and the so-called proposition contains no predicate, and is not a proposition. The idea of absolutely necessary connection in such case is as absurd as the idea of a space enclosed by two straight lines.

To say that "the question is not whereof you know, but what you know of any given subject," is, if possible, still more absurd. There can be no *what* known without the *whereof* of which it is known. Without the whereof known, one what could not be distinguished from another, and it is the whereof that determines the what. Without the whereof known, no what can have any meaning. One cannot *know* anything unless he knows what it is he knows; and he cannot *know* what it is he knows, unless he knows whereof he knows it. But by such processes as the above quoted illustration and the deductions he makes from it, the Philosopher traces out the alleged original deed act, which he places at the head of his alleged science of knowledge, as its highest fundamental principle, and states it thus—The Ego posits originally its own being. He says the Ego is necessarily identity of subject and object. He has taken a very circuitous route to the proposition that man is conscious of himself.

The foregoing is, I believe, a fair statement of the groundwork of one of the philosophies in one of the famous German

Systems; one which has set the world all agog with the depth of its metaphysical wisdom, and the closeness of its alleged reasoning. It has attracted a great deal of attention, and occasioned endless and in many instances aimless speculation. It has called forth a great deal of senseless commendation, and has been learnedly interpreted by scholars, who, like the philosopher they interpret, are finally forced to found all they say for it on an unintelligible assumption, back of which there is no proof, and which, as propounded in the alleged philosophy, cannot have any meaning whatever. In the few foregoing observations I think it is shown that the system is built upon a bubble, and that it cannot have much reliable solidity itself.

That the Ego posits itself originally, and that it limits and is limited by the non-Ego, may mean more than the empty proposition—I am I—or than A is A; but the human mind must be worked over before it can extract much intelligence from the alleged propositions in which the subject is placed on each side of the copula, and the predicate is conspicuous only by its absence.

If an examination of the fundamental principle of an alleged philosophy discloses the fact that it is based in palpable error and absurdity, it can scarcely be worth while to trace the pedantic elaboration of its deductions therefrom through all the ramifications they may make.

That the Ego determines itself, and is in so far active, involves the further proposition that it is determined (by itself) and is in so far passive, cannot signify more than that man is conscious of himself, as limited by that which is not himself. But upon mature reflection the proposition of self-consciousness appears to be a superfluous, if not an illegitimate one. It is sufficiently accurate to say that man is conscious of this or that particular thing. It may be appropriately said man is conscious. But he cannot be conscious of anything else than himself, without at the same time being self-conscious. If he is conscious at all he must be self-conscious. And as he cannot be conscious at all without being conscious of something external to him, as he cannot possibly think himself entirely out of space and time and their infinite relations, there is no such thing, strictly

speaking, as self-consciousness. Consciousness necessarily involves consciousness of self *as* conscious, and consciousness of self in some relation to something external to self. Even introspection cannot be carried on a moment without both of these.

Another of the philosopher's propositions may be examined with perhaps some profit. It is, "An independent activity determines a reciprocal activity and passivity." He says the formal ground of reciprocity is to be determined by an independent activity. While I am not prepared to say that there is no validity, psychologically speaking, in the proposition, I am prepared to show that what he calls the proof if it is invalid both as proof, and as propositions themselves. His proof is given in the form of an illustration. He says, "The magnet attracts iron; iron is attracted by the magnet. These are two interchangeable propositions; that is, through the one the other is posited. This is a presupposed fact, presupposed as grounded; hence, if you look to the content of this reciprocal relation you do not ask *Who* posits the one proposition through the other, and *how* does this positing occur? You assume the reciprocity as *having ing occurred* if you look to the content of the reciprocity; and you only ask, why are *these two* propositions contained among the sphere of propositions, which can be thus posited the one through the other? There must be something in both which makes it possible to interchange them. Hence you look up this, their material content, which makes them interchangeable. If, however, you look to the *form* of the reciprocity, if you reflect on the occurring of the interchange, and hence abstract from the propositions which are interchanged, then the question no longer is, with what right are *these* propositions interchanged? but simply, how is interchange effected at all? And then it is discovered that there must be an intelligent being outside the iron and magnet, which observing both and uniting both in its consciousness, is compelled to give to one the opposite predicate of the other; (to the one the predicate of *attracting*, to the other the predicate of *being attracted*). The first mode gives simply a reflection upon a phenomenon; the

second mode a reflection upon that reflection; the reflection of the Philosopher upon the mode of observation."

It is not apparent how this proves that an independent activity determines a reciprocal activity and passivity. To be reciprocal, these ought mutually to determine each other. The alleged *two* propositions are but *one* proposition. They are exactly equal, and, with the Philosopher (generally) equality is identity. To say that the magnet attracts iron is not only equivalent to saying the iron is attracted by the magnet, it *is* saying the iron is attracted by the magnet. They are only slightly different forms of one proposition. One is not posited through the other, for there is but one to be posited at all, and if it were put in another form, or in many other forms, it would still be but one proposition. The proposition that the magnet attracts iron contains or posits all the activity and passivity contained or posited in the two alleged propositions. The passivity of the iron is no more expressly posited in the one form of this proposition than in the other form of it. To say that iron is attracted by the magnet, posits the activity of the magnet as expressly as the passivity of the iron. The reciprocal activity and passivity are as well and as expressly posited in the one form of this proposition as in the other, or in both forms of it. They are not determined by any independent activity, but by each other; although "an intelligent being outside the iron and magnet" observes both and unites both in its consciousness and is compelled to give to one the predicate of *attracting*, and to the other the predicate of being attracted. He does not determine anything for them or either of them, but for himself he may discern their reciprocal activity and passivity, as they mutually determine (limit) them of and for themselves. Reciprocity cannot be determined by an agency influence or power not reciprocating. In the case supposed the magnet actively exerts an influence over the iron; the iron passively yields to this influence. The reciprocity of the activity and passivity is determined by them; and it may be detected by the independent activity, but certainly not determined by it.

The content of the reciprocity is, that the magnet actively attracts, and the iron passively is attracted. When you look

to this content you do not *assume* the reciprocity as having occurred or as occurring. You clearly discern and *know* it. You do not ask why these two propositions are contained among the sphere of propositions which can be posited the one through the other. You see the reciprocal activity and passivity posited in the *one* proposition, no matter which of the two forms it may have.

The form of the reciprocity (for the mind) is the idea or representation of the activity and passivity mutually determining each other, and the attraction resulting therefrom. When you look to this form you do *not* ask how is interchange of these propositions effected. All that you have observed or can discern of reciprocity of activity and passivity, clearly appears to you in the *one* proposition, no matter which of the two forms it may have. You see no two propositions to be interchanged.

And you cannot imagine any independent activity as determining the reciprocal activity and passivity so manifest. Their reciprocity, if properly speaking there is such a thing, is determined by them. An outside agency, influence, or power, might limit or determine the independent, or perhaps more accurately speaking, the individual action and inaction of each. But if there is reciprocity of activity and passivity it is due to their mutual relations to each other. If the iron passively yields to the active attraction of the magnet, and if this is reciprocity of activity and passivity, it is difficult to conceive how an independent activity can do more than merely discern the fact. The reciprocity would seem to be determined by the activity and passivity, whose mutual relations to and effect upon each other produce it. This seems to be the necessary result of the the reflection upon the phenomenon; and of the "reflection upon that reflection; the reflection of the philosopher upon the mode of observation."

In the Critical Exposition of Fichte's alleged Science of knowledge, there are some propositions made in apparent seriousness, which as the tenets of an alleged philosophy are indeed remarkable. After making an illustration of consciousness worthy the author of Jack the Giant Killer, the Critical Expositor says, "I repeat that a single moment of consciousness

is all that is directly given. We speak of the past. We do this in the confidence that our memory really represents what has occurred. This age professes to take nothing without verification. All verification depends upon the validity of memory. I do not mean merely upon the accuracy of memory, so far as details are concerned, but on the validity of memory as representing a real past in the most general sense of the word. Who can verify this assumption? Who has ever gone back to see whether there be or be not a past? I am not questioning the fact; I merely wish to make it clear that memory itself is purely of the mind, and that its testimony is accepted wholly on trust."

This he attempts to verify by illustrations from dreams, delusions, and illusions. There is no such thing as memory itself purely of the mind. Memory is either a retained and continued thought; or it is a revived and reawakened thought which may have lain dormant for a time. Memory is thought in one of these states. There never was a thought without an object which in some manner affected the thinking mind. The mind has the faculty of remembering, but there can be no memory unless something is remembered, and hence the expression—memory itself is purely of the mind—is an absurdity. Even the memory of some prior thought or state of mind is not purely of the mind, because the prior thought or state of mind had necessarily some relation to something external to the mind, or it could not have been a thought or state of mind. What is meant by a *moment* of consciousness directly given is very problematical, but no one can imagine consciousness existing for a time so brief that it may not be subdivided into shorter periods. If no one has ever gone back to see if there be or be not a past, a great many have come forward out of a past into a present, and have a consciousness of a present which they certainly cannot know to be a present otherwise than as distinguished from a past. If this consciousness of the present is the moment of consciousness which is directly given to us, there must have been a consciousness of the past also directly given to us, because the present could not be present but for the past. Even if some one had "ever gone

back to see whether there be or be not a past," his trip would be a fool's errand unless there was a trustworthy memory by means of which, in the present moment of consciousness which, forsooth, is directly given, he could remember and know that he had so gone back and found a past. Without a past to go back to, it is silly to speak of one's going back to see anything. That the consciousness of the past is retained, or restored from time to time by the memory, or in the memory, does not militate against its having been, or now being, directly given. The moment of consciousness which *is* directly given is past in a moment more, and if memory is sometimes tricked or deceived by delusion, it still has some validity for verification. It may impair its validity so as to render it less than absolutely perfect as a verifier of the history of the past, and for this reason its testimony is *not* accepted wholly on trust. We *know* that the present moment—the moment of consciousness directly given—is consciousness of the past carried into the next moment by or in the memory. We know it is past before we fully realize it is present, and that it is connected with the succeeding moment's consciousness in the fact that it is a continuing consciousness. It may be suspended in sleep, and it may be distorted in dream and delusion, but it is continued and restored from time to time by or in the memory. To say that "so far as we are concerned the effect would be the same if there were no past, if only there remained the mental condition that we regard as representing the past" is too silly to be said in anything assuming philosophic airs. If the supposition were otherwise valid, the word *remain* would vitiate it. Nothing can be supposed to remain at all without enduring, or being for or during some time. No time, and no portion of time, can be conceived of as so brief as that some part of it is not necessarily past time with relation to other parts of it. "The mental condition that we regard as representing the past," could not possibly be conceived of as having any meaning for us, without a consciousness directly given us of a real past. We cannot even in the weirdest and wildest imagination, formulate a figure of anything or of nothing, without at some point and in some measure likening it to something

actual. If memory has no validity for verification of the past, no two successive thoughts can be intelligently connected and knowledge is absolutely impossible; indeed, the thought of it is utterly incomprehensible.

Neither is memory itself purely of the mind. It cannot possibly be conceived of without relation to the content of the knowledge retained or recalled by or in it. Without something remembered there is no memory. The validity of memory is further demonstrated in the impossibility of forgetting many things which we would gladly consign to oblivion. To say that "people often are sure they remember something that never occurred,—that their mental condition is precisely what it would be if the event had occurred," is only equivalent to saying that the mental condition is the same in imagination as in knowledge. When one *thinks* he is sure he remembers something that never occurred, he simply imagines the thing as having occurred, and there is no memory in or about the mental act or condition; beyond that necessary in formulating the conception. No one ever *was sure* he remembered anything which never occurred, though many have thought they were—have imagined that the thing had occurred—and imagined also that they remembered it. But no act of mind, not even this empty imagination itself, is possible without memory. In imagination the imaginary content of the vagary is co-ordinated according to, or by, a mental process which memory retains or recalls from the more substantial mental transactions. A philosophy which supposes or attempts to suppose the invalidity of memory as representing a real past, supposes or attempts to suppose the annihilation of the very thought which alone renders philosophy itself possible.

In the two books under immediate consideration, Fichte's Science of Knowledge and Everett's Critical Exposition, there is a great deal of what is popularly regarded deep learning. There is also a great deal of that from which the popular mind shrinks in awe, as from a wisdom above its capacity to grasp. If, as I think is now demonstrated, the cardinal doctrine of both, their alleged fundamental principle, is utterly senseless, they cannot be very trustworthy as a means or medium of mental

culture. All that may possibly be said of the Ego and the non-Ego, the I, the Me and the Not-Me, their positings and being posited, their limits, limitings, and limitations, and their relations, temporal, spatial, quantitative, and qualitative, though ever so well said as abstract propositions, or as propositions in and of themselves; yet, as localized in and as part of an alleged philosophical system which is based upon a palpable absurdity, is without force, if not without meaning.

The whole is an effort to harness Reason in the service of Religion. It is an effort at scientific Apologetics. All religion, as religion, is based upon a belief in immortality. It is a matter of faith, pure and simple. That which sustains the bereaved barbarian wife in immolating herself on the pyre of her deceased husband is as valid for her, as that which prompts the European or American mother to present her offspring at the baptismal font is for her. There is no reason in any of them. Some enthusiasts have fancied that the *reasons* for their faith, (as if there could be a reason for it) were being undermined by or in the deductions of an alleged skepticism. They have then assumed a fundamental principle of knowledge, generally, or perhaps universally conceded or agreed to, and have learnedly and elaborately reasoned around in a labyrinth of incongruity, fallacy, and assumption, and have sometimes reached an *assumed* certainty of immortality, based upon the discovery that while the I is limited, it is forever pushing the limit into infinity. Great volumes of learned jargon are written to express the idea, that because the mind is forever soaring higher, and universally shrinks from the thought of its own annihilation, the Soul must be immortal.

The Critical Expositor says, "In this fact, Fichte finds, as he repeatedly insists the basis of faith in immortality. The I has this impulse to infinitude. It is conscious of an infinite activity. The very term, *conscious* of infinite activity, as we have seen, involves also the consciousness of finiteness. Thus is the nature of the soul double. * * * The limit has only been pushed to a little greater distance, but it is there, as real and as solid as at the first. Again and again must this process be repeated with the same result. This is the very nature of

the soul. It must continue the process until the end be reached. But not till eternity be exhausted would it be possible to reach the farthest limit of infinity. The process is endless; endlessness of time must therefore be postulated. The destiny of the soul is always accomplishing itself, and is, therefore, never accomplished. The I thus carries with itself the pledge of its own immortality."

I do not see how an expression could be more unphilosophical than some of these. If the I is conscious of an infinite activity, it is conscious of that which extends out into space beyond the wildest flight of any human imagination, or down into time beyond the possibility of any human prediction. If the I is limited by anything external to itself, it is powerless to push this again infinitely out into infinity, and if it must infinitely continue the process, it is not limited at all Nothing could be more absurd than the idea of *exhausting eternity* and reaching the farthest *limit* of *infinity*. The terms cancel each other and the words as combined have no meaning. An unaccomplished destiny (that is, as a goal) cannot be thought. There is a great deal of scientific circumlocution in reaching a result which could have been more scientifically and simply stated in the declaration that, because the I (soul or mind) shrinks from the thought of its own annihilation, and continually aspires, it is probably immortal. And all that has been so learnedly, so obscurely, so confusedly said; and all that has been so absurdly assumed, has not raised the postulated immortality of the soul above probability. The alleged Science of knowledge is in truth a science of guess-work and groundless assumption. The Critical Exposition which was to make the mastery of the System an easy task, only gives its incongruities and absurdities more prominence.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCIENTIFIC ACCOUNTABILITY.

Motives mean Nothing without Their Sanctions, and Sanctions are Based in Personal Interest—Man can be Operated on Only by Hope and Fear, like the Brute; the Difference is merely in Degree—Moral Action Implies Personal Accountability—Reason Incompatible with Morality and Religion—Intellectual and Moral Powers are but one Power—All Intelligence Acquired, and Moulded by an inherited Frame-work of Thought—Unless Man can, Independently of his Antecedents and Environment, Determine his own Constitution and Education, he cannot be Accountable—Reason cannot be Invoked to Verify Something not Understood—Apologetics Posits a Mystery as the Basis of Religion, and then Seeks to Verify the Religion in Reason—Conscience a Refined Selfishness, Provincial and Conventional—Conscience is a Growth, a Sanctimonious Selfishness—The Christian Redemption, an Exhibition of Pure Selfishness—Belief beyond Control.

A well known writer has said, "We can operate upon brutes only by fear of punishment, and hope of reward. We can operate upon man not only in this manner, but also by an appeal to his consciousness of right and wrong; and by the use of such means as may improve his moral nature." Were this strictly true, and if it meant enough to justify the distinction, it might be a gratefully refreshing bit of information. Apart from its sanction no motive means anything, or rather there is no motive. The sanction, whatever it may be, is without import to any one except as the motive impels or restrains the subject, and both are based in the feeling or idea of interest, really in selfishness. Motives and their sanctions are variable and relative in their essence and efficacy, according to the character and capacity of the subject. It is not degrading man to the level of the brute to show that the distinction in the above quoted declaration is without a difference except in degree, and that the statement as a whole is untrue. Man, like the brute, can be operated on only by fear of punishment or hope of reward. The phrase, consciousness of right and wrong, means nothing so far as influencing human action is concerned, above or beyond that expressed in the phrases fear of punishment and hope of reward.

The highest order of so-called moral character or consciousness of right and wrong yet developed is not devoid of, but is based in the principle of selfishness which underlies all hope and fear. That which Philosophers call consciousness of right and wrong originates in the selfishness apparent in hope and fear. It is an outgrowth of or refinement upon that very principle. One reared in a refined civilization may delight in things suited to the tastes which he may have acquired by reason of such rearing. He may fear things calculated to disturb his security against that which, from such rearing, he may regard dangerous in some respect. These are variable and essentially relative to the individual as constituted and educated. There is a phase of what is called charity which seems to be almost disinterested, and it presents one of the most pleasing aspects of human life. Some take pains to find out and relieve distress of various kinds. If there is such thing as disinterested action, this would seem to be an example of it. But when analyzed the motive which impels them is found to be pure selfishness, the hope of reward. What the reward may be, whether popularity, happiness, a remotely possible pecuniary profit, or, forsooth, a consciousness of having done good, is of no consequence so far as the actual selfishness of the motive is concerned. Some motives may appear more commendable than others, but these are all alike traceable to the hope of reward. There is a phase of what is called courage which seems to be almost heroism, and it presents one of the noblest views of human life. Some take pains to find out and encounter the greatest dangers in enterprises sometimes good and sometimes bad. They may, like Arnold Winkelried and others, go resolutely to what appears to be certain death in a good cause; or they may, like numerous ruffians have done, go just as resolutely to certain death in a bad cause; they may even trip lightly up the steps of the gallows; but when analyzed the motives which impel them are found to be purely selfish,—fear of punishment in some cases, hope of reward in others. What the punishment may be, whether physical pain, oppression, the disgrace of cowardice or insubordination, or compunction of conscience, is of no consequence so far as the actual selfishness

of the motive is concerned. The consciousness of right and wrong is nothing except as it actuates the subject in that which he believes to be in some way good or bad for himself.

This good or bad for himself may be a mere consciousness of having done good or bad. And this, to use a homely expression, depends upon the way he is raised; it depends upon what the civilization in which he was reared has done for or made of him, in short upon his education. Others differently constituted may have had similar educations with different results. Even the same person at different times and under different circumstances may exhibit different degrees of the qualities called charity and courage. Similar causes do not necessarily produce similar effects unless in operating under similar circumstances upon similar subjects. The martyrs were actuated by this same principle of selfishness, and the plainest precepts of Christianity are enforced by promises and threats. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Then shall he also say unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Hope and fear—hope of reward, and fear of punishment. These are authentic declarations of the sanctions of the strongest possible motives to human action, call it moral or what not. If, as the Philosopher declares, a moral action is the action of an intelligent agent capable of distinguishing between right and wrong; and if, as he further declares, the results which God has connected with actions will inevitably occur, and cannot be eluded or averted any more than the sequences which follow by the laws of gravitation, then the import of the above quoted promise and threat as sanctions of motive to so-called moral action is indeed terrible. It is the alternative of salvation or damnation, whatever they may be, to the subject impelled by the motive. Where such elements plainly appear in the motive to any action, such action cannot be unselfish; its motive cannot be devoid of hope and fear, it cannot be the abstract good of the action. Strictly speaking such action cannot be morally good.

If there is such thing as moral action at all, it necessarily implies personal accountability for action, and this necessarily implies free agency. Action that is not free can have no moral quality. The mind cannot conceive how any one can be either praiseworthy or blameworthy for that to which he is inexorably impelled. If one is accountable for his action he must be accountable to a superior Being, one having power and authority over him. This cannot be *just* unless he willingly assumes the accountability, or having the power to absolve the relation he willingly continues it. A slave is not accountable. he exercises only his master's will. A citizen dissatisfied with the law and unable to procure a reform may migrate. Man did not voluntarily come into existence, nor voluntarily assume allegiance to any natural or so-called moral law. However dissatisfied he may be or become with such law, if it really is, he can neither procure a reform nor migrate beyond its sway. He has no part in its making or administration. He has no voice in his own constitution, construction, or adaptation to it. It is in force and he is made subject to it. If he finds it oppressive it must be because he is not suitably adapted to it. As he cannot change his own nature, or procure a reform in such law, or migrate beyond its sway, he cannot be free. If he could reconstruct and adapt himself, he might attain to a provisional or limited freedom, but he can never be free so long as he can neither repeal nor amend an oppressive law, nor absolve his allegiance to it by migration or otherwise.

Possibly there might still be some measure of responsibility resting upon him if he can reconstruct and adapt himself so as to conform to such law. Can he do this? If so, ought he? The word ought really embraces both questions, for no one ought unless he can. Philosophers who claim that all phenomena are subject to and controlled by law, will scarcely allow that the construction and adaptation of man are matters of mere chance. They will maintain that these are equally subject to and controlled by the same law. Allowing they are correct in this, man's capacities, qualities, and tendencies, are as legitimate a part of the order of nature as any other phenomena in it. Man's Maker (who also made the law) is probably wiser than

he. The law is hopelessly beyond man's amendment, and he cannot possibly escape subjection to it. His Maker has endowed him with certain capacities and cursed him with certain qualities and tendencies. In His infinite wisdom He has made these a part of the order of nature. Finding them in nature, man cannot say they are not as properly a part thereof as anything else therein. It is impossible to imagine they are the work of another power, or of man upon himself. Even if they were man's work upon himself, he could have wrought them only by means of other capacities, qualities, and tendencies previously given him; so they are, if not directly in all cases, yet ultimately the gift of the Power which created man.

Suppose the creature (man) finds, or thinks he finds, some of these his peculiar gifts at variance with what he in *his* wisdom conceives to be the law. Suppose they move him to what he conceives to be violations of the supposed law. It is more likely that he misconceives the law than that he knows these divinely given capacities, qualities, and tendencies to be essentially bad. Otherwise he must be wiser on these points than his Maker, because He is infinitely and absolutely good, and hence *would not* curse His creature with evil tendencies. If this is incorrect, if the Maker has made man and given him capacities, qualities, and tendencies essentially bad, it is equally as reasonable to suppose that He has also made unjust laws for his government. In reason, one of the most unjust laws that can be supposed would be one which damns the creature for doing that to which he is by a natural tendency inclined. In reason, it is impossible to suppose a law of nature for the infraction of which man must suffer, and then suppose him by *nature* disposed to violate such law, without also supposing malice toward him on the part of his Maker. Man's capacities, qualities, and tendencies, are so intimately blended together, so mutually dependent upon each other, and so divinely bestowed (or inflicted) upon him, that in reason it is impossible to suppose him so free as to be accountable for any action to which he may be impelled by a natural tendency. The necessary consequence is that in reason no action to which man is natur-

ally inclined can be either morally right or morally wrong. Reason has no part in either morality or Religion.

The Philosopher says, "Two things are necessary in order to constitute any being a moral agent. They are, first, that he possess an intellectual power, by which he can understand the relation in which he stands to the beings by whom he is surrounded; secondly, that he possess a moral power, by which the feeling of obligation is suggested to him, as soon as the relation in which he stands is understood. This is sufficient to render him a moral agent." If *this* is sufficient to render man a moral agent, it may be interesting to inquire what *this* is. Perhaps nothing could be more disastrous than the abolition of duty. Man in his infinitely various and complex relations cannot reasonably be conceived of either as exempt from it or subject to it. It is merely another name for moral obligation. It cannot reasonably be supposed to exceed capacity. That no one ought unless he can, includes that no one ought more than he can. It may also imply that every one ought all he can. But the Philosopher says two powers are essential to the moral obligation, the intellectual and moral powers. This distinction deserves consideration. If there is a moral power by which the feeling of obligation is suggested as soon as one understands the relation in which he stands, it must be also an intellectual power, as much so at least as that by which the relation is understood. The supposed feeling of obligation is merely an idea or sense or duty. Such an idea or sense (or indeed any idea or sense) cannot be had or conceived without the exercise of intellectual power. It is absurd to suppose, indeed one cannot suppose, an idea or sense of duty, or, forsooth, the alleged feeling of obligation otherwise than as a purely intellectual act or state. If there is an intellectual power by means of which one can understand the relation in which he stands to the beings by whom he is surrounded, it must also be or include the moral power, provided there is really a moral power, by which the feeling of obligation is suggested as soon as the relation is understood. If an idea of moral obligation arises from the conception of a relation, the relation itself must be the source or efficient cause of the moral obligation. It might be

suspected or perceived or partially understood without this, but it cannot be a relation without giving rise to some kind of moral obligation, and hence it cannot be understood without the idea or sense or feeling of moral obligation is at the same time suggested. The word relation, applied to intellectual creatures, has no meaning apart from obligation. As, with respect to man, there is no relation known or conceivable without a corresponding obligation, it would seem that obligation is the very essence of relation. I think the distinction between the intellectual and the so-called moral power is utterly senseless. While the intellectual power may enable one to understand things without regard to obligation, things perhaps of which no obligation can be distinctly predicated, it also enables one to understand duty and obligation so far as they are understood, and hence must be (or embrace) the alleged moral power, if, strictly speaking, there is such power.

If the intellectual power is (or if the intellectual and moral powers are) reasonably sufficient to render man a moral agent, the Philosopher's case would appear to be made out, and free agency would seem to be a reasonable fact. It may be a *fact.* But I believe there is no known data from which by any logical argument it can be shown to be a reasonable fact. The conditions of moral responsibility imposed by the philosopher may not be entirely impossible; but I believe that very few persons have ever actually understood the relation in which they stood to the beings by whom they were surrounded. It should be remembered that the greater part of what he proposes as moral duty arises from man's supposed relation to a Supreme Being. The man who has an intellectual power by which he can understand that relation is pretty well equipped intellectually. A thousand theories confused and conflicting now prevail, and the voice of Reason is as eloquent and persuasive in favor of any one of them as in favor of any other. But however that may be, while man acquires his knowledge, his capacity to acquire it, in other words, his intellectual power, is not acquired. Whatever of this he has is inherent in him. By application he may enhance this power, but how he applies himself thereto depends in some measure upon proclivities also inher-

ent in him, and perhaps in greater measure upon circumstances over which he has no control. For the proclivities which inhere in him, as well as the circumstances under which he lives and *is*, he may be either congratulated or pitied, but certainly neither commended nor blamed. Idiocy is a defect. Insanity is a disease. Bad temper implies inequable organism or deranged organism. All of them are alike traceable to physiological condition. Petrucio tells his Shrew that meat engenders choler. "If, before experience begins, there is possessed an inherited framework of thought; then the structure of that framework must fix, in great part if not entirely, the manner in which experiences are dealt with."

Unless there is at birth something more in the mental organism than a mere capacity or reciptivity, and no more was ever apparent, then all the intelligence which must form the basis of moral obligation is acquired. If the individual inherits a framework of thought, the structure of which must in great part if not entirely fix the manner in which experiences are dealt with, that is, determine for him how intelligence shall assimilate and be digested into the knowledge by which his intellectual power is to be enhanced, there would seem to be very little of the supposed intellectual power within his power. It would all or nearly all appear to be fortuitous to him. Considering further that during the greater part of its formative process the mind is wrought upon by influences from without, the intellectual power of man is, so far as he is concerned, as liable to be of any one type or character as of any other. If such intellectual power is the measure of moral obligation, then in reason, duty is as various and as variable as the fluctuating opinions of men. It would be indeed troublesome to classify a knowledge of it, and impossible to reduce it to a science.

In the general argument for free-agency, moral obligation, and personal accountability, the Philosopher says, "Before you resolve upon an action, or a course of action, cultivate the habit of deciding upon its moral character. Let the first question always be, is this action right? For this purpose God gave you this faculty. If you do not use it you are false to yourself,

and inexcusable before God. * * * If we ask this question *first*, it can be generally decided with ease. If we wait until the mind is agitated and harrassed by contending emotions, it will not be easy to decide correctly." I believe this is the first instance I have noticed in philosophy of the recommendation of precipitancy in order to arrive at the correct decision of any serious question. I believe that deliberation is generally more in favor. If the first question should always be—is this action right—then, if it must be decided by the individual by the use of a faculty which God has given him therefor, he will probably reach such a decision as such God-given faculty may lead him to. His standard or idea of right by which he is to decide will probably be such as this same God-given faculty, educationally biased, may cause him to conceive to be the true one. Unless he could, independently of his antecedents and environment, determine for himself his entire constitution and the results of his education, he could not reasonably be held accountable for the correctness of his decision, even if made before the mind was "harrassed by contending emotions." The same God who gave him the faculty to decide has probably also given him the tendency to withhold the decision until the mind is harrassed by contending emotions, to which, or to the objects of which, he may also have a God-given tendency. Upon the relative or comparative force of these tendencies depends the question whether he will decide *this question* before the mind is so harrassed. Unless the person is accountable for his constitution and education, for his natural tendencies and their relative force, as well as for the faculty to decide and its character, he cannot reasonably be held accountable for the correctness with which he decides this question, nor indeed for not deciding it at all. In reason, if we do *not* use this faculty we are neither false to ourselves nor inexcusable before God. I do not pretend to say what may or may not *be*. I am merely considering the reasonableness of the doctrine of an alleged Moral Philosophy, which is based upon an alleged free agency of man.

If man is indeed *free*, philosophy is sadly inadequate to the task of making the fact appear reasonable. It deals largely and

learnedly with what it calls passions. These are simply natural tendencies, perhaps unduly intensified or aggravated. An infinitely powerful, wise, and good Creator has implanted them in the nature of every individual created. We learn to regard some of them good, others bad. These are mere provincial and conventional ideas. We know that according to their predominance they impel us to this or that character of action, or restrain us. Until we *learn* how we will regard them we do not regard them at all, nor cognize them. What we learn of the way in which to regard them is a matter over which we have no control. It depends entirely upon the mental capacity and natural tendency divinely given us, as affected by our educational bias, one result of our environment. No one can reasonably be held accountable for these or for either of them. Man is helplessly, and, so far as personal accountability is concerned, hopelessly a creature of a Power so far above his capacity to comprehend that he cannot even imagine the capacity that could intelligently conceive of such Power.

Whoever looks within finds himself constituted thus and so, and if he looks without he finds himself environed thus and so. Constitution and environment are the potent factors in the development of whatever there is of personal character. No one can determine for himself, independently of them, what his character shall be; at least no one is known to have done so. If the tendency to good is stronger than the tendency to evil, and if circumstances are propitious, the individual may be fortunate, he may develop what is considered a good character. Otherwise he will not, and it may reasonably be said he cannot. The strongest of his divinely given tendencies will certainly sway him, and if the counter tendency is too weak to resist this he cannot overcome or withstand it. It cannot reasonably be said that he ought unless he can. Capacity is Reason's measure of duty. Whoever intelligently looks within and without himself cannot reasonably regard himself free.

The Philosopher admonishes us to "Let the question, Is this right—be asked first, before imagination has set before us the seductions of pleasure, or any step has been taken which should pledge our consistency of character." This might require some

celerity of mental movement. The imagination which can go from the Pleiades to the Southern Cross in the twinkling of an eye has some speed. If the action whose rectitude is to be questioned is expected to be attended or followed by pleasure, the thought of the pleasure characterizing and distinguishing the action will necessarily be in the mind as soon as the thought of the action. It will be impossible to think the action distinctly from other actions without at the same time thinking the pleasure by which it is characterized and distinguished. The quality of the action as pleasant or painful must be thought at least as early as the mind can inquire as to its so-called moral character. And its character as to right and wrong will make the action pleasant or painful to the person contemplating it, according as he is constituted and educated. Either pain or pleasure may result from actions without it being necessary that the specific pain or pleasure so to result be thought when the action is thought. In such cases the pain or pleasure is generally contingent, or perhaps more accurately speaking, remotely consequent. Where the action itself is, or is expected to be, either pleasant or painful, or immediately productive of pain or pleasure, such quality is generally the first feature of it beheld by the mind which thinks it. No conscience can be brisk enough to get in its inquiry as to the rectitude of the action "before imagination has set before us the seductions of pleasure." When the rectitude of the action is in question it must be because in some respect it is desirable, while in some other respect it is objectionable,—it or its expected consequences. No one can ask himself the question—is this action right —without being first moved to contemplate or think the action. Should it be an action to which the seductions of pleasure may incite, it will generally be found that the idea of such pleasure has prompted the contemplation of it,—certainly if the person has really contemplated its performance. To hold otherwise is to insist that the person aimlessly contemplates vapid vacuity. In teaching and promulgating moral philosophy for the culture of the human mind and consequent ennobling of character, the principles of psychology and the possibilities of mental manipulations should not be entirely ignored. Liter-

ature abounds in exhortations to a supposed moral duty, and in so-called moral precepts, many of which seem to be calculated to make men better, and which if they were more gener ally heeded might be conducive to human happiness. The difficulty with them is the attempt that is made to enforce them on the authority of Reason. They are expressions of the doctrines and demands of the various Religions. Their promulga tors, in the capacities of professors of various alleged Sciences, and learned literary men of leisure, no less than the avowed sectarian Apologists, attempt to enforce on supposed principles of Reason, doctrines which they cannot even state so intelligibly as that they may be understood in any reasonable application of them; doctrines which it is apparent from their discussions of them, they do not themselves understand. Indeed a religion once understood would be no religion. A religion without a mystery is psychologically impossible. Reason cannot reasonably be invoked for the verification of anything not understood. The genuine or supposed principles of reason cannot be intelligently or reasonably invoked or applied in the verification of anything which is not at the time intelligently comprehensible and comprehended by the mind attempting to make the application.

The idea of Apologetics is not only unreasonable; it is inconsistent with itself and hopelessly illogical. Moral Philosophy (Apologetics) generally begins with the assertion of a mystery; the existence of a Power to which man is said to be accountable for his actions. This is generally followed with the postulate of the immortality of man, his future life of bliss or woe according to the account he finally renders to such Power. The existence, nature and attributes of such Power are absolute mysteries. Man's relation to such Power must also be an absolute mystery, for no mind can conceive the relation existing or supposed to exist between a known and an unknown quantity. In order that there may be a relation at all there must be two objects related to each other, or one of which must be related to the other. The relation must depend upon the nature of each of them. It must be such a relation as the nature of each object renders possible between them, or possi-

ble for one of them to bear to the other. If the nature of one of the objects is unknown we may still *believe* that some kind of relation may exist between them, or that the one whose nature we think we know bears some kind of relation to the other. We may know the existence (perhaps not the nature) of one of the objects, and imagine the existence of the other, and then imagine a relation between them, or a relation of the known object to the unknown object. This is precisely what Apologetics does, and all its alleged reasoning is conducted on this plan. It would be greatly incensed at such an estimate of its achievements, but in view of its pretensions and arrogance the estimate is a charitable one. When Apologetics has learnedly postulated the existence of the unknown Object whose nature is not only unknown but inconceivable, it then posits man's relation to such Object, which relation must be as unknown and as inconceivable as the nature of the unknown Object. It then proceeds with more learning than wisdom to explain this absolute mystery in terms of an alleged knowledge consisting of inferences illogically drawn from unreasonable assumptions.

That there may be any reason or logic in any so-called moral philosophy, and this without reference to its data or processes, the free agency or free will of man is indispensable. To establish this the argument should be such that the mind will not necessarily revolt at it. The spiritual physician should know not only the chemical qualities of his nostrum, he should know something of the pathology of his patients. He should know that Mind is a condition of matter, and that Will is one of the phases or functions or manifestations of Mind. That Will, then, is a phase or function or manifestation of the condition or state of the nerve substance (matter) in which Mind is supposed to abide, where its acts and impressions are registered, and by means of or through which it asserts itself. He should know that a specific psychical state is the net result of the effect of something external upon the internal organization of nerve substance, the totality of the condition or state of which constitutes Mind; and that Will is an activity of Mind arising from some such specific psychical state.

The organization of nerve substance, as to its susceptibility and otherwise, is a matter over which the individual has no control or influence. It may be so organized and constituted as to be in this way or that way susceptible to the external which in some manner affects it. Heredity, which is the transmission to it of the effects of ancestral experiences, by determining the manner of its organization also prescribes the manner in which the nerve substance shall be affected by this or that external; and environment determines the particular externals which shall affect it. In the production of the specific psychical state which gives rise to the particular activity of the Mind which is called Will, the individual is merely a spectator; however deeply concerned he may be, he has no part in the performance proper. He does not act, he is merely acted upon. It cannot reasonably be said that he is free, or that *he* wills.

It should not be forgotten that the question here is not the real truth or untruth of the postulate of free agency or free will, but the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the alleged arguments of Apologetics, the so-called moral philosophy. So far as the human mind is concerned, the question of freedom or fatalism need never be raised, because it can never be intelligently decided. No human mind can possibly rise to a conception of anything which it can imagine as an intelligible solution of it. Materialism, which is only a more scholastic name for fatalism, or which at least includes fatalism, proceeds with perfect logic from unquestionable data to the conclusion that there is really no free will, Yet almost every step in this process contradicts this conclusion, and this conclusion even contradicts itself, in the essential implication that the mind is free to choose between it and the dogma of free will.

I said above that Apologetics is not only unreasonable, but also illogical. To attempt to enforce a religion or morality by reasoning is to admit its need of support. It is to admit (or rather to assert) that the divine authority for it may be made intelligible to the mind, and thus be divested of the mystery without which no mind will hold it in reverence, to say nothing of religious awe. It is to place an alleged inconceivably good and wise and powerful Creator in the attitude of a suitor at the

feet of his admittedly evil, ignorant, and impotent creatures, begging credence for a doubtful authority, which is rendered more suspicious by that act. It is to claim for religion and morality an affinity with Science, which affinity science does not assume to deny, but modestly admits cannot exist, because religion and morality, if they are valid, are infinitely above and beyond the range of its research. This is not all nor the worst. It is to commit the doctrinaire of the religion and morality to the validity of principles which, if reasonably applied, are utterly subsersive of all claim of validity in the so-called moral philosophy. A leading scientist says, "A small difference in the pigment of a sense, by giving that sense greater susceptibility, may determine the animal's preferences, tastes, and pursuits; in other words, its whole destiny. In a human being the circumstance of being acutely sensitive in one or two leading senses, may rule the entire character—intellectual and moral. The contrast between a sensuous and a reflective nature might take its rise in the outworks of the sense organs, apart even from the endowments of the brain. In this case the nervous system would follow the cue, instead of taking the lead, of the special senses. * * * The mind is completely at the mercy of the bodily condition; there is no trace of a separate, independent, self-supporting spiritual agent, rising above all the fluctuations of the bodily frame." What these fluctuations of the bodily frame shall be or entail, is as little within our personal control as the construction of our bodily frame. A slight difference in the inherited pigment of a sense may render them fluctuations of this or of that character, may give rise to this or that interpretation of the phenomena encountered by the sense organs.

The same scientist further says, "When to the simple instincts of organic life we add the higher instincts, including our feelings, and their embodiment in our voluntary powers, and even in our intelligence, the number is enlarged on a scale corresponding with the acquired aptitudes; and the new theory is that all these higher instincts are hereditary, or transmitted experiences." And again, "the Will consists mainly in following the lead of pleasure and drawing back from the touch of pain." If we inherit the higher instincts, by which the ideas

of pleasure and pain are gauged, and if a small difference in the inherited pigment of an inherited sense may determine our preferences and tastes, reason would revolt at the idea of accountability for the consequences of any act to which one may be disposed by such inherited preferences and tastes. If the circumstance of being acutely sensitive in one or two leading senses may rule the entire character, intellectual and moral, there is in reason no such thing as personal accountability for character, nor for the acts by which character is usually estimated.

The moral philosopher tacitly asserts that "conscience is a growth," that it is itself a feeling, emotion, or impulse of empirical origin; and not a primary principle or unerring guide or monitor in morals. He says it may be corrupted, abused, and stifled. And "that it is only by cultivating the practical supremacy of conscience over every other *impulse* that you can attain to that bold, simple, manly, elevated character which is essential to true greatness." If, as science maintains, the mind is completely at the mercy of the bodily condition—if there is no trace of a separate, independent, self-supporting spiritual agent, rising above all the fluctuations of the bodily frame, then whatever there is of conscience must be a growth, like all other mental acquisitions. It may be a highly cultured sense of discrimination between right and wrong. It may be a zealous advocate of the right and a devout monitor against the wrong. But if morality and religion claim akin to science, they must admit that this depends upon a possible difference in the inherited pigment of an inherited sense, and this is to admit away their whole case. That the practical supremacy of conscience over every other impusle should be cultivated in order to attain to the "bold, simple, manly elevated character, which is essential to true greatness"—rather, which is itself true greatness—is simply a declaration that it is one's duty to do his duty. But if one is handicapped with inherited senses, preferences, and tastes, reason would scarcely hold him accountable if he were thereby prevented from cultivating the practical supremacy of conscience over every other impulse.

The reasonable, or rather the essential deductions from some of the postulates of science are to the effect that conscience is at most, only a refined or sanctimonious selfishness; and that its distinctions between right and wrong are provincial and conventional. The science to which religion and morality attempt to cling discovers in different communities and among different individuals contradictory consciences. When the Moral Philosopher attempts to set up a supreme or standard conscience to which the local or individual conscience should conform, he merely expresses the opinion he has formed, as an essential result of the inherited pigment of an inherited sense organ, which may differ from that of persons of different consciences. The authenticity of his standard will probably be like that of the doctrine of those who have assumed to voice the alleged will and wisdom of the Almighty. He may not be able to give any sufficient reason why he, in preference to any other person, should be empowered and entrusted to declare the supreme or standard conscience; just as the inspired oracles of divine wisdom have given no reason for the divine selection of themselves as the Spokesmen of the Almighty. The character and conduct of some who have assumed to declare His alleged will and wisdom, imply that there was but little if any reasonable reason for their being selected for so high and holy an office. If the advocates of their doctrines, or of any specific conscience, attempt by *reasoning* to convince mankind of the validity of such doctrine, or of the superiority or supremacy of any specific conscience, they necessarily appeal to the intellectual integrity of their proposed proselytes. This intellectual integrity is, according to the science to which religion and morality attempt to cling, wholly fortuitous to the proposed proselytes, is "completely at the mercy of the bodily condition," is as various and and variable as temperament and the differences of the pigment of the senses.

I said above that the essential deductions of some of the postulates of science are to the effect that conscience is at most only a refined or sanctimonious selfishness. Some of the Moral Philosophers are themselves committed to the validity of this proposition. One of the most authoritative of them says, "the

moral faculty, considered as an active power of the mind, differs essentially from all others hitherto enumerated. The least violation of its authority fills us with remorse. On the contrary, the greater the sacrifices we make in obedience to its suggestions, the greater are our satisfaction and triumph." Fear of punishment (remorse), hope of reward (satisfaction and triumph). The editor of Stewart's Philosophy, from which the last above extract is taken, refers to Wayland's Elements, the main subject of the present chapter, in vindication of the proposition. He also quotes the judgment of Socrates that the "most virtuous and just is also most happy, and the wicked and unjust the most unhappy." This may be true without necessarily degrading virtue and justice to a mere means of acquiring happiness and avoiding unhappiness. But to urge happiness as an incentive to virtue and justice, and unhappiness as a deterrent from vice and injustice, is certainly to appeal to man's baser instincts, selfishness, hope of reward and fear of punishment. If the supreme authority of conscience is enforced in rewards and punishments, then harkening to its monitions is not virtue, but policy. When Moral Philosophy teaches us that "the greater the sacrifices we make in obedience to its suggestions, the greater are our satisfaction and triumph," it teaches or attempts to teach us to drive the best bargain possible in the disposition of our resources. When it teaches us that "the least violation of its authority fills us with remorse," it teaches or attempts to teach us to shun the evil, the punishment (remorse) resulting from such violation—it operates upon our fears.

Wherever either hope or fear is a factor in a purpose or a motive the individual action is in reason, necessarily selfish. It may not be impossible to imagine a man making a sacrifice for which he knows that no adequate remuneration of any kind is possible, and strictly speaking no other can be a sacrifice, yet I believe no one has ever made such sacrifice. Viewed in a reasonable light the Christian redemption of mankind was not such a sacrifice. The theory of it is that in divine justice all men were eternally damned; that one Man by a brief but bitter persecution and three days of death redeemed all men from eternal death *and damnation*. The Redeemer immediately received

His reward in promotion in Heaven, and He eternally receives His eternally increasing reward in the gratitude and praises of the eternally increasing hosts of the redeemed. The divine justice requiring the eternal punishment of all mankind, is too easily satisfied, and the reward for having satisfied it is too great, for the redemption to be reasonably regarded as accomplished by a sacrifice. If some one has voluntarily suffered death or punishment instead of another, it has been because he felt that the death or punishment of the other would be more grievous to him than his own would be.

Any attempt to make either religion or morality appear reasonable is not only illogical, it is irreverent. The highest possible human conception of justice cannot begin to comprehend the alleged justice of the eternal damnation of all mankind, nor of any of mankind, decreed before they were born for the alleged guilt of their progenitors. If they were not so *justly* damned, the mind can conceive of no reasonable occasion for their redemption in the blood of innocence. If they were so *justly* damned the mind cannot conceive how such divine justice could be satisfied with less than the full measure of pain that would be endured by all mankind in outer darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth during all eternity. The mind cannot conceive how one Man could suffer the actual equivalent of all this anguish during a thirty-three years' sojourn upon earth, even including three days of actual death. Unless the actual suffering of the Redeemer during His earthly sojourn and death, was actually equivalent to all the suffering that would be endured by all mankind in damnation during all eternity, the mind cannot conceive that divine justice is yet satisfied, or that mankind is yet *justly* redeemed.

The mind cannot conceive that the eternal punishment of all mankind was demanded by divine justice, unless there was, actually or potentially an ascertainable quantum or totality of the suffering to be endured by mankind in such punishment, ascertainable perhaps only by divine wisdom. As the mind cannot conceive that such quantum or totality of suffering was actually endured or equivalented in the alleged redemption, it reasonably follows that it must regard a great deal of it as not

yet endured or equivalented. So in reason divine justice is not yet satisfied and mankind is not yet redeemed. The unendured and unequivalented suffering demanded by divine justice remains to be disposed of. Moral philosophers (apologists) tell us that the demand for this is cancelled in Mercy and upon conditions. And here they throw every thing into confusion. There is no mercy in reason, and no reason in mercy. While the proportion of the actual suffering endured in the redemption, to that which divine justice demanded that mankind should endure during eternity may be too minute for expression, yet there must be such a proportion if there is a final quantum or totality of each. As no suffering can be conceived to be unlimited, all suffering must be conceived as limited to some quantum or totality, which itself may be inexpressible, undefinable, or perhaps unthinkable definitely. Now if Reason had a just demand for the endurance by all mankind of eternal suffering in damnation, it would scarcely cancel its demand for the infinitely greater portion of it, upon and in consideration of the endurance by an innocent third person of the infinitely lesser portion of it.

If Reason were, in mercy and upon conditions, about to cancel its *just* demand for the endurance by mankind of the infinitely greater portion of such suffering, it would in mercy have cancelled its entire demand; or at least, it would not have required or permitted its demand for the endurance of the infinitely lesser portion of such suffering, to be satisfied in the blood of an innocent third person. If the Redeemer is an innocent third person, Reason revolts at the idea of His suffering death to satisfy so small a portion of an entire demand, the infinitely greater residue of which is, in mercy and upon conditions, forgiven. If He is not an innocent third person, but is a part of or identical with the original Demandant Himself, Reason would still more revolt at the idea of a Creditor paying himself in his own suffering and death so small a portion of his just demand, and forgiving the infinitely greater residue.

The conditions upon which the divine demand for the endurance by mankind during eternity of the infinitely greater portion of the suffering is forgiven, are, judging from the dogmas

and data of Religion, and the doctrines of the science to whose skirts religion attempts to cling, such as may reasonably be expected to render the forgiveness in most instances unavailing. Not only is behavior prescribed, but belief in unreasonable propositions is enjoined. On pain of eternal punishment man must not only *do* as he is bid, he must *believe* as he is bid. If there is valid authority for this, it must be divine authority. If there is divine authority for it, it has no affinity for nor anything in common with Reason. It is as far above reason as heaven is above earth—as the Almighty is above man.

No one can reasonably believe that he was justly under condemnation without having voluntarily offended. No one can reasonably believe that the iniquities of the fathers are justly visited upon the children. No one can reasonably believe that justice demands his *eternal* punishment for any offence whatever. No one can reasonably believe that a *just* demand for the eternal punishment of all men can be *justly* satisfied in the temporary punishment of one Man. No one can reasonably believe that there was any justice in the divine demand for his own eternal punishment, if, by a mere change of opinion as to the merit of a certain doctrine, and by affecting a devotion to its Author, he can escape such punishment and secure eternal happiness. That would be the cancellation of too great a debt, and giving too great a reward to be reasonable.

If specific belief is an essential part of religious duty, Religion should cut the acquaintance of science as soon as possible. Science says, "the secret of certain aptitudes,—of such or such a native predisposition, is naturally derived from a preponderance of such or such a group of sensorial impressions, which find in the regions of psychical activity in which they are particularly elaborated a soil ready prepared, which amplifies and perfects them according to the richness and degree of vitality of the elements placed at their disposal." Man's real belief will be just such as his aptitudes—his native predisposition—enable, compel, or permit him to extract from the data of his conscious existence and the facts he lives amidst. The unreasonableness of requiring specific belief is aggravated in the manner in which the requirement is generally urged. Without sincerity there is

no real belief. A nervous system constructed on a certain plan, and predisposed in a certain way by inherited instincts—transmitted experiences—is susceptible to impressions. The individual cannot from among the infinite externals choose for himself those which shall be presented to his sensuous faculty, nor can he determine the impressions they shall make. "A small difference in the pigment of a sense" may determine his whole destiny, it "may rule the entire character—intellectual and moral." An external presented to his sensuous faculty may be the argument of a so-called moral philosopher, the doctrine of an alleged religion. He is placed in a dilemma. He must admit the validity of the science which teaches him that his aptitudes and susceptibilities are inherited and hence beyond his control, because the religion which is after him claims akin to this very science. Yet, although he is helpless to control his aptitudes and susceptibilities, and cannot determine the impressions to be made, he must determine that the impressions made by this particular external so presented, shall aggregate in a belief in the validity of its doctrine. He must suppress the aptitudes, instincts, and native predispositions which this very religion (by clinging to the science which says so) says will rule his whole destiny. By such means he is to arrive at belief.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHILOSOPHY OF FAUST.

The Tragedy Sixty Years in Incubation—The Philosophy Takes all Purpose Out of Religion—Nothing can be Thought as Self-Limited—Duality of Man's Nature, as Incomprehensible as the Trinality of God's Nature—Parallel Between Faust and Job, Both were mere Chattels—Satan Imposed on in Both Transactions—Divine Jugglery—No Possible Occasion for More than One Compact in the Tragedy—Faust's Sudden Transition from Philosopher to Rake—No Duty without Freedom—Von Ihering's View of Shylock's Claim—Dissimulation is Dishonest in any Cause—Justice Required Faust to Refuse Salvation—Abstract Principles Cannot be Personified in Tragedy.

The American Editor of a Tragedy reputed to be the "Literary masterpiece of modern times" declares that "Faust is represented as saved by no merit of his own, but by the interest which Heaven has in every soul in which there is the possibility of a heavenly life." That his Author "had the penetration to see and he meant to show, that the notion implied in the old popular superstition of selling one's soul to the Devil; the notion that evil can obtain the entire and final possession of the soul is a fallacy; that the soul is not man's to dispose of, and cannot be so traded away. We are the soul's, and not the soul ours. Evil is self-limited, the good in man must finally prevail. So long as he strives he is not lost. Heaven will come to the aid of his better nature. This is the philosophy of Faust."

If there was no doubt as to the philosophic purport of the Tragedy these declarations imply a doubt and profess to remove it. The Editor's name is decorated with a D. D. and he has written some alleged philosophy. But instead of dispelling the doubt as to the philosophy of the tragedy, he has only darkened the doubt as to his own conception or it. A tragedy which was sixty years in process of incubation cannot be said to have been very inconsiderately dashed off. One so far (as Faust) out of the usual range of tragedy, was probably intended to import a moral philosophy, a mild type of religious apologetics.

If the philosophy is accurately stated by the Editor, the Tragedy may be called the masterpiece of modern philosophic

nonsense more appropriately than the literary masterpiece of modern time.

Whatever is necessarily implied in a declaration, is as legitimately a part of it as if it were expressed. That one is saved by no merit of his own, but by the interest which Heaven has in every soul in which there is the possibility of a heavenly life, implies that some souls have not such possibility, and that no man need concern himself with his soul's salvation. Man need not strive, for by no merit of his own can he be saved. His soul may be devoid of the Heavenly possibility, in which case he certainly need not strive. If it contains such possibility it will be saved solely by the interest which Heaven has in it, and strife were superfluous.

That some souls are inevitably lost, is implied in the declaration that some are saved solely by the interest which Heaven has in them, by reason of their having in them the heavenly possibility. If all souls contained such possibility then the heavenly interest in them would render salvation absolutely certain and universal, and moral philosophy, so far as promoting the safety of souls is concerned, would be a superfluity. There could then be no purpose in religion. Genius would be obliged to seek some other outlet or occasion for its excrescences.

Should philosophy devise some means of distinguishing souls in which there is, from souls in which there is not such possibility, it might make a decisive, though melancholy move toward the applicability of its doctrine. It could thus bring itself into worse repute than it now is, because those in whose souls it should find there is no such possibility would reject it, while it would enervate those in whose souls it should find there was such possibility. Men would shrink from the doctrine which damns them for the want of a quality which they cannot supply; they are not apt to strive for that of which Heaven has already assured them the realization. Until such philosophy does devise some means of such distinction, it is entirely without meaning to all men, and then it could have no other effect than that just stated.

If the soul is not man's to dispose of he cannot possibly lose it, but must *submit* to salvation from the interest which Heaven

has in his soul if it is worth saving—he is equally helpless to save it, and must submit to perdition from the absence of such interest if it should be devoid of such possibility. The extent of his responsibility for the presence or absence of such possibility is not declared; but the implication is that there is no such responsibility if he is not to be saved by any merit of his own. Without responsibility there can be no purpose in moral philosophy. That there is no responsibility is implied in the declaration that the soul is not man's to dispose of and cannot be traded away. If by his conduct he divests his soul of such possibility, so that Heaven loses the interest in it to save it for him, he disposes of his soul, trades or perhaps throws it away. If all souls once contain such possibility and are not man's to dispose of, and cannot be so traded away, then none can be divested by man of such possibility; and salvation without reference to man's conduct is absolutely inevitable and universal, and moral philosophy is without a purpose. If some souls do while others never contain such possibility, then for reasons above given moral philosophy is still without a purpose, unless it can distinguish between them; in which case it would, as above shown, become a sort of prognosticator, ominous and incredible to some, and enervating if believed by others.

If men able to do otherwise should divest their souls of such possibility, they would lose them by demerit of their own. If others able to do otherwise should maintain in their souls such possibility they would save them by merit of their own. If the conduct is of no effect to destroy or maintain such possibility, then moral philosophy is without meaning, so far as the salvation of the soul is concerned. If the conduct has effect to destroy or maintain such possibility, then the salvation of the soul depends upon the conduct, and man is saved by his own merit, or damned by his own demerit. If with all the good one can do he is still unworthy, and must plead the pangs of Another who has atoned (to Himself) for him, it is still a merit to avail himself of such vicarious atonement. There is some merit in appreciation of and gratitude for favors; there is more in the disposition to make them as available as possible for the purposes for which they may be bestowed. If one lays down his

life for the salvation of all, then every one who avails himself of the sacrifice cooperates *pro tanto* in the promotion of the general cause in which the sacrifice is made. This is merit. Every one who wilfully renders the sacrifice of no avail for himself obstructs *pro tanto* the promotion of the general cause in which the sacrifice is made. This is demerit.

Philosophers owe it to their readers to give the data upon which they base the distinction between man and the soul. They speak complacently enough of them as distinct entities, of one as belonging to the other. While they disagree as to the ownership, they mostly agree as to the survivorship. Demon may have been a name by which Socrates meant to figuratively personify his conscience. Modern investigation implies that conscience is a mere physical condition mechanically caused. It is said to be the reason employed about questions of right and wrong, and accompanied by the sentiments of approbation and condemnation. That it signifies our consciousness of having acted agreeably or contrary to the dictates of a moral faculty. That moral sensibility is a purely physiological synthesis of all our nervous activities. That all our feelings and emotions are mechanically caused.

That which from the earliest history of philosophy has constantly admonished man what he ought and ought not, and has been regarded a distinct entity with a mysterious individuality of its own, though still performing the same function in the same manner, is now by Science completely divested of its demoniacal dignity, and reduced to a mere physiological synthesis of our nervous activities, a mere physical condition, mechanically caused. If Science has wrought this ruin of the Socratic Demon which was never entirely absent from any human intelligence, what may we not expect if it should fairly encounter the fugitive evanescence called the soul.

The definitions of soul are as dubious and unintelligible as the above quoted propositions that evil is self-limited; that the good in man *must* finally prevail; and that Heaven will come to the aid of his better nature. No mind can conceive how anything can be self-limited. Whatever is thought as limited, must be thought as limited by something without and beyond itself.

To be self-limited, a thing must be outside of and beyond itself, it must be the thing adjoining and setting bounds to itself, which is absurd. Self imposed limits are unthinkable. The duality of man's nature is implied in the proposition that the good in him *must* finally prevail; also in the proposition that Heaven will come to the aid of his better nature. This is as incomprehensible as the trinality of the nature or person of the Almighty. If the good in man must finally prevail, the implication is that it must prevail over the bad in him. Most men believing they have souls in jeopardy would be glad to be perfectly assured of this. If the good in man must finally prevail, there must be a strife going on within him between the good and the bad. Both then must be present within him, and if the good must finally prevail, the result is predetermined and the strife is worse than idle.

If Heaven will come to the aid of his better nature the implication is that it will aid his better in a strife with his worse nature. His worse nature then must be the stronger of the two, or there could be no need of the heavenly aid. If man is of this dual nature it must be because Heaven has made him so. If the better needs the aid of Heaven in its strife with the worse nature, it must be because Heaven has made the worse the stronger of the two natures. Reason would never have accused Heaven of this. It were better economy had Heaven endowed man solely with a good nature, or, if there could no good except in contrast with a bad nature, then to have made the good the stronger. But moral philosophy finds this strife raging in man, and the issue is his soul's salvation or damnation, or rather that of the soul to which he belongs, for "we are the soul's, and not the soul ours." Man who belongs to the soul must strive to save his owner, although it cannot be saved by any merit of his, and although the result is already determined. The duty is imposed in terms hopelessly unintelligible, and analysis and investigation lead to palpable absurdity.

It is impossible to conceive of man as double. His tendencies may be various, depending upon his physical constitution, his education, and external circumstances. They may be good or bad, but not indifferent. Indifference is no tendency. They

cannot be actively both good and bad; so far only as one of two opposite tendencies exceeds the other can there be strictly a tendency. So far as they are equal they neutralize each other. The mind cannot conceive of tendencies, as such and so classified in man, as to constitute in him several distinct entities or natures. Whatever the soul may be, the mind cannot conceive of it as other or more than a condition or state. The mind cannot give it substantiality because it cannot be located, nor form because this implies substance. Perhaps as intelligible a definition as can be given is to call it by another name—mind. Definition is mainly statement of synonyms. It is learnedly defined as "the animating, separable, and surviving entity, the vehicle of the individual personal existence;" and "the spiritual, rational, and immortal part in man; that part which enables him to think, and which renders him a subject of moral government." These definitions give little or no insight into the mystery of the nature of soul. We may as well recur to the no-definition above given—mind; and admit, as logically we must, that whatever cannot be known cannot be very intelligibly defined. We may take the ground common to Science and most religions, that soul is mind, and proceed with the examination of the alleged philosophy of the great German iteration of the Tragedy of Job.

The American Editor disclaims for his Author all intent "to travesty or degrade that venerable poem." The main difference between the two poems in one thing essential to each, is in the anguish endured by their respective subjects of the divino-diabolic compacts, the ancient and modern wagers of the Almighty with the Devil. Job's pain seems to have been mostly physical, Faust's almost wholly moral or mental. But the ruthless ravages of science have obliterated this distinction. Wherever a feverish fancy erects its fantastical fret-work, Science, which verily goeth about as a roaring lion, may be found plying its fangs. It is touching to behold the frenzy of Apologetics to show how its faith is authenticated, instead of shown to be unreasonable by the cool and candid investigations of science. Religion, to have any validity as such must rise above reason. If all our feelings and emotions are mechanic-

ally caused, then the so-called moral or mental pain must be mechanically caused. Possibly science itself is too sweeping and comprehensive in its declaration that our feelings and emotions are all mechanically caused. It were sufficient for it to say that all our feelings and emotions that can be accounted for are so caused. It is difficult to conceive how a mechanical cause can produce an effect on any thing outside the domain of physical substance. If science is correct in its declaration, then mental and moral pain are mere physiological conditions of nerve substance, because mechanical causes must operate on physical substance or not at all.

The important feature of each piece is the wager of Heaven with Hell upon the fidelity and fortitude of a Creature, ignorant of the fact that they are so deeply concerned in him. But back of all compact and conventional wager is the omnipotence of one of the parties against the necessarily limited capacity of the other. When the Lord professed to give Mephistopheles liberty to act without control, He knew just what he was doing; He was, to use a homely expression, betting on a sure thing. There could be no wager in it. The so-called compact had no meaning. Omnipotence was able to sustain the subject of the alleged wager against all the wiles of the Devil, and indeed to prescribe beforehand just what and how effective such wiles should be. It is impossible to imagine that the Lord and Mephistopheles were both possessed of infinite power. Their respective powers are supposed to have been antagonistic to each other, and two such rival powers cannot be conceived to be both infinite. Then when the All-wise, infinitely powerful and just God was professing to give Mephistopheles a *carte blanch*, He knew just how it must result in the discomfiture of the Devil, upon whom he was merely playing a trick. Reason would never have accused the Lord of this. Nor would it ever have expected a divine Creator of *all* things, with infinite wisdom, goodness and power, to have to brook the eternal and infernal rivalry of one of His own creatures for the favor, duty, or allegiance of another of them.

If Faust was really dear to the Lord, He would never have entrusted him to the infinite and uncontrollable power of a Devil

bent on effecting his ruin. He meant to protect him in the emergency, and if He really knew that He could do so, then He never really entrusted Faust to the Devil at all; and the alleged compact or conventional wager was divine nonsense, jugglery and deceit.

The third party, the subject of the alleged compact, the modernized and Germanized Job, who had "Alas, Philosophy, Medicine, and Jurisprudence too, and to his cost, Theology," the alleged free agent, *sui generis* and *sui juris*, is, without being consulted, made the subject of the solemn banter between the Lord and the Devil, and bartered to damnation at a hazard upon his own God-given constancy. Reason would never have expected either Job or Faust to voluntarily take the part assigned him in the terrible farce, merely to vindicate an idle boast of the Almighty of His creature's fortitude and faith, made in ill-timed repartee with the Devil. If Faust was really free he ought not to have been made an involuntary actor in such a tragedy. He should have been a party to the compact by the terms of which he was to be the principal sufferer, and the result of which was to be either his soul's salvation or damnation. And had he been consulted, Reason would not have expected him to join in the compact without divine assurance of salvation, in which case, both he and the Lord would have been dealing dishonestly with the Devil. If in such case there was a fair deal the Devil would probably have known there was nothing in it for him, and Reason would not have expected him to so sedulously persist in a hopeless venture. If Faust was not free he ought not to have suffered even if the Devil had won his wager with the Lord, and if the Lord were just with Faust there could be nothing in the alleged wager for the Devil. In any possible view of the case the Lord was either deceiving the Devil, or idly and unjustly exposing his faithful servant to the grossest injustice. Either justice or candor on the part of the Lord would have spoiled two great tragedies, but it might have saved some puerile philosophy. To represent the Almighty as vaunting Himself and His work to the Devil (also His work) is not likely to inspire sensible men with much respect for the cause in which it is done. I can almost hear the enthusiast re-

tort that the Tragedy is merely symbolic, and that its personnel is merely the ideal personification of principles in the divine economy of nature. So much the worse for its philosophy. The reviewer in examining the principles of such philosophy may, for the purpose of such examination, treat these personifications with the same deference to their suppositious individuality, as the philosopher has himself treated them in propounding his alleged philosophy. If abstract principles of good, justice, utility, and economy are personified or ideally represented in the personnel, and ideally applied in the scenes of the tragedy, and ideally vindicated in its denouement, then its alleged philosophy is propounded and symbolically worked out to its philosophical results in the supposed vindication of its philosophical tenets. In testing the validity of its doctrine one must treat all these paraphernalia of its presentation as the Philosopher has himself treated them, so far at least as concerns their puppetry in the play. If the ancient Faust legend was preposterous, the modern Faust philosophy is puerile.

Passing the incongruous mix of the inferno-supernatural with the rustico-real, the philosophic colloquy of the Doctor and his companion on their morning walk, the homage done him by his fellow villagers as he passed them at their Easter festivities, the black hound circling him in ever narrowing spiral curves as he sat conversing with his companion and following him home at evening, there assuming the human form divine and calling the mice to gnaw the threshold which mystically detained him, and other maudlin mysticism; we come to the compact between Mephistopheles and Faust. Here the enthusiast will triumphantly exclaim Faust is free. Disgruntled with himself and all nature, he voluntarily engages with the Devil to depart to the Abyss, that time may be never more for him, if Mephistopheles will ever bring him to a moment of life to which he would say, "linger a while, so fair thou art." But pause a moment. If this were really Faust's compact with Hell, why was Mephistopheles so recently in Heaven negotiating the same wager with the Lord? One of two things is inevitable. If Faust was free and this was really his compact or wager with Hell, then the infinite wisdom and power of the Lord was in-

finite ignorance and weakness, and He was infinitely vain in pretending in the prologue in Heaven to give Mephistopheles the privilege to lackey the Doctor through life for the desperate chance of winning him to Hell at death. If the compact with the Lord was effective, there could be no possible occasion for the one with Faust. He was not free either to make or refuse to make it. He was a mere chattel, and for all the purposes of the tragedy, he had passed as by a bill of sale, to the control of Mephistopheles by virtue of the compact consummated in the prologue in Heaven. Mephistopheles was to gently lead him as he chose; for so long as Man on earth doth live, so long it was not forbidden, "man still must err, while he doth strive." So the Doctor's compact with the Devil falls far short of showing his free agency. If he must err he is not free to do right; and his alleged compact was an idle ceremony.

It is strange that a doctor whose life was a devotion to celibacy and science, who was always immured in his den of dust and demonology, who barely deigned to receive the homage of his fellow villagers as he passed them at their Easter festivities, who worshipped only at the shrines of philosophy, magic, and mysticism, should so suddenly become enamored of a rustic Gretchen, so insanely infatuated that he was ready to damn her soul and be whisked away to Hell if he could only *enjoy* her. Notwithstanding his philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence and theology, his change from the erudite eremite to the lascivious rake was as sudden and extreme as that of Mephistopheles from the black hound to the travelling scholar when Faust inadvertently attempted to read from the Gospel according to St. John. The Editor seems to be somewhat mixed in his chronology. He says that by the compact between Faust and Mephistopheles, Faust was not to read from that Gospel, "hence the uneasiness of the dog." But the compact was not made until some time after this uneasiness. Faust's first interview with Mephistopheles as Mephistopheles was after having scolded him as a dog for barking at his reading from that Gospel. And notwithstanding Mephistopheles has engaged to attend Faust through life and do his bidding in all things, for a return of the service in kind afterward (Yonder), there are few

scenes where they figure in the Tragedy in which Mephistopheles is not the master. While doing Faust's bidding he almost invariably determines for him what the bidding shall be.

The tragedy is full of surprises and ever varying scene and sentiment. The Doctor had inherited from his sire "of good repute and sombre mind," who "loved to brood o'er nature's powers," a fiery passion for knowledge. Because he could not comprehend all wisdom, art being long and life short, he seems to have fancied himself scorned by the great spirit, his web of thought was rent, and because he fancied the Lord knew more than it was within his power to learn, his thwarted ambition spurred him to the very unphilosophical determination to be revenged on—himself. He proposed to still his fiery passion "in depths of sensual pleasure drowned." Mephistopheles proposes to help him *get even* with himself. Henceforth he spurns wisdom and joy, craves excitement, "agonizing bliss, enamored hatred, quickening vexation." Even his infernal coadjutor is more conservative and rebukes his silly resolve to be avenged on himself, by assuring him that no mortal "digests this ancient leaven," and that consummate wisdom "Doth for the Deity alone subsist."

It were idle to trace the tragedy through all its scenes, to point out the occasional palpable hits and covert thrust at ambitious mediocrity, or even to allude to many of its allusions which can have only a provincial significance. It sufficiently destroys all claim of philosophic merit in the tragedy, to show that *it shows* that man is not free. Without freedom duty is void. Moral philosophy, propounded either in a poem or a sermon, is utterly senseless unless it tends to enforce a duty. If the Lord had never negotiated with Mephistopheles at all, and if the compact between the latter and Faust was the only one in force, Faust was still a mere chattel. He had in good faith agreed as solemnly as he could to swap work with Hell. He received the full measure of the consideration for which he stipulated, and was divinely prevented from performing his part. When the three most important characters represented in the tragedy are candidly examined, it will appear that with all the devilish dissimulation and polite hatred of Mephisto-

pheles, he came nearer doing as he had agreed than either the Lord or the disgruntled Doctor. The Lord deliberately deceived the Devil from the start; the Doctor, having reached a moment of fancied happiness, expired and was mechanically proceeding to perform his part of the compact. But he was intercepted and thwarted by the Lord's Angels who justify their interference in the claim that Faust was in bad faith with the Devil. They sing, "This member of the upper spheres, We rescue from the Devil, For whoso strives and perseveres, May be redeemed from evil." Had Faust been free, and honest in his dealings with the Devil, he would not have striven, and the Lord would not have had even that flimsy pretext for interfering.

An Austrian, Dr. Rudolph von Ihering, declares that Shylock was unjustly dealt with by the Venetian Court. He certainly shows that he was deprived of a *legal* demand, by the chicanery of a Tribunal whose solemn judicial duty it was to enforce it. In the interest of humanity and before the footlights the end may be sometimes made to appear to justify the means. Philosophy, however, is not supposed to be concerned with exceptional emergencies, nor can it adapt itself to varying emotions or pathetic situations. It supposes and deals with principles, and dissimulation is no less dishonest because practiced against a Shylock or the Devil. Apologetics drives the Lord to great straits when it compels Him to resort to subterfuge. It seems really to recognize the existence and persistence of two opposing principles, the good and the evil. It vainly attempts to personify them in its God and Devil. It degrades its God to the level of its Devil in putting its divine comedy upon the boards; and it exalts its Devil to the altitude of its God in the negotiations under which the various parts are assigned to the several actors; and even above its God in point of sincerity of purpose in the compact. It is ruinous to permit the negotiations in the first place. It brings the Lord into bad repute to be trafficking with the Devil concerning so precious a property as the soul of man. If the soul of man is so valuable to the Lord that He would give His only begotten Son a sacrifice to redeem it from His own just wrath, He ought to make

no terms with Hell concerning it. He certainly ought not to offer to gamble it away to the Devil when He is obliged to cheat him at the game or lose the soul so redeemed and wagered.

Philosophy may don the majestic mantle of the Muse, or peal forth in the detonations of Tragedie's Artillery, but it is not likely to do so—it seldom does so. Poetic imagery is generally too sentimental for cold blooded reasoning. The affectation and insincerity manifest in most tragedy are not congenial to philosophy. The relations of the actors to each other and to the scenes in which they figure, and the general variety, to say nothing of contrariety, requisite to engage attention and provoke pathos, jar with the symmetrical arrangement of data and sober and sensible deductions of philosophy. Some of the beauties of poetry in Faust are peerless. The grandeur of some of the thought is sublime. There are occasional expressions of sound philosophic doctrine. These are all badly disjointed. The tragedy is a wild and weird extravaganza, which, proposing to demonstrate that "mortal that perishes types the ideal," becomes entirely too reckless of the consequences of many of its own unqualified postulates and primary positions to be the symmetrical embodiment or faithful expression of anything like a philosophic whole. When Faust curses Mephistopheles for instigating him to the ruin of Margaret, he should remember that as a free agent he had recently contracted to be "gently led" by his illustrious convoy; and in the exercise of his own unbiased judgment and æsthetical, not to say philosophical taste, had deliberately yet passionately sought the gratification of his lust, the acme of his aspirations in which he seemed then to think he was too terribly near. The scene is touching—tragic, but utterly devoid of semblance and relation to any thing philosophic. To say that notwithstanding the excesses to which he had given himself there yet lurked within him a vestige of the principle of justice, or a trace of goodness, or a spark of morality which could be fanned to a flame or religious fervor, is nothing to the purpose. If true it is so much the worse for the alleged philosophy. It only shows the folly of attempting to personify abstract principles. Under his contract with

Mephistopheles, justice required him to go straight to his own perdition. He had said Mephistopheles should have him the moment he found joy. He had required Mephistopheles to procure for him the person of the peasant girl declaring it would be his joy. Still, justice forbid him to ruin Margaret to compass his infernal aim. The discord is too distracting for Philosophy.

CHAPTER XIX.

COMPARATIVE APOLOGETICS.

Comparison of Christianity and Buddhism Implies Belief in Both—Validity incorrectly Based on Popularity—Superiority of Buddhism Implied in the Argument—Both Systems Based on Idea of Universal Brotherhood of Man—The Divine Economy Exhibited in Each System—But one True Religion Possible—Incongruity of Principles Maintained as Essential to Each System—Apologetics Puts the Almighty in the Wrong—False-worship an Impossibility—Absurdity of Illustration of Moral Principles in Physical Phenomena—No one ever Knew What he Believed in as a Religion—Theology Cannot be Presented in Philosophic Form.

"God will roll up, when this world's end approacheth,
The broad blue spangled hangings of the sky,
Even as As-Sigill rolleth up his record,
And seals and binds it when a man doth die.
Then the false worshippers and what they follow,
Will to the pit, like stones to hell descend,
But true believers shall hear the Angels saying,
This is your day; be joyous without end."

The Author of the above quoted anathema has said that four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend at the present time from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibbet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon Modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind therefore owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of thought."

The identity of the Exception need not puzzle the thoughtful reader. The Founder of Christianity receives many graceful, though casual and covert compliments from the scholarly, paid as a matter of course in dealing ostensibly with some other subject. But the philosophic Apologist ought to be on his guard; and in this instance, in making the exception he has made a comparison very much to the disadvantage of the Founder of the system in whose favor he allows the exception. True, he tacitly asserts that the Founder of Christianity is the only One whose personality can appear so high, gentle, and beneficent as that of Buddha. This implies a belief in both, and the matter of course manner in which the exception is allowed also implies a preference for the Founder of Christianity, although numerically the comparison is decidedly unfavorable to the system. And as number is the Apologist's main argument for the provisional validity of Buddhism, it would seem that the exception he allows in favor of the Founder of Christianity was not intended to be also applied to the system itself.

No one will claim that a third of mankind owe their moral and religious ideas to the Founder of Christianity; and no one can claim that any part of mankind is without such ideas. No language or system of thought can be intelligible or of any practical utility without the word *ought*. No matter how variously it may be interpreted, or how violently it may be wrested from its meaning in the sophistry of *isms*, it still embodies all there can possibly be for any human mind in any religion.

Though like Buddhism, Christianity has passed away from from the land of its birth, yet unlike Buddhism, the mark of its Founder's sublime teaching is *not* ineffaceably stamped upon the modern usurper of its ancient demense; and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the modern Mongrels of Palestine are not clearly due to the benign influence of the precepts of its Founder. So, in addition to its numerical supremacy, Buddhism seems to have another advantage in the comparison, that of more ineffaceably impressing itself upon the autochthones of its birth place. Number and durability would not be relied on for the validity of Buddhism unless they were regarded as of some consequence in the comparison, and if they are of such conse-

quence, then Buddhism is indeed a far more magnificent empire of belief than Christianity.

With our characteristic bigoted zeal we may maintain that our moral and religious ideas are superior to those that have enlightened many millions more than our number, from centuries before the Source of ours was ever heard of; but so far from settling anything besides our own complacent self-conceit, this simply conducts us to a dispute as to the proper meaning and application of the term *superior*. Unless there is some tangible fact, back of which no mind can go, and from which the superiority of one of the systems can by some means be demonstrated to all minds, the question must forever remain a question, with merely a higher degree of probability in favor of the system which fluctuates the least, endures the most durably, and sways the *most* minds. The Apologist who would say—sways the *best* minds—should inform us by whose standard the test is to be made.

The systems being compared both seem to be based upon the idea of a universal brotherhood among men, and one divine fatherhood of all men. Neither of them would restrict itself to any part of the human family, nor admit that it was divinely intended for less than the entire moral vineyard. Yet neither of them flourishes where it was first planted. Both are transplanted to other climes, perhaps more inhospitable; and dwarfed almost beyond recognition, perhaps in more sterile soils. They have produced various hybrids from indiscriminate crosses, and endless variety by degeneration. Each claims it was intended to bring all men to one God, and neither will allow any man to approach Him except through its own portals. In twenty-five centuries one of them has gathered something more than a third of mankind in its folds; in nineteen centuries the other one has embraced something less than a third. For some cause unintelligible to any human mind, the remaining third is still adrift upon the watery waste of aimless existence, variously, vainly, vegetating and vanishing.

The Apologist's comparison implies a difference between these two systems, and there must be a difference or there would be but one system. Difference between two systems,

each purporting to be the only true religion of one God, necessitates the invalidity, at least the inferiority of one of them. If one of them has prevailed six centuries longer than the other, and still maintains a vast numerical supremacy over it; and if each retains enough of its primitive characteristics to mark its origin, the comparison sounds decidedly in favor of the older one. To say that race and clime were potent to promote or retard the extension and influence of either system, is to declare its invalidity as a religion for a universal brotherhood of mankind; and limits the power and wisdom of its Founder. That which is divinely intended for all men, is so intended by One who knows and intends the supervening influences and effects of race and clime. The orthodox fire and brimstone of either system is probably hot enough to obliterate all memory of the difference between an arctic and a tropic temperature.

If mankind is a universal brotherhood, it is strange the Creator did not so endow him that he not only might have had, but would naturally tend to one universal belief. It is strange that in shedding His light upon the gloom of man's existence, He would focus its rays upon a meagre mob of incredulous and ungrateful wretches who gloried in the sin of ingratitude, and reviled and murdered their own greatest Benefactor.

In the history of thought the Apologist's ideal universality is sadly wanting. Yet it is the essential basis of all philosophic apologetics. No true religion can tolerate any other religion than itself. Any variation from it throws everything into confusion. If there is but one God, if all men are brothers and His creatures, if there is one universal heaven for the saved and but one hell for the damned, there can be but one true religion. Whatever religion differs from it is necessarily so far another, and hence untrue and invalid religion. In religious systems difference is in kind, and difference in degree is inadmissible. Kinds of doctrine are supposable enough, intensity of doctrine means nothing.

When the philosophic Apologist portrays the beauties of Buddhism, and performs his *coup de maitre* for Christianity in casually conceding its superiority, he simply advocates Christianity as being one remove farther from perdition or nearer to

grace than its more ancient and more popular rival. And when Apologetics urges the validity of Buddhism on the grounds of its greater antiquity and popularity, it concedes away all its claim, on its own hypotheses, for the validity of Christianity. If the fact that for so long more than a third of mankind have believed in Buddhism, is *any* argument for its validity, it must be the only true religion, and its more recent and less popular rival must be an imposture.

According to the Apologist, without Christianity, Buddhism must save the world, or it would "to the pit, like stones to hell descend." For six centuries before Christianity appeared, countless millions of this universal brotherhood were dependent upon the light of Buddhism; nineteen centuries later more than a third of mankind still "daily repeat the formula—I take refuge in Buddha."

Both these systems are driven from the land of their birth. If the subject is legitimately within the range of philosophic discussion, some learned Apologist should explain the principle of divine economy upon which Brahmanism now drowns its victims in the Ganges, and the mosque of Omar rears its minarets above the site of the Holy Sepulchre.

It is difficult to reconcile the reputed benevolence and mercy of either system with the fact that its Founder, not only for six centuries left a lost world to depend upon Buddhism, if it was inferior to His other and later system; but had for countless centuries theretofore left the same lost world to wag without even a Buddhism. That either system began in time renders it impossible to imagine that it is of divine origin, that is in any other sense than as human institutions may approach the conceptions which some minds have formed of the divine. No one can imagine the commencement of the existence of matter. Nor can one imagine the commencement of the organization of matter into forms of life, vegetal and animal. Much less can one imagine the commencement, foundation, or establishment of the principles of life, either material or spiritual. If one of these systems is invalid, or inferior to the other, it must necessarily have never been otherwise, unless both are changeable; and no one can imagine the eternal principles of a divine relig-

ion of the one and only God, as subject to change. The valid religion must be of the one God, the Law of the one Element, positive, exclusive, conclusive and eternal. Whatever begins in time must end in time. If God is love and mercy to-day, He must have always been love and mercy. In such case it is difficult to conceive of the awakening of His compassion for fallen man, only after millions of millions had been hopelessly lost for the want of one of these two systems.

The valid religion can brook no comparisons, because it cannot recognize the possibility of another religion. Were comparisons admissible, Buddhism might have been provisionally valid, a convenient makeshift or expedient, resorted to for a time and in an emergency; while Christianity was in course of preparation. But the mind cannot conceive of infinite Power and Wisdom as resorting to expedients in emergencies. Neither can it conceive of divine Power and Wisdom as promulgating new doctrines, based on new principles, at intervals of a few centuries, if they are eternal. If they are not eternal, they must be temporary; and the mind cannot conceive of infinite Power and Wisdom as solemnly trifling with baubles that flit with the flight of time. If either of these systems is of divine origin, and was inaugurated in divine mercy for the salvation of an otherwise lost race, the mind cannot conceive why it was not done soon enough to have saved the innumerable millions that must have perished before it was inaugurated. They must have perished if either of these systems was necessary to their salvation. And if neither was necessary to salvation mankind has been terribly badgered with needless remedies.

The philosophy or rather the logic of all apologetics, puts the Almighty in the wrong. If man is the creature of a Power infinitely above him and beyond his power to comprehend; if he was by that Power created in a certain fashion and endowed or cursed with certain tendencies; if the result of yielding to such tendencies was necessarily man's damnation and he was not at the same time endowed with sufficient strength to withstand, there was but little mercy manifest in his making. If he had the necessary strength, but was evilly disposed, he

obtained his disposition from the same source as his strength, and there was still but little mercy manifest in his mankind. It in such state millions of millions were necessarily damned, and it became necessary to inaugurate a divine system by means of which some might be saved, the mind cannot conceive that to have been divine wisdom that could not sooner have seen the necessity of the system; nor that to have been divine power that could not sooner have inaugurated it; nor that to have been divine mercy that would not sooner have done so. Neither can the mind conceive that to have been divine mercy that limited the application and effect of such system either numerically or territorially. To say that all may be saved by means of either system is to no purpose, for all have not yet heard of either system. To say that all who have heard of either system may be saved by means of it if they choose, is to no purpose, for many are divinely endowed with incredulity and mental and moral depravity. If any who knew of neither of these systems have been saved, then neither of them was necessary to man's salvation.

To hold that one of these systems is a mere improvement on the other, is to hold that the divine and eternal power and wisdom of the Almighty are in process of development. If He is infinitely good, He gave us the best He could twenty-five hundred years ago; and if Christianity is better than Buddhism, it is because in the development of His power and wisdom He was able to give us something better six hundred years later. Then if the rhythmic continuity of Progress has not improved on Christianity in Moslemism or some other *ism*, it may yet be expected to do so. It may be looked to for something in keeping with the fastidious and exacting spirit of the progressive age; and in proportion with the intervals it must excel Christianity far more than Christianity excels Buddhism. Instead of permanent system based on fixed principles, we have temporary expedients on wheels.

There prevails a tendency to keep Christianity itself abreast with the times, by working it over within itself to fit with physical sciences; and the deepest solicitude of Apologists is apparent in their frenzy for analogies. They are rapidly remodelling Chris-

tianity to supply the want of an *ism* to dovetail with Science, and to take possession of the more enlightened minds of men.

The combination in either system of Love, Law, and Revenge, can never be made intelligible. The spiritual cannot be so materialized as to present an array of consequences, based upon physical principles of cause and effect. Mercy and Love have no affinity for, and indeed nothing in common with, any fixed principle of physical law. The mind cannot comprehend the love that prompted the Founder of either system to endure unprecedented privation for a stranger race of responsible beings, who had deliberately estranged themselves from their universal Father. They must have been responsible to be at fault, and must have deliberately estranged themselves. But for the intervention they were lost, or there could be no occasion for the intervention. The mind cannot conceive the heart that yearns with such love, as also burning with the hate and revenge that would eternally damn the soul that could not or would not accept the gratuitous intervention. If they were lawfully condemned, the mind cannot conceive how the love that intervenes can be lawful. Law is not for irresponsible creatures, nor is it really violated except intentionally. It is wonderous power which sustained the Founder of either system in the terrible trial to which He exposed Himself, and which enforces the Law by which "False worshippers and what they follow, shall to the pit like stones to hell descend." The mind cannot conceive what it is that the false worshippers follow, as being of such a substantive consistence as to descend to hell or anywhere else. Such expressions mean something or nothing. We have no more right to assume that they mean nothing than their Authors have to take refuge in ambiguity or metaphor. If there is something that false worshippers follow, and which like them, shall to the pit descend like stones to hell, a philosophy of the religion which teaches the doctrine ought to throw some light on the subject; it ought to give us some idea of the personality or consistence of that which the false worshippers follow.

The Light of Asia and Pearls of the Faith, are said to embody a philosophy. Their Author is "of a firm conviction that

a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions." That a third of mankind believe in the delirious ravings and imprecations of an alleged religious doctrine is no argument for their validity, nor that they are not blank abstractions. Almost another third of mankind believe in different doctrines, and positively reject these, The circumstance argues that both are blank abstractions. And the difference between descending to the pit like stones to hell, and being joyous without end, depends upon belief. The Author of the comparative apologetics not only admits but insists that there is at least a provisional validity in each of the two conflicting doctrines. "As-Sigill rolleth up his record, and seals and binds it when a man doth die;" and the fate of the false worshipper is fixed. The faces of true believers shall be glad and bright. If these are not blank abstractions it is at least difficult to imagine the psychological condition to which they can have any intelligible meaning.

Life is no joke; and no one can deride death. The change is the most serious affair one can contemplate. "If a man die shall he live again?" is the momentous question. It is argued by almost every pen that plumes itself in philosophic airs, and immortality is either urged or assumed in almost every literary expression worth naming. But the economy of the several systems cannot be made intelligible. Belief is indispensable and false worshippers are to be damned. There is consequently a great waste or loss of spiritual substance, or of that which in the domain of spiritual life is the counterpart of the animated body in physical life. These spiritual individualities suffer damnation, and their Creator suffers their loss, simply because they are not true believers, but are false worshippers. Now, if one worships at all he must worship that in which he believes. If he believes in that which is false, he is blameless and ought not to be damned if he sincerely believes in and worships it. The love that brings the true Light into the world for all men, is very eccentric to purposely withhold it from any. And it has been purposely withheld from many, and for many ages from all, if either of these systems is the true light. Comparatively speaking, in either case it has shone upon few, and many millions who

have seen it, have not been able to recognize it as the true light. Those who never see it may be unfortunate, but those who see and do not believe in it can be no more than unfortunate. If they really disbelieve in it, it must be because they cannot believe. Belief does not stand ready at the beck or the bid of Mind. Men believe from necessity, and argument necessarily presumes that no belief can be voluntary. No bare assertion entirely devoid of reason for its belief can be intelligently believed. Even the supposed reliability of the source is often the basis of belief in assertion. Actual worship implies actual belief, and no one can be a false worshipper. That which one worships may be false, or it may not actually be at all, but the moment one is convinced of this he cannot worship it.

The mind cannot conceive of the possibility of a limit to the power which endured the pain in which either of these systems is said to have had its birth; nor can it conceive a limit to the love that prompted the Founder of either system to undergo the ordeal. The purpose seems to have been the greatest and best that ever actuated any one. No one can conceive of the native inherent difference among the innumerable subjects of this mercy and love by reason of which any of them are better entitled to divine clemency or favor than any others of them. But still we behold divine mercy and love, and infinite wisdom and power, engaged in two futile efforts to save a lost world. Through one Agency they have operated twenty-five hundred years, and its precepts are enforced upon something more than a third of mankind; through another Agency they have operated nineteen hundred years, and its precepts are enforced upon something less than a third. The places chosen (?) for the inauguration of both systems are no longer under their several influences, but they are the theatres of systems as different from them as they can be from each other.

Unless we know the inherent difference among classes or individuals, by virtue of which some are better entitled to divine favor than others, we cannot comprehend the policy or principle of divine economy upon which some should, while others should not be saved by it. Unless we know the difference among classes or individuals by virtue of which one of

the systems is better adapted to promote the spiritual welfare of some than of others, we cannot comprehend the policy or principle of divine economy upon which the energy of either system is expended upon one class instead of the other. If Christianity is better adapted to promote the spiritual welfare of any section of mankind than Buddhism, then Buddhism is a bauble. If Buddhism is better adapted to promote the spiritual welfare of any section of mankind than Christianity, then Christianity is an imposture. If either system is of divine origin it is as well adapted to any one race and clime as to any other. If there is *no* such essential difference among the races or individuals of mankind, there can be no economy in more than one system. If one of the systems is valid, the other is not only of no utility; it is positively mischievous. And the more plausible and attractive it may appear, the more inimical it is to the welfare of mankind, in keeping more persons from the true system. If there *is* such difference among the races or individuals of mankind, there is no universal brotherhood, and the bedrock of both systems is mere quicksand. If mankind is a universal brotherhood, then every individual ought, not only to be entitled and susceptible to the saving grace of the one valid system; he ought, in its divine economy to be secure of final salvation by means of such grace. No other economic principle can be made intelligible, and this necessitates the utter invalidity of one or the other of these two systems. To say of any system that all men may be saved by availing themselves of its grace, is no argument for the validity of such system. No man ever made or endowed himself. Even if he could compel himself to believe, his very tendency is the sum of transmitted experiences and inclinations.

When forced to admit that there can be but one true religion, we may complacently assume that it is not Christianity that is the invalid one of these two systems—but there is more arrogance than reason in the assumption. The other was ancient when ours was inaugurated, and near a hundred and eighty millions more believe in it to-day. If ours has bred a civilization that suits us better than that of the other, the other has bred a civilization, or at least fosters one, that seems to

suit more than a third of our race so well that they show no disposition to abandon it for ours.

That both systems are intended for one race of one nature is argued in the great deal of the detail in each that is common to both. That either is sufficient for all men in all climes is argued in the extensive prevalence of each in every variety of race and clime. That neither was ever affected by any tendency of race or clime, is argued in the claim for the divine origin of each. But if they are of divine origin it is difficult to understand why they should not flourish where they were first planted. The divine Wisdom and Power that devised and sustains them, ought to have known the race and clime best adapted to their development, if there was a difference. If they are not of divine origin they are mere human contrivances begun in time; and like all other human contrivances they will pass away in time. There is in each of them the same incongruous mix of Love and Law, and of Grace and Revenge. There is the same incomprehensible combination of Necessity and Freedom, shrouded in impenetrable mystery, which the less it is understood, the more it must be believed.

"This is enough to know, the phantasms are;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them,
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.
* * *
* Ye who suffer, know
Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die.
* * *
* Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,
Before beginning and without end
As Space eternal, and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good
* * *
It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.
* * *
Such moreover as of old time, loved the truth and taught it well,
First in faith, they shall be foremost in reward; the rest to hell."

If one only knew what truth it was that should be loved and well taught, he might be prepared to make himself first in faith and foremost in reward. But if more than one third of mankind have not believed in blank abstractions or worse, nearly another third of mankind have believed in blank abstractions, or worse; because in many respects the alleged truths of these two systems are conflicting. Both systems bribe with promises of reward for belief, and threaten with hell for unbelief; alike appealing to the baser instincts, the selfishness and fear of men. That which on pain of eternal damnation must be believed is shrouded in absolute mystery, and two systems, each claimed to be at least provisionally valid, require us to believe directly conflicting doctrines. If one is not a system of blank abstractions or worse, the other must be. There is but one escape from this result, and it renders both systems worthless. If each of two conflicting religious doctrines can have any validity for mankind it must be because religion is itself a mere subjective condition. No one can believe that he is penally liable for his real belief. If religion consists mainly in belief, it must be a subjective condition, and any one may by proper proof, and some times by artful argument, be forced to believe that which he would prefer to disbelieve.

No one can possibly believe that he suffers wholly from himself, nor that none other holds him that he live and die. No one can conceive how he acquires susceptibility to pain, or tendency to the ill which is paid in pain. While he does not know the Other which holds him that he live and die; the Else which compels, no one can conceive that he ever caused himself to live.

No one can comprehend the law of the Power which moves to good, the law which governs the "mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress which none can stay or stem." One may sometimes be brought to realize that peace and bliss are consequences of good, and that pain is a consequence of ill. But one must draw heavily upon his imagination to see them as rewards or payments. Physical illustrations argue little or nothing for the validity of any religious doctrine of reward and punishment, for conduct morally good or bad. One who pur-

posely or recklessly encounters contagion, suffers no more from disease and dies no deadlier, than one who is accidentally exposed. Some plants shrink from a strong light or a touch. The tendrils of some vines reach out for adjacent support. There may be very little intelligence in such action, but there is as much as there is in some of the acts of man that result in disease and death. The quality in man, whatever it may be, by virtue of which he shrinks from supposed ill, and reaches out for adjacent supposed support, is imbued in him by the same Power that impressed it upon the plant and the vine. It is of the same kind, the difference is in degree. Results cannot properly be regarded rewards in either case. Man frequently knows pain which he cannot believe to be the just price of ill. He frequently knows ill that is never requited in the appropriate pain.

Man knows so much of the irregularity of supposed consequences of good and ill, that it is difficult to conceive that it is governed by the laws of the Power that moves to good, or that such laws very steadfastly endure. In his experience and observation the exception is almost as common as the rule. But it is his nature to classify phenomena and coordinate experiences. Speculating and philosophizing upon these he almost unconsciously formulates an unintelligible faith in something not distinctly comprehensible, and he never becomes fully cognizant of the real gist and import of the faith. He insensibly concedes its invalidity, at least its want of divine authenticity, in attempting to vindicate it in a comparison. As there can be but one true faith comparison is inadmissible. As the one true faith must be of God comparison is degrading to it.

Analysis of their arguments will invariably show that no Apologist ever knew just what it was he believed or thought he believed. He may know that the "the phantasms are;" and it may be "this is enough to know." Should he know what they are—they are no longer phantasms—and faith is abolished, or merged in actual knowledge—and the credulity of the heart is lost in the actual cognition of the mind. With the removal or solution of mystery the spirit of worship goes glimmering. One of the most illogical acts of apologetics is its

attempt to solve the very mystery that is indispensable to the worship of the God whose existence it attempts to prove. Demonstrate the existence of God by any means available to the senses, and you can no more worship Him than you can worship any other known physical phenomenon. The creatures who have worshipped physical phenomena and the works of their own hands, have always unintelligibly spiritualized them in their relation to themselves, and treated the immediate object of their adoration as symbolic only of the mysterious Existence really worshipped. There is no worship apart from mystery.

If the Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them are a mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress which none can stay or stem, man is a comparatively insignificant quantity. He may be of great consequence to himself, so much so that he would not suffer from himself, nor unless some One else compels. Yet with all his aversion thereto he actually suffers, and his most perplexing phantasm is the fact, that he is especially fitted for suffering by the "Power which moves to good," the the Being that is all Wisdom, Grace, and Love. All his attempts to explain this to himself are hopelessly illogical. He knows to begin with that his mind is incapable of seeing in it any justice or economy. If he will think accurately, and not gloze over the subject superficially, he must know that the more he attempts to explain the matter to himself on any principles of justice and economy with which he is acquainted, the more confused and mystified it becomes.

The idea of right and wrong presupposes in the subject the faculty of discrimination, and the power to choose between right and wrong. Man, so far from being thus endowed, has even his tendency to choose from the "Other" who holds him that he live and die. Indeed, he has his idea of right and wrong from the same Source, in the constitution and construction of his nervous organism, the affections of which are his ideas. And even the affections of his nervous organism which are his ideas he has from the same Source, in Its placing him where he will be affected thus and so, under this or that particular religious system.

From the same Source he has his inherent desire to be seen, heard, and felt, in the world; which is most gratefully gratified in impressing the world with the idea that he knows something. From the same Source, or at least from some cause or causes, the world is variously addicted to certain, or rather uncertain faiths, in which it delights to be fortified. If one can furnish it an argument purporting to support one of its popular beliefs, and can present it in pleasing form, he need not fear that the world will very closely scrutinize the validity of his argument. The popular mind is not so eager to have its idols shattered. Its supreme delight is in being artistically humbugged. One of the most artful processes available to Apologetics, is to paint in glowing colors the beauties of a rival faith, insist on its provisional validity on the ground that it is widely diffused; at the same time tacitly asserting or assuming as a matter of course the superiority of its own.

The casual reader of the Light of Asia may be well entertained with a picture of an ancient Oriental suggestion of a modern Occidental Faith, in some respects its prototype. He may also derive from it and its companion-pieces some knowledge as interesting as any that is diffused in epic poetry.

The critical reader will see in it a futile effort to present an unintelligible theology in philosophic form; an attempt to harmonize freedom with fate, choice with necessity, religious duty and personal accountability with helpless imbecility and predestined automatism. He will see the wisest of all Beings engaged in the most absurd of all doings—infinite Love, Mercy, Wisdom, and Power, threatening and damning Its own creatures for merely disbelieving that, which It has so constituted them as that they cannot believe—that which, to the minds with which It has endowed them, must appear preposterous.

of being is used in the above-quoted expression of confidence, as a noun substantive. It seems to be intended as the name of something sufficiently substantial to be an omnipresent overruling Power, in other words the Almighty. And the man who in his integrity worships God, is sure that his welfare is dear to such Being. If we consider what man must do to become sure of this, we are appalled at the enormity of the undertaking. The labors of Hercules were child's play in comparison. If man inherits or contracts a disease that writhes him over the brink of the grave for three score years, he must see in every pain which pierces him, an expression of the solicitude of the heart of being for his welfare. His mind, which is the sum of impressions on his nerve organism, which impressions are moulded or colored according to inherited qualities in the nerve organism, must reject all its traditions and experiences, and insist that an ache is an ease, that a pain is a pleasure, and that the bitterest disappointment is the fullest fruition of the fondest hope.

No man can comprehend the flood of reliance that sweeps away cherished hopes and stable projects of the mortal condition. Certainly no one can comprehend its practical utility. If spiritual philosophy avouches an alleged analogy in the science of physical phenomena, it ought first to distinctly mark the line dividing them. Without such boundary there is but one realm, and as distinguished from each other the terms spiritual and physical mean nothing. In such case metaphor is worse than idle.

No one can conceive how he could be overflowed with a flood of reliance which he would wish to have sweep away his most cherished hopes and stable projects of the mortal condition. The mind itself cannot get above the mortal condition; and it is illogical to desire to be overflowed with a reliance, the flood of which must devastate the only condition to which it can attain. And by the way, what kind of a figure or flourish in literature is the phrase, overflow or flood of reliance?

Analysis of the above quoted exclamations gives one of the most complex conglomerations of discordant elements to be found in any literary compound. If the person who worships

God becomes God; if the goal of the soul is absorption in the divine (unity), there can be no occasion for man's concern for the future unless he can "escape from his good." There is no logic in the proposition that the sources of nature are in his mind *if* the sentiment of duty is there. If one cannot escape from his good, the word duty means nothing whatever to him.

The rhapsodist is not dealing with the question as relating to an elect few who *must* reach and be absorbed in their Simorg; but professedly with the duty and destiny of man, collectively and individually. And yet election is implied in the propositions that the things that are really for thee gravitate to thee; and that it may be best that you fail to find the friend you are running to seek. And still he makes each man and all men integral parts of the heart of being; among whom or in which there can be no election. If all are saved there is no election.

In any supposable election fate cancels duty. The rhapsodist is in advance of his Persian prototype so far only as he rejects (at least impliedly) the alleged distinction or election by virtue of which but a few of the multitude are finally absorbed in the divine.

No reasoning can be valid that ignores the possibilities of the human mind. No mind can conceive the distinction essential to election. Either election or universal salvation cancels all individual duty and accountability. If those to be saved are elected thereto, they are already virtually saved, they "cannot escape from their good." If salvation is to be universal, duty and accountability are superfluous. If the soul's goal is absorption in the divine, it must have emanated therefrom. The mind cannot conceive how the minute aggregations of cast off particles from the all-pervading spirit, temporarily individualized in human souls, can be more responsible in such isolation than in their original or future absorption in the divine. That the worshipper becomes the God he worships is not only a very silly proposition, it is very irreverent. No one can conceive why he should be saved while others are damned. If all souls emanated from the same all-pervading Spirit, it is im-

possible to imagine a difference among them in merit. Election and universal salvation alike forbid considerations of merit, and hence of duty and accountability. If one attempts to attribute difference in results to difference in merit, he should proceed to account for difference in inherited capacity, tendency, and instinct. He should also explain the moral value of the various complications of environment.

If one attempts to account for the supposed need of a Savior in the alleged condemnation of all men; and to account for the salvation of a few by means of the intervention of the Savior, he should explain why these are, while those are not saved by means of the same intervention. To say that the damned reject the proffered mercy is mere subterfuge. The question remains, why do they reject it? If their souls emanate from the same all-pervading Spirit, it is indeed strange they would not be more in accord on a proposition so vital to their interests. Election forbids either acceptance or rejection of the proffered mercy. If there is an ineffable union of God and any man in any act of the soul, the rhapsodist should explain why, in the only economy conceivable by the human mind, the same union does not exist between God and all men in all acts of their souls. If the Almighty blew souls into mankind in blowing the breath of life into Adam's nostrils, then all souls emanate from, and are parts of an all-pervading Spirit.

If man has any intelligible reason to believe that he cannot escape from his own good, and that the things that are really for him gravitate to him, then there can be no occasion for the sentiment of duty in him, so far as his soul's salvation is concerned. He need not worry about the sources of nature, either in or out of his mind; nor need he run to meet his friend, if, on failure to find him he must acquiesce that it is best he should fail. It is a strange optimism that consoles the damned in the reflection that in the inscrutable wisdom of divine Providence it is found best that they be damned. Such a reflection would make the hangman's noose a cordial caress of the good Angel of death.

If "there is a power, which, as it is in you, is in him also, and could therefore bring you together if it were for the best,"

that Power must find it best that you be damned, or it will certainly save you. Your only possible duty then with regard to your soul, is to content yourself in hell if you are damned. The rhapsodist's images symbolize man's struggle to save his soul, which is already either saved or damned; and the damned are counselled to take refuge in an optimism which sees divine mercy in condemnation, and rejoices in the hope of happiness in hell.

In imitation of the dógma of some physical philosophers, that all substantive existences are traceable to a universal monad, and are again diffused in impalpable gases, it is argued that individual souls are aggregations of effluences from an all-pervading Spirit; and that they are reabsorbed in the "one Element," in the "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves," as physical substances are disintegrated and diffused in impalpable gases. If the all-pervading Spirit is all-pervading, there can be no room either in temporal or eternal space into which the effluences can effluesce and organize into individual souls. We must believe that all the substance ever forming any part of a tangible physical existence, has always existed and will always exist:—that at the apparent destruction of any tangible physical existence, its substance merely changes form, condition, and place; is rediffused in the impalpable element from which, in "this round of being" it has integrated into and become a tangible physical existence. If we speculate upon this subject we are forced to this belief, because we find it impossible to imagine the actual annihilation of any conceivable substance.

Applied to spiritual existence this principle cancels all claim of utility in either morality or religion as a means of saving souls. If the worshipper becomes the God he worships, then the component of his soul, his spiritual existence, is absorbed and loses its identity in the divine (Unity). If the parallel holds good, if the analogy is really analogous, there is no occasion for worship; because all souls, having emanated from, are again absorbed in the all-pervading Spirit; and so far as the salvation of souls is concerned, religion and morality are empty names of nothing.

If all souls are not necessarily reabsorbed in the same all-pervading Spirit from which they have so emanated, the parallel and analogy fail, and religious philosophy is forced to its final resource (Sophistry) to account for the enormous waste of soul-substance—a waste for which it cannot imagine a parallel in physical existence. Here then is a necessary break in the alleged analogy, which is ruinous to all argument based upon it. And if the analogy holds good and is really analogous, the consequence is still, and more speedily, ruinous to such argument. The same soul-substance, absorbed in the divine, the all-pervading Spirit, it will again efflux therefrom and effloresce in future souls, to be damned or saved in some future eternity, according to a capricious and unintelligible election. The substance of the proudest and most majestic Oak becomes the mould from which the future most contemptible nettle extracts the substance of its corporeality and the venom of its sting. It also decomposes into the gases that again and again combine in innumerable forms of physical existence, and no mind can intelligently attempt to think it at rest, or as not *being* in some form. And if religious philosophy attempts to explain the principle of economy upon which the soul-substance emanating from the all-pervading Spirit, so deteriorates while individualized in human souls, as to become fit only for damnation, it must look beyond the range of physical existence for its analogy. But it is uniformly more courageous than clear in its convictions.

There is another feature of this idea of final absorption of the soul in the divine (Unity) that is ruinous to all argument for morality and religion. It obliterates individuality, and hence cancels personal interest and obligation. If the individual soul loses its personality and becomes absorbed in one all-pervading Spirit, it is then utterly extinct as a soul, and the mind cannot conceive how it can make any difference to such soul whether it goes to heaven or to hell. Its individual existence ended, consequences to it are no more. If the worshipper becomes God, and the reviler becomes Devil; there is still utter annihilation of personal and individual being, and hence also an end to the consequences of conduct and belief. The idea is too vision-

ary for serious consideration, yet it saddens the strains of song, and darkens the gloom of mysticism. It is learnedly elaborated in high-sounding phrase by writers canonized as saints and revered as sages; and who, in their efforts to impress the world with ideas which themselves have never adequately understood, have confused thought to a kaleidoscopic and inexpressible mysticism. Not one of them can tell, so himself can understand it, what it is regarding the derivation, duty and destiny of man that he really believes.

If some think they believe in the divine creation of man by a Being of infinite power, wisdom, justice, and grace; when they candidly consider the work, they must admit it is not so well done as such a Being could, and hence would have done it. If they think they believe that such Being made man all for His own glory; when they attempt to contemplate Him, they cannot conceive of Him as itching for the fame among His own creatures, of having saved a few of them from the fangs of another of them, and delighting in the forced praises of a very small minority and the voluntary execrations of a vast majority of them. They must believe that such Being made the Devil (if there is one) because "all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." They must also believe that He made the darkness which comprehended not the light shining in it. If they think they believe that man in his own fault, and at the instigation of the Devil, incurred the just wrath of his Creator, they cannot, on due consideration blame even the Devil, because the darkness comprehended not the light. They cannot blame man, because this Being not only made him *as* he was made, but also placed him where he was certain to be instigated. They cannot blame man for yielding to the instigation, because he was made susceptible to the very wiles which the Devil was made and peculiarly adapted to use.

If the religionist attempts to be philosophical, and will candidly examine his belief, he will find that he cannot really believe in it. If he does not then cut the acquaintance of philosophy, he will be found taking refuge in ambiguity and such mysticisms as the absorption of individual souls in an all-pervading

Spirit, from which they must have emanated if such absorption is their goal. Even their mysticism cannot permit the souls to come from any other source, because there can be no source outside of or beyond the all-pervading.

When mysticism is thus brought abruptly to a stand, and can neither proceed nor recede, it may veer with any fancy that may casually possess itself of the aimless wayfarer. It may hymn the unintelligible prayer:

"Oh may I join the choir invisible;"

but it knows not then what it desires. The remembrance of minds made better by its presence would scarcely compensate a soul for the annihilation necessarily supposed in its absorption in the divine (one Element). The wish is itself a contradiction. Selfishness in some form is the basis of every desire, and the gratification of this desire is frustrated in granting it. Incorporate the soul in the choir invisible, merge it in the all-pervading Spirit, the ineffable Unity, and its individuality is extinguished; it is no longer a self to have a desire gratified. The "blindness to the future kindly given" renders it impossible for any one to intelligently formulate a wish as to his future, the full fruition of which he really believes would be ultimately gratifying to him. Few, if any persons, know just what they really desire in time, and none have ever looked back over their lives with entire satisfaction.

The rhapsodist says, "It is not in an arbitrary decree of God, but in the nature of man, that a veil shuts down on the facts of to-morrow; for the soul will not have us read any other cipher but that of cause and effect. By this veil, which curtains events, it (the soul) instructs the children of men to live in to-day." If the nature of man is not an arbitrary decree of God, it would be very interesting indeed to know what it is. The proposition is a palpable play upon words. If a man believes that to-day has for him any relation to to-morrow, he cannot believe that the curtaining of events instructs him to live in to-day. If he could read the cipher of cause and effect (as the soul allows) events would not be very securely curtained. To-day's causes have their effects in to-morrow's facts, and if

man could read their cipher they were not veiled. If there is for man any relation between the causes of to-day and the effects forming the events of to-morrow, he is not complimented in the proposition that he is instructed to live in to-day by the curtaining of events. On the same principle it may be urged that the less one knows the better he is instructed.

If the nature of man is not an arbitrary decree of God, then He has rendered no arbitrary decree for man. All religious philosophy proceeds upon the theory that God made man, and that he had no assistance and took no counsel in the enterprise. If it is correct in this, then the nature of man must be an arbitrary decree of God. As man can see no reason why he should be of such a nature as such philosophy represents him, the decree must always appear arbitrary if not capricious. If it is in "the nature of man that a veil shuts down on the facts of to-morrow" it must be also in some kind of decree of the Creator; for if He made man, man's nature must be His decree.

These gems of the rhapsodist are figurative flights which may mean anything or nothing, and any one thing as well as any other. They are aimless, empty, inflated ravings of an egotistic lunacy, intoxicated with its own self-conceit. A biographer says of him—"To the arts and processes of the logician he pays no regard, evidently believing that they tend to belittle rather than exalt the truth. He simply affirms what he believes, making his appeal at every step to the moral intuitions of the reader, in the faith that the Spirit of the man is the candle of the Lord, with a power of illumination equal to every emergency."

No truth which the human mind can comprehend as a truth can be illogical. To say that Emerson affirmed what he believed, does not indicate his belief in a very substantial or definite form. In all that he has written there is very little that is definitely affirmed. The above specimens from his casket fairly represent the gems it contains; and their settings are correspondingly grotesque. If any man shall derive an available hint therefrom his candle (of the Lord) must throw a strong light. To rely upon the moral intuitions of the reader, expecting his spirit to illuminate for himself the devious and dubious obs-

curity, and to make something for himself of the nothing of the philosopher or rhapsodist, is to admit the worthlessness of the rant. It may mean one thing to Smith, another thing to Jones, and nothing whatever to Brown; according to their respective moral intuitions, if they have them.

If it is supposed that the arts and processes of the logician tend to belittle truth, it certainly cannot be supposed that vacillating sophistry and maudlin mysticism tend to exalt it. Whoever disregards logic cannot be loyal to truth. The ground which is common to both and indispensable to each is consistency. Neither of them can be conditioned upon any so-called moral intuitions of the reader. These may be as various as the several tastes and temperaments of the several readers, and may vary from time to time in one and the same reader.

The rhapsodist however startles us with his own consistency, in openly rejecting all consistency. He exclaims—"With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. * * * To be great is to be misunderstood." If the converse of this last proposition—to be misunderstood is to be great—were true, then the rhapsodist was truly great; that is, if his mysticism really has a meaning. Think of the grovelling flunkeyism which gapes in amazement at the *genius* so learnedly and authoritatively declaring what neither its readers nor its writer ever understood—from the simple fact that it contains nothing to be understood, or even misunderstood.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUBSTANCE OF THE UNSUBSTANTIAL.

Unification of Opinion Unattainable—More Confusion than Conviction Results From Philosophy—Reasoning Adds Nothing to Knowledge—Knowledge Cannot be Less than Certainty—First Conscious Experiences are Not Knowledge—Experiences Must be Accumulated and Coordinated. to Constitute Knowledge—No Original Sense Perceptions—No Knowledge Original so as to be Distinguishable from Acquired Knowledge—No Sound Philosophy can Consist of or be Based on Assumption—Affections Cannot be Perceived as Extended—Mind not Substance—The Mental Cannot be Divorced from the Physical—Incipient Sensibility a Degree of Intelligence—No Knowledge Starts in Thought—Science Cannot Precede its Data—Mind is not Simply Thought Conscious of Itself—If each Thought Involves Its Own Contradictory it Cancels Itself—Memory is Duration of Thought and is Necessary to Thought Itself—Impressions the Basis and Content of all Intelligence—The Real is Real Independent of Sensation—*Cogito ergo sum* absurd—No one Ever Had the Idea of God as the Absolutely Perfect Being—Truth is Invariable—Belief is Involuntary and Must be Caused—Accountability for Belief is Unintelligible.

Speculative disquisition generally proceeds upon the theory that thought and its expression may be systematized. Philosophers dictatorially address themselves to the human mind and posit the possibility of unification of opinion. Nothing could be more illogical. On reflection it must have occurred to them that in presenting their doctrines, the validity of which is only argued, not demonstrated, they assume the existence of the very qualities or properties of mind which would render all philosophy nugatory. They would have observed that their own substantive knowledge is the product of experiences, many of which were the experiences of others. The results of the experiences of others they may have appropriated in various ways, but mainly by observation. Among their observations would occur the fact that of all the plausibilities ever urged upon man as truth, they never knew one that could stand a fair examination, or that could silence inquiry. Also that among the great Galaxies of Genius enlightening the race, there is such discord that more confusion than conviction results from the promulgation of their doctrines.

If the brain is the nervous center where consciousness and power over the voluntary movements abide, and if in composition it averages about three fourths water, and the residue with slight inequality is albumen, fat, and salts containing phosphoric acid, it might seem that whatever would make an impression on one mind, would make a like impression on all minds developed in like brains. Such seems to have been the idea with which each philosopher has set out to revolutionize and systematize thought—and this in the face of the fact that his own substantive knowledge is had by the same means by which he must know that no philosophy can be conceived of as adequate to meet the demands of mind. Experience, including observation, must have shown them this before they had attempted the excogitation of their own respective schemes.

The Author of an alleged psychology says, "experience, properly speaking, is only a repetition and collection of what we have passed through, and if there be not knowledge in the original experiences it cannot be had by a accumulating them. As little can it be had by reasoning, except from premises which contain certain knowledge of material objects; without this there would be an evident illicit process, that is, we have no more in the conclusion than we have in the premises." If one has certain knowledge of material objects in his premises, it is not apparent that he could by reasoning add to this certain knowledge. But it is apparent that the term—certain knowledge—is itself an abuse of terms. Anything less than certainty cannot be knowledge, and the reasoning process is idle, unless it be to classify and arrange the knowledge had in the premises. Its deductions are vain if the conclusion cannot have more than is contained in the premises, and it certainly cannot have more (substantively) if they must contain certain knowledge of material objects before the conclusion can contain it. If less than certainty could be knowledge, reasoning might do more than classify and arrange, and aid in assimilation; it might place its deductions, its inferences, its plausibilities and its learned guess-work into the conclusion, and add to the volume of knowledge an indefinite volume of uncertainty.

In another connection the Professor says, "If the mind did not begin with knowledge it could never reach it by any process of thought. * * * If we have not knowledge in the premises, we are not entitled to put it into the conclusion." Yet he proceeds to put the results of his own processes of thought into an alleged philosophy. If the mind must begin with knowledge, no process of thought is necessary in order to reach it. If the process of thought cannot reach knowledge unless the mind begins with it, the process cannot create knowledge, and hence cannot add to that with which the mind begins. At most it can only classify, arrange, and assimilate; and its deductions can never be more than mere plausibilities—they are void for uncertainty.

The Professor had lived in a world, and among men. He must have had experiences, repetitions and collections of what he and they had passed through. Among these must have been the observations that he never knew a mind to begin with knowledge, that philosophy uniformly fails to unify and systematize thought, and that it was never known to meet the demands or silence the inquiry of mind; even those of the mind by which it was itself in any instance excogitated. Among his experiences he must have had, or supposed he had such knowledge, or he could not have legitimately supposed an occasion for his own scheme. If among his experiences he had or supposed he had such knowledge, he still could not have legitimately supposed any occasion for, or utility of his own scheme, because his experience must have shown the necessity of its failure.

Having declared that if he had not knowledge in his original experience it could not be reached by any process of thought, it must have been the knowledge which he had in such experiences, and that alone, which he was entitled to put into his conclusion. His conclusion then could be no more than a mere arrangement of his empirical knowledge; his philosophy would necessarily be a classification and assimilation of the knowledge contained in his original experiences, including of course the knowledge of the necessary futility of all philosophy. As his experiences must have embraced the observa-

tion of the universal failure of philosophy to unify and systematize thought, and satisfy the demands and silence the inquiry of mind, this must have been part of the knowledge which he was entitled (obliged?) to put into his conclusion (philosophy); and by it he must have known that his own conclusion would necessarily be equally futile. The very basis then of his alleged philosophy is self-destructive. It declares the necessity of the failure of the scheme to be erected thereon.

To meet the skepticism of Hume he holds "that our first conscious experience does not consist of impressions, but is a knowledge of things; that we have sense perceptions which are original and not derived, and that if they were not given us by original endowment they could never be obtained by experience, by inference, or any other process." Here it should be shown that there is an essential difference between impressions and a knowledge of things; and this difference should be shown to be in kind and not simply in degree. It supposes a marvelous precocity to hold that our first conscious experience, as distinguished from impressions, is a knowledge of things. It is exceedingly refined to hold that there is a distinctive difference between experience and impressions. No impression can be had without an experience; and no experience can evoke consciousness without making an impression. Our first conscious experience arises when first some object is so presented to the sensuous faculty as to evoke a sensation of which we are conscious; and no other sensation is supposable. At that time we could not have a substantive knowledge of the object so presented. None of its relations besides those of space and time could then be cognized by us, and the only substantive knowledge of it that we can ever have must be an acquaintance with it in its relations to other objects. It cannot be without such relations, and until they are cognized it is nothing intelligible to us. As we can ascertain those relations only by accumulating experiences, it follows that our first conscious experience cannot be a knowledge of things, but that it is a mere impression. By our first conscious experience we are merely impressed with an idea of the being of the thing; we can know no more of it than that it *is*, then and there.

While we may know that it is *not* of this or that kind, such knowledge is purely negative and is not a knowledge of the thing.

Things of whose existence we are ignorant may be described to us, and the mind may thus be prepared to apprehend them. Then when they are so presented to the sensuous faculty as to evoke sensation, there may be a cognition amounting to recognition of them. But this is more than our first conscious experience of the thing. It is that, in addition to the preparation of the mind (in the description given) to utilize the first conscious experience in the acquisition of a knowledge of the thing. If a complicated electrical mechanism is first seen by one who never knew or heard of such thing, or of electrical appliances or action, he has his first conscious experience of that thing in the sight of it. He may then have the negative knowledge that it does not belong to this or that class of things, and also the positive knowledge that it is then and there; but this is not a substantive knowledge of it.

We have a conscious experience in every sensation. But they must be accumulated and coordinated if we are to have a knowledge of the things causing them. If our first conscious experience were really a knowledge of things, it must be a very meagre knowledge. It seems that it cannot be more than an impression, and necessarily a vague impression. Definiteness may come with the multiplication of experiences and distinction between them; that is, by experiences of the thing in various relations; and as these are accumulated and coordinated the acquisition of a knowledge of the thing is going on. Such knowledge must be the sum of our impressions, and the more they are, and the better coordinated, the greater our knowledge. Still, to be strictly logical, we must hold that we never have more than impressions, which, when accumulated in various amounts, and coordinated in various ways, the various philosophers call by the more dignified name of knowledge. From such data they proceed in a thousand different directions to amplify the sum of this so-called knowledge, by reasoning out to results as variant from each other and the truth, as their delirious vagaries can be from physical demon-

stration, claiming thereby to add to the sum of knowledge. The difficulty which is necessarily fatal to each of their claims is the fact that knowledge is not vague or uncertain; that to be knowledge it must be definite and certain.

To say that we have sense perceptions that are original and not acquired, means nothing intelligible to any human mind. We are ourselves derived, and we cannot conceive of an impression as more original than ourselves. Original endowment is no more than inheritance of faculty and ancestral bent. If we have sense perceptions they are acquired. At nativity we certainly have nothing of the kind; the mind is a blank—or rather there is no mind. We then have a mysterious mechanism in the use of which a mind may develope. All educational effort is necessarily based upon the idea that the kind and quality of mind that shall develope, depend largely upon the use made of this mechanism. If it is not used at all, no mind can develope; and there certainly cannot be any perception where there is no mind. This mechanism is variously affected by contact, through the sense organs, with things. This is its use. These affections are sensations. Their repetition, variety, and co-ordination may develope perceptions, the aggregate of which may constitute or contribute to the constitution of mind. The earlier shocks of pain are recoiled from mechanically, and the subject perceives nothing. In profound sleep consciousness is suspended, yet the subject will shrink in the part affected by any thing that nettles it. If the term were admissible at all, sense preceptions cannot be original, although our capacity for them may be as original as ourselves.

Legitimate reasoning about body does not necessarily imply a primitive cognition on which it proceeds. Acquired perceptions do not necessarily imply primary ones on which they proceed. No mind ever started with a knowledge of body occupying space, or had any knowledge whatever until it was acquired. One need not always be vividly conscious of his acquisition of knowledge, and this may be the basis of the common exclamation—I always knew *that*. But this means no more than that I do not remember having learned *that*. It does not imply primitive cognition, primary perception, nor

original knowledge. There is a time to each mind (or the organism in which mind manifests itself) when it has no knowledge. The idea of original knowledge is irreconcilable with the idea of acquired knowledge. We well know that we acquire some knowledge; and we are unable to distinguish any of our knowledge from such in kind as we know we have acquired. We could only know that we have original knowledge, by knowing that we have knowledge differing from any acquired knowledge, and further knowing that we never acquired, but always had it.

Strictly speaking, we cannot by combining experiences and reasoning from them add indefinitely to our knowledge. To know that we thus add to our knowledge, we must know that the reasoning process adopted is the only one legitimately admissible in the particular case. Another process might lead to the absurdity of a conflicting knowledge. The known difference in the results of apparently plausible processes of reasoning from the same facts, shows that there is no means of knowing that we add to our knowledge by reasoning from our combined experiences. There are too many theories of philosophy now in vogue, and their advocates and adherents are too solicitous for them, for any mind to repose in security that they contain and consist of knowledge.

Philosophy cannot consist of assumptions, nor be legitimately based upon them. If perception is a property of mind, just as gravity is a property of matter, it should be more constant than we know it to be. Gravity of matter is not developed, but is absolutely constant. If matter under different circumstances manifests apparently different degrees of gravity, it is because the circumstances change the condition of matter, if not the matter itself. A saturated sponge will weigh exactly the same that it would weigh when dry, plus the weight of the fluid absorbed in saturating it. Any fuel will weigh exactly the same that its debris would weigh, plus the weight of the gases liberated (generated ?) in its consumption. Gases are not without weight, and they ascend instead of descend, simply because in proportion to volume the atmosphere is heavier than they are. But the gravity of matter remains constant. In its

beginning, mind has little or no perception. Later, and under favorable circumstances, it may have a great deal. In disease it may diminish, and it may increase again on restoration to health. If it is a property of the mature and healthy mind, it is not as *so* gravity is a property of matter, it is an acquired and a variable property, and not an original and constant one.

If the affections of the sense organs may all be perceived as in a certain direction, they certainly cannot be perceived as extended—otherwise than in time. To suppose their extension in space is absurd. They cannot have length, breadth, or thickness. Spatial extension implies material substance, form, divisibility, and gravity. A shadow implies only that light is partially excluded from a certain place. We cannot so properly say that a shadow extends throughout or over that place, as, that light is partially excluded therefrom. If mind were actually known to be a substance, the question immediately arises, what is substance. If the affirmation that mind is substance is made on the same ground as we maintain that body is substance, it necessarily implies that mind is a material substance. It is never known to be apart from body. It is well known that it is not body, for body is frequently known to be without it. Body is a solid material substance, and it is affirmed that mind is a substance, on the same ground that we maintain that body is a substance. The Professor then has two solid material substances, occupying precisely the same place, at precisely the same time. Worse than this; mind must have length, breadth, thickness, divisibility, gravity, density, and molecular motion. Its particles must integrate and disintegrate, as the particles of water are now in a glacier, now in a stream, now in a cloud, again in some form of vegetal life, and again in the brain of some philosopher, giving to his mind its gravity, and perhaps its *density*.

In these days scarcely any one would venture upon a psychology without reference to physiology and anatomy. The Professor accompanies, and attempts to illustrate and enforce his propositions with diagrams of the nervous organism. He seems to recognize that the mental cannot be divorced from the physical. If sensibility is a germ of cognition, or if it is it-

self incipient cognition, it is still a mere quality or property of matter—the matter composing the nervous mechanism. If phosphorescence is a factor in the acquisition of knowledge, conducing thereto in the retention of impressions on the living cells, it is still a mere quality, property, or state of matter—the matter composing such cells. It is said that sensibility first appears in unicellular vegetal existences. That as cells are more densely grouped, sensibility becomes more distinctly evident, until in man they produce those phenomena defined *in concreto* as the moral sense. That calorific and luminous impressions affect vegetal cells, that plants catch insects, are sensitive to touch, turn toward the sun, and discern points of support. That every motion is preceded by sensibility. If this is true, and mind is not divorced from matter, it is simply an abuse of terms to say that mind is itself a substance; and absurd to say that it begins its inteiligent act with a knowledge of things. If mind were a substance, it could be separated from other substance, and itself remain substance. No one can imagine a mind as existing apart from some substance which he knows is not mind. The very thought of mind brings with it a countenance, a human figure, at least a living organism. When we know that life has left such organism, we may easily conceive of its substance as utterly devoid of mind, while all the substance composing it is known to remain intact. If the living organism weighs and measures the same as the dead, the departure of mind is not the departure of substance.

It is further said that by the terminal nervous expansions, open to all that comes to impress them, external phenomena become incarnate in us. This is the commencement of intelligent action. The process does not start with, but it produces, conscious sensibility and impressions; which are more vivid as they are incorporated more and more with the organism. If moral sensibility is engendered by the arrival and persistence of impressions in the sensorium, mind is no more a substance than feeling and color are substances. One may continue the acquisition of knowledge, the developement, enlargement, and expansion of his mind indefinitely; and with ordinary cranial

capacity he need not worry himself about storage. In a few cubic inches of space, already filled with a few ounces of material substance, he will always be able to stow away all his mental acquisitions; he will always have room for all the mind he may develope. Should it be objected that if mind is not substance there is no warrant for the expression—substantive knowledge—I may say that I have used it only to distinguish between knowing somewhat of a thing, and knowing merely its being. I not only concede, I insist, that we have no right to use the term knowledge at all, except to distinguish the strength of convictions, resulting from aggregated and coordinated impressions. The truth is, these still remain mere impressions, and we really know very little if anything.

From the simplest histological irritability, to the most exquisite sensibility, the transition is by almost imperceptible degrees, until it results in man in a manifestation of mind. Some forms and measures of sensibility we know can not amount to mind, but it differs from the sensiblity in man which does amount to mind, only in degree. In the lowest as in the highest organisms, and the intermediate, it is simply a condition or state, so far as substantive material existence is concerned. The more finely the subject is organized, the more exquisitely it may feel and express its sensibilities; and hence the more intellectual it may be. That persons in similar circumstances and with equal effort attain to different degrees of proficiency, implies difference in the organization of their respective nervous mechanisms. To say that because mind has a discernible potency, it must be a substance, is as absurd as to say that fever and epilepsy are substances, because each of them has a discernible potency. They prostrate and rack the strongest men. Unless the needle is heavier and larger when magnetized than before, magnetism is not a substance, and yet it has a visible potency, though like fever and epilepsy and mind, it is itself invisible.

It is idle to attempt to get back to a fundamental principle in philosophy; yet the founder of one of the so-called German Systems maintains that all knowledge must start in thought simply. But as he fails to inform us from whence thought

starts, we are as far from the source of knowledge as ever. He maintains that logic—the science of thought—is the first part of the system of knowledge. But this is to make one science a mere datum for another science; or, it is to make knowledge more than a science; and the science of logic merely a primary component element in the construction or formation of knowledge. The process becomes so involved and intricate that by the time knowledge shall be reached the mind will have so bewildered itself that it will not know the difference between knowledge and guess-work. Thought must be some part of knowledge if there is knowledge. No science can precede its data. The substance must be at least as early as its form. No mind can intelligently conceive of a truly scientific science as containing nothing; or as being an improvised outline to be filled in with after-acquired material. Before logic can be, thought must be; and it cannot be without content. Logic then cannot be in order until some other part of the supposed knowledge shall have appeared. Thought, its derivation and content must precede Logic, if the latter is the science of thought.

The German further maintains that thought is transformed into something outside itself in nature, the philosophy of which is the second part of knowledge; and that by a kind of reflection in nature thought becomes conscious of itself, thereby producing mind. Then mind would be simply its own consciousness of the thought composing it, which is absurd. If the positions in the system were intelligible, they are still untenable. If logic has any part in the system, it is to drive the philosopher successively from each position. To say that knowledge starts from thought simply, is a mere waste of words which express nothing. It brings us no nearer the source of knowledge. No knowledge has risen above the sphere of thought, and none has approached nearer to the absolute than thought. We cannot imagine a knowledge as being more than a coordinated aggregation of thought—verified in various processes of ratiocination, and in what some dogmatists denominate demonstration.

The German further maintains that every thought necessarily involves its own contradictory, and thereby adds to its own content; and that by a combination of contradictories we arrive at absolute knowledge. This would be getting there with celerity. It would be gratifying if the mind could mount to the pinnacle of its highest aspiration of its own momentum, and by simply combining the two contradictories which must be present in its every thought. If every thought necessarily involves its own contradictory, then the contradictory is already in and a part of each thought—even the thought that the contradictory is contradictory. Thought then cancels itself, and there is nothing to combine, and no addition to be made. If the conception of unity is not more positive than the contradictory conception of plurality, and if either is necessarily involved in the thought of the other, we may attempt to imag ine a parallel for the result, in attempting to imagine the consequence if two irresistible and impervious bodies, moving in diametrically opposite directions should meet. To maintain that thought passes outside itself in nature, and, reverberating, becomes conscious of itself in mind, may mean something to some minds. Possibly there are philosophers who can imagine a thought passing outside itself. But it is difficult to imagine what remains within, where the thought passes to, and what it becomes outside itself. If it continues to be thought it cannot get very far outside itself, and if it is not originally conscious of itself it cannot be a very vivid thought. Had the German in the beginning asked himself the question—what is thought? and then set himself diligently to answer it intelligibly before giving the world his philosophy, there would probably have been less learned wrangling over the purport and plausibility of the Hegelian system. It would never have seen daylight.

Thought necessarily implies memory, and it cannot be so transitory as to have no duration. Its duration is memory. Memory is, or seems to be, retained or revived thought. Science claims that a physical excitation is transformed into and becomes an impression by means of the action of the nervous plexus which may happen to be affected by the particular ex-

citation. That by virtue of their phosphorescence the peripheral nerve-cells retain records of the stimulations which have caused them to vibrate. That the community of the peripheral and central regions is such that while the peripheral region remains susceptible to excitations, the central remains capable of its function in the process resulting in thought; and that when the peripheral plexus is anaesthetized, central perception (thought) is impossible. That the anaesthetic condition of the sensitive peripheral plexus prevents the registration (retention) of the impressions, and hence prevents their persistence. That feeble excitations make only faint impressions, and iteration is necessary to their persistence and the consequent evolution of memory. That when sensorial cells are set vibrating, they are sensitized, according to the character of the excitation; and that the nerve immediately concerned transmits intelligence (feeling?) of the excitation to the sensorium, and also of the pain or pleasure characterizing it. The result is said to be thought. Then thought which, when aggregated and coordinated constitutes mind, is merely an immaterial, evanescent element, which cannot be more than a mere affection or state of nerve substance. It is so far from being itself a substance, that it is only such an affection or state as the particular excitation may cause the nerve substance to take on. If thought is not substance, then mind cannot be substance, unless mind is other or more than aggregated and coordinated thought; and it cannot be conceived to be other or more. Thought cannot be aggregated and coordinated unless retained or revived during the process, and it cannot evolve from the primary impressions on the living cells unless such impressions persist. The substance of mind then is very unsubstantial; and thought simply is not the starting point of knowledge.

Impressions may be retained with their respective co-efficients (whatever these are) which recall the pleasure or pain of their original incorporation with the particular plexuses; and in this experience they may become, by means of the tendencies they beget, the pivot of all intelligent action. If so they are the basis and content of all intelligence, for there is no intelligence but is intelligent action. When and how impressions ever

become more than impressions is not apparent. It is said that the mental impressions we are supposed to have when thinking of an absent thing is an idea of that thing. It would be more accurate to say it is a retained or revived impression or sensation. It is also said that the idea is thus contrasted with the sensation, or feeling we have when the senses are engaged directly with the thing, that the idea is the impression we have in thinking of the absent thing. It is also said that the sensation is what constitutes the thing the reality; while the impression, persisting or restored, in the absence of the thing is the idea. This is learnedly and finely wrought. But its substance is of more consequence than its form. Its absurdities are apparent. Sensation cannot constitute anything a reality. Whatever is a reality at all, is such independent of sensation. Its presence directly to the senses of one person may evoke in him one kind of sensation, while to another it may evoke a different kind of sensation. Its presence to the senses of one may be indirect or at second-hand. One may hear or read of a thing of which his informant may have had a direct, or, perhaps, an indirect and second-hand impression. In such case he has an idea of the thing without having had a sensation or impression arising from the direct engagement of any of his senses with it. There may be many to whose senses the thing is never present, directly or indirectly. If the thing *is*, it is a reality although these never experience or realize it. To say it is not a reality to them is simply a laborious and elegant way to say they are not cognizant of it. One gets an idea of the thing when he gets his information of it, whether the information comes at second-hand, or by direct engagement of the senses with the thing. If the idea is in all cases necessarily the result of his impressions and sensations of the thing, then the communication of information at second-hand is an experience evoking a sensation and an impression of the thing. The thing itself may not be at all. But by means of indirect information one has the idea of it, which idea, according to the above propositions is the sum of impressions, which impressions cannot be without sensation. If sensation constitutes the thing the reality, the inventive enthusiast may apprise

us of things, his chimerical creations, and we must get ideas of them. These ideas are sums of our impressions. Impressions necessarily presuppose sensations, and sensations constitute the things the realities. Space might be crowded to suffocation with realities so constituted. This is the necessary logical result of the proposition that sensation constitutes the thing the reality.

When such propositions necessarily lead to such absurdity, it is strange that an alleged theology would tremble at the menacing mien of an alleged skepticism which affects to regard all external phenomena as having no existence apart from the thinking subject. It is in keeping with the fear of such aimless emptiness, to attempt to refute it in such exclamations as—"I think, therefore I am." There would be more sense in such ejaculations if the subject had not *been* before he had thought—if it was known that at no time during his *being* he had not thought.

It is said that the Apologist who based certitude on self-consciousness, reasoned therefrom that whatever could be clearly and distinctly thought must be true. That among his clear and distinct thoughts he recognized the idea of God as the absolutely perfect Being. That this idea could not be formed by us because the imperfect could not originate the perfect. That hence the idea must be an inherent element of the understanding. That from the existence of the idea the *being* of God is necessarily inferable, because no other could originate in us the idea. That the result is proof of the *being* of God, because we have the idea which no other than Him could originate in us. The fatal flaw in all this, however. is the fact that no one ever had the idea of God as the absolutely perfect Being. Such an idea is as far above human capacity as infinity is above the finite.

While Descartes appeared more than a hundred years before Hume, yet it was to answer such a skepticism as that of the latter that the former argued, that the Originator in us of the idea of an absolutely perfect Being must be that Being; that He cannot deceive; and that whatever our God-given conscious-

ness clearly testifies must be true. But insuperable difficulties appear. We know of great diversity of supposed opinion of the supposed perfect Being; and that such diversity implies error. We know that it is impossible to formulate or have in the mind an intelligible idea of such Being; and that we have never known any two minds to have formulated or had identical conceptions of Him, nor indeed any complete conception of Him whatever. If all psychical experience is to the effect that the God-given consciousness and *idea* of the absolutely perfect Being produce infinite diversity and irreconcilable conflict of opinion, which cannot in any instance be intelligibly formulated in the mind, the certitude based on such consciousness and idea cannot be very reliable. Truth admits of no variation. If certitude depends upon the clearness and distinctness with which we can think the supposed truths, it is as variant as the capacities and caprices of the thinking subjects. If external phenomena have no reality apart from the thinking subject, then a great deal of that which we think we know is not yet fully-real, because many thinking subjects have not yet thought it. And a great deal of the same supposed truth is as various in import and content as the several intellectual capacities of the several of our fellows who think they know the same supposed truth. The absolutely perfect Being would have a different form, and be of a different character for each and every individual consciousness in which there was the idea which none but He could originate.

It is extremely unfortunate for apologetics that it cannot invoke the aid of philosophy without obliging itself to abide the necessary results of the philosophic propositions it makes. If it could appropriate philosophy's trite truisms without their necessary logical consequences, it might make a great display of the wisdom of words, without serious injury to its own supposed philosophy. But the data and principles of philosophy are inexorable—they go only with their logic.

It is a part of history that where religion is divorced from state, apologetics actively exerts itself to enforce its supposed beliefs. With this fact in view it is said that, "The applica-

tion of strong motives of the nature of reward and punishment is sufficient to cause one creed to prevail rather than another, as we see in those countries and in those ages where there has been no toleration of dissent from the established religion. The masses of the people have been in this way so fenced in from knowing any other opinions, that they have become conscientiously attached to the creed of their education." In other words, and more accurately, they have been made the slaves of the powers enforcing the doctrines of the church to which the state was wedded. In the absence of political coercion apologetics is more active in its efforts and by its sophistries to make them its dupes.

Where church and state are divorced, the tables are turned, and there is like to be little toleration of assent to the tenets of the prevailing religions, among those who affect superior intellectual attainment. The reward in popularity, and the punishment in ridicule, are almost as strong motives in the intellectually free state, as the penalties by which assent to unintelligible doctrines are enforced in the religiously slave state.

Where political power no longer enforces adherence (belief?) and science seems about to make it appear ridiculous, apologetics claims akin to this same science, and, by sophistries unworthy its cause, it attempts to make religion appear philosophic. Both labor to enforce what each seems to regard beliefs. Apologetics seems to think that science regards the religious believer a fool, and attempts to sanction his belief from science's own premises; at the same time holding the wavering adherent accountable for unbelief. If it proceeds from the premises of science it necessarily admits their validity. In such case there can be no accountability for unbelief, and hence no occasion for the solicitude of apologetics.

Scientifically belief is involuntary. It must be produced by an efficient cause. What that cause shall be, and how it shall operate, are not within the individual's control. If he has innate proclivities tending him to this or that belief, he either inherits or acquires them. These vary with the various results of the transmitted experiences which make up his native ten-

dencies, and with the tendencies acquired in his enviroment, over neither of which he has any control. If he turns this or that factor in his enviroment to bad account it is because he is so constituted as to do so. Accountability for belief is unintelligible. It very unjustly requires stultification. It argues nothing to say that creeds have been enforced by the sanction of penal laws. Men "fenced in from knowing any other opinions" cannot be said to have intelligently believed the enforced creeds. And apologists are not ready to admit that any other than intelligent belief can be belief. If men know no other creed than the one enforced upon them, it is not their belief. It is the creed of others administered to them, and acquiesced in by them. They are the truckling slaves of Fashion or of some other power, blindly accepting whatever Authority proposes; they are not intelligent thinkers really believing.

CHAPTER XXII.

PIOUS FRAUD IN LITERATURE.

The Hebrew Exodus not Demanded by any Racial Characteristic—Bad Economy Of the Movement—The Egyptian the Most Ancient Civilization—The Stronger Side the Better side—Success the Measure and Proof of Merit—Moral Law said to Inhere in the Nature of Things, and Execute Itself Through the Instrumentality of Men—Then Christianity is an Imposture, and Duty an Absurdity Without Sin There Can be no Purpose in Religion—Religion Should Cut the Acquaintance of Science and Reason—Original Sin is the Bedrock of Calvinism—Cowardice of Apologetics—Burning of Servetus—The Choice of the Almighty—If He Exercises Choice He Cannot be Almighty—Religious Systems Compete for Favor of Man—Parallels Between Various Systems—Whatever Begins in Time Must Run the Usual Course and End in Time—The Facts of History Cannot be Marshalled to the Establishment of any Comprehensible System.

In speaking of the exodus of the Hebrews, a very prominent personage in modern literature declared that "Their leader had been trained in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and learnt among the rocks of Sinai that it was wind and vanity. The half obscured traditions of his ancestors awoke to life again, and were rekindled by him in his people. They would bear with lies no longer. They shook the dust of Egypt from their feet, and the prate and falsehood of it from their souls, and withdrew with all belonging to them into the Arabian desert, that they might no longer serve cats, and dogs, and bulls, and beetles, but the Eternal Spirit who had been pleased to make his existence known to them."

Suppressio veri, Suggestio falsi; and the declaration illustrates how difficult it is for religious partizanship to adhere to the truth. It was made in a lecture on Calvinism in 1871 in one of the oldest and most aristocratic Universities in Christendom; where facts incompatible with its necessary implications and imputations must have been as well known as those upon which the Rector based his learned libel on the most venerable civilization known to history; the civilization at the light of which that of Greece obtained its torch. From data as available as that which he utilized he must have known that if the Hebrews withdrew with all belonging to them, they

also took a great deal not belonging to them. That if they shook the dust of Egypt from their feet, they did not shake the gold of the Egyptians from their persons. That instead of shaking the falsehood of Egypt from their souls that they might no longer worship animals, their leader was barely out of camp on his second Sinaitic embassy till they were sacrificing to a calf made of the gold they had lately stolen from their Egyptian neighbors. And that if they would bear with lies no longer, they would bear with theft, idolatry, and lascivious barbarity. So a half truth becomes a whole falsehood.

If the half million men simply rose up (as the Rector remarks) and declared that they could no longer endure the mendacity, the hypocrisy, the vile and incredible rubbish which was offered to them in the sacred name of religion, it is strange they so soon counter-mutinied and forsook the Eternal Spirit who had been pleased to make his existence known to them, and consecrated themselves to a calf of their own make. If the Egyptians had offered them in the sacred name of religion, any rubbish that was more vile and incredible than that, we are not informed what it was. The necessary implication of the Rector's remark is, that during their four hundred years subjection to Egypt, and notwithstanding their leader was trained in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and only learnt from the Lord among the rocks of Sinai that it was wind and vanity, yet the Hebrews had maintained their own ancient racial characteristics and a predilection for the theology of their ancestors; and that as a race they required a change from the vile and incredible rubbish of their masters. There can be but one motive for the attempt to give the affair such color. That is to obviate Reason's objection of the preposterous in a supposed divine deliverance, by basing the movement upon a supposed racial requirement. And even this is at cross-purpose with the logic of history, for no race was ever known to remain so long the slaves of their intellectual inferiors.

The apologist who attempts thus to account for the alleged exodus does his cause neither service nor credit. If the movement was in fact made, and if our information of it is authentic, the cause cannot be served or credited by reasoning, and it is

both cowardly and impolitic to attempt to account for the movement differently from the way it is already accounted for in such information. The half million men gave the Eternal Spirit as well as their leader too much trouble during the movement for their revolt against the vile and incredible rubbish of the Egyptians to have been the result of a generally prevailing religious sentiment among them. The record of their rambles is a wearisome repetition of revolts against the same Eternal Spirit whose worship, the Rector declares, was with them a racial requirement. The same record shows that they returned to their idols too soon and too often to have been very thoroughly disgusted with the vile and incredible rubbish of the Egyptians.

If their leader was trained in the wisdom of the Egyptians it is not likely that the masses retained their racial characteristics with such tenacity as to reject the rubbish which he only learnt among the rocks of Sinai was wind and vanity. The masses of slaves are seldom so far in advance of their leaders. If a theologian or an apologist is not content with the biblical account of the alleged deliverance of the Hebrews; if he desires to curry favor with skeptical intelligence by basing the movement on reasonable grounds, and still allows the plagues and the Red Sea incident to remain, he should have had the east wind wall up the waters again, and have counter-marched the Hebrews back to the depopulated possessions of their late masters. The first born of Egypt were all slain, and Pharaoh with all his host was drowned. If Egypt was not a land flowing with milk and honey, the Hebrews would at least have found things better prepared for housekeeping than they were beyond Jordan, to say nothing of the tiresome tramp through the desert. If one proposes to account for an alleged spiritual manifestation on physical grounds and make the supernatural appear reasonable, he should attend to such detail; and not attempt to obscure incongruity by glozing over it in perfunctory fashion. The thinker may wonder why the masses were so devout as to dash through the Red Sea on one day, and so refractory as to be murmuring against their inspired leader on the next. If Canaan was in fact a better land for the

chosen than Egypt, the same miraculous Power that drowned the heirs of the world's recent proveditors could (four centuries before) have prevented the famine in Canaan; and there would have been no occasion for the four hundred years of servitude, nor for the extermination of Pharoah's hosts, nor for the butchery of the various *ites* and *bites* and *tites* who were found in the promised land. If reason were equipped with such power it would have taken a short cut to results, and the chosen, instead of being the scourge and reproach of the race would have been the favorites of all nations. The apologist who attempts to find reason for a miracle, or in a miracle, must either dissimulate with his reader and himself, or cancel the miracle; or, what is more likely, he will become involved in a labyrinth of unintelligible nothings.

If Moses was trained in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and learnt among the rocks of Sinai that it was wind and vanity, he learnt that it was such only in comparison with the wisdom which he learnt among those rocks. The wisdom of the Egyptians had been the religion of civilization for thousands of years. Its rites were being performed in temples when an Arabian wanderer was whetting the knife to cut the throat of his only legitimate son, as he lay bound upon the altar at Jehovah-jireh, a mountain in the solitude of the desert. When Moses returned to Egypt from his first Sinaitic embassy, (the trip occasioned by some loose talk among his own people of one of his own murders) and demanded the deliverance of the Hebrews, it seems to have become necessary to emphasize the demand in the performace of some extraordiary feats. The Power that commissioned him to make the demand, also hardened Pharaoh's heart so he would reject it. Reason would have shrunk from such duplicity. If the Lord wanted a pretext for the punishment of Pharaoh, it would have to be found without recourse to the aid of reason. But something supernatural had to be done in order to convince Pharaoh of the divine authority for the demand of the surrender of that which for centuries had been an essential component in the body politic, to one of his own slaves. It is strange that divine Power would give an earnest of its own divinity in changing a

stick into a serpent instead of some one of the numberless other creatures in nature for which such Power had not expressed such abhorrence. When Aaron attempted to convince Pharaoh by changing his rod to a serpent, so far from being disturbed by the manifestation, Pharaoh called in a number of his own priests who immediately changed their rods to serpents. So far they were even in the manifestation of the same power—at least power of the same kind—that of making serpents. That Aaron's serpent then swallowed theirs argues nothing (philosophically) more than that his was the largest and most voracious reptile; the difference in the power manifested being merely in degree, and not in kind. If Reason were about to demonstrate the divinity of Moses and Aaron's authority by the exhibition of such power, it would not have allowed the Egyptian Priests the ability to imitate it in any respect or to any extent. Reason would have the hiatus between the divine and human, to say nothing of the diabolical, impassable; or at least so great that there could be no semblance of a competition between them when it comes to convincing men or attaining ends. If we contemplate this scene or any part of it from reasonable ground, we see the Almighty resorting to all sorts of subterfuges and expedients to accomplish that which, if He is almighty, He could have accomplished directly. Reason would never have attributed such double-dealing to Him.

Truckling to reason the Rector robs the Deity of the glory of having miraculously delivered the chosen from the fetters of their oppressors, and attributes the revolt to the inherent merit and manliness of the oppressed. Having run superficially over several other religious revolts he says: "When men have risen in arms for a false cause, the event has proved it by the cause coming to nothing. The world is not so constituted that courage, and strength, and endurance, and organization, and success long sustained, are to be obtained in the service of falsehood. If I could think that, I should lose the most convincing reason for believing that we are governed by a moral power. The moral laws of our being execute themselves through the instrumentality of men; and in these great move

ments that determine the moral condition of many nations through many centuries, the stronger side, it seems to me, has uniformly been the better side, and stronger because it was better."

His doctrine seems to be that nothing succeeds so well as success, and that success is the measure and proof of merit. I believe that principles, to rise to the dignity of the name, must be inexorable in operation, and relentless in result. If we apply the manifest principles of the Rector's own reasoning to theology, his favorite faith becomes an imposture. If Mohammedanism has extirpated eastern Christianity, and usurped its place in the eastern and southern Mediteranean coasts for more than twelve centuries, it must be the stronger, and, according to the Rector, the better of these two sides. It has determined the moral condition of many nations through many centuries; it has vanquished an opposing side, so it must be the stronger of the two; if the stronger is stronger because it is better, then the Crescent will eventually relegate the Cross to a mere memory of an obsolete superstition which will recur most vividly in association with vague reminiscences of the stake, the axe, the halter, and the dungeon. If Buddhism prevails almost as extensively as all other *isms* combined, and if it has so prevailed longer than any known *ism*, it must be the best of all sides. Courage, and strength, and endurance, and organization, and success long sustained have been obtained in its service; so it cannot be a falsehood. As neither history, nor tradition, nor imagination, can take us back to the origin of the vile and incredible rubbish which the Egyptians offered the Hebrews in the sacred name of religion, nor number the masses who had from the infancy of time accepted and enforced it as a religion, it must, on the same principle, have been an infinitely good side, and it could not have been a falsehood. The service of cats, and dogs, and bulls, and beetles, was then the highest and the holiest hest of heaven; for courage, and strength, and endurance, and organization, and success long sustained, had been obtained in such service.

The Rector assumes the airs and proportions of a logician and philosopher, and confidently stakes the validity and super-

iority of his theology upon what he calls natural principles. He then proceeds to urge the reasonableness and superiority of his doctrine and faith, neither of which can be intelligibly arranged in any human mind, from data which, upon his own alleged natural principles, necessarily imply its inferiority to each of the three other theologies above named. His success is his ruin; his own logic makes Christianity an imposture. If the stronger has uniformly been the better side and stronger because it was better, then the doctrinaire of free will and accountability for belief concedes away Christianity's claim of validity, when he says it degenerated with extreme rapidity in the east, conduced to the enervation and decline of Rome, and has, except at times of unwonted violence, maintained a dissembling truce with fashionable vice.

If the moral laws of our being execute themselves through the instrumentality of men, then men are the mere instrumentalities of the execution of such laws. To harmonize this automatism with personal accountability for conduct and belief is the burden of the learned sophistry of apologetics. Fanatics forever seek a place in the vocabulary of man's relative being for a theological interpretation and application of the word *ought*. So interpreted and applied, Reason cannot make it dovetail with any thing therein. While we cannot effectually get rid of all notion of duty, it is still impossible to formulate in the mind any intelligible conception of duty or personal accountability under a system where moral law executes itself through the instrumentality of men. The Rector says that moral law is constant and continuous, that it inheres like the law of gravity in the nature of things, and that we must discern and obey it at our everlasting peril. Free will and personal accountability then are impossible, and the notion of duty is an absurdity. Law is restraint. That we may sin, and suffer inevitable ill therefor, implies no freedom. If moral law imposes an inevitable ill for sin, we may not sin. If, nevertheless, we actually do sin, and suffer the inevitable ill, we either rebel or we are mere instrumentalities in the execution of such law. There is no freedom in either case, and instead of being restrained from sin by the moral law, we are simply con-

strained to suffer in its execution of itself through us as its instrumentalities.

The notion of freedom is sometimes enforced in illustrations from the execution of civil law, but the analogy is mainly conspicuous for its absence. Civil law is proverbially inconstant, and it is territorially limited in application. If moral law exists as claimed, man is its involuntary subject and instrumentality, and he cannot get beyond its sway. Illustrations in physical consequences of conduct are even more inapt. To say that certain acts hasten or determine the mode of pain and death, is more a statement of fact than of law. But allowed as a statement of law, the most indiscreet move apologists could make, would be to establish that such physical law is analogous to the alleged moral law. If such law exists and inheres like the law of gravity in the nature of things, then no religion can have any validity, unless it were coeval with such law. In the presence of such supposed law, analogous to any known physical law, all supposable religion is self-contradictory. If physical death ends the existence of the individual Ego, future consequence is cancelled, and no supposable religion can have any purpose. Without sin there is no conceivable occasion for any religion. All religion necessarily supposes sin in the present, and accountability therefor in the future existence. Sin—the violation of the alleged moral law—must cause or entail the ill of the future, for if religion has any meaning, by its means the ill of the future may be averted, the future existence may be made to be good. But in physical law no conduct can cause or entail either pain or death. Their time and form or mode may be determined by conduct, but they are caused and entailed for each individual at birth, and by the same Power which caused the individual to be. By physical law pain and death are absolutely certain from birth. To establish that it is analogous to the alleged moral law, is to establish that all souls are hopelessly damned.

Were religion content to stand upon the authority of divine Power, and refer Skepticism to miracle, grace, and scriptural teachings generally, it might at least be more consistent with itself. But when it attempts to claim akin to Reason, and

urges an alleged moral law as inherent, like the law of gravity in the nature of things, it foredooms all men to the very damnation from which it is her ostensible office to save them; or, forsooth, such of them as are elect to avail themselves of the saving grace. It overlooks the fact that saving grace is itself a violation, evasion, or suspension of the alleged moral law, which is said to inhere like the law of gravity in the nature of things. If such law so inheres, redemption is a failure, atonement a farce, and Christianity an unmeaning imposture. Exposure to certain physical conditions determines inevitably the time and mode of pain and death. So far as the subject is concerned, the exposure may be designed or unintentional: the consequence is inevitably the same. The thought of law as devoid of its sanctions cannot be arranged in the mind. As applied to reasonable creatures these sanctions cannot be thought otherwise than as punitive. No one can conceive of punishment for violated law except, for the purposes of law at least, as due to a knowing and willing violator of such law. The punishment for violation of law must be for the purposes of law, for the Rector says it executes itself through the instrumentality of men. Such combinations as are indicated by the use of such terms as law and liberty, fate and free-will, and predestination and perseverance, are unintelligible. Yet zealots, professing to be philosophers have butchered their brethren for daring to interpret the senseless enigmas in a sense different from theirs. One of the most illustrious of modern historians attempts to vindicate the character of one of the infatuated bigots in question. We have only to apply his own logic to his own postulates to show that his success must be ruinous to the cause in which the vindication is attempted.

It is amusing to observe one who affects the wisdom of a philosopher, the authority of a historian, and the integrity of a Christian, to say nothing of the humanity of a human, attempting to vindicate a brute who for Christ's sake had burned a former friend for daring to differ with him in opinion concerning a matter of which neither of them could possibly have more than an opinion. If the cast of cultured thought is impor-

tant it is alarming that such attempted vindication, served up in an academic lecture could be relished by one of the most aristocratically educated bodies of men in Christendom. It is absurd to attempt such vindication in an argument urging duty and personal accountability along with the reality, reasonableness, validity, and continuity of an alleged moral law, based upon original sin and predestination.

The bedrock of Calvinism is original sin—that all men existed in Adam, and hence sinned in him. The word *all* is comprehensive, and if Calvinism is true then Christ must have been a sinner. Even if He was begotten by the Holy Ghost He was conceived in sin—in the flesh which had existed and sinned in Adam. To be logical and not irreverent one may say, the immaculate conception is a precedent of very high authority for the occasional intrigues of the clergy with which society is occasionally scandalized. Priesthood is not without example in its venery with the wives and the betrothed of the laity. To allow that the divine begetting obviates the necessity of Christ's being born in sin, is to allow away the whole case. It necessitates, or rather constitutes, a break of the continuity of the alleged moral law, foists miracle into the room of reason, and suspends the very necessity which must be the basis of the alleged predestination. The miraculous cannot be reasonable, and the reasonable cannot be miraculous.

If all men existed and sinned in Adam, still, the Almighty made Adam, and hence all men. The Almighty caused all who have come from Adam to sin, by causing them to exist in Adam. He also made and enforces the alleged moral law, pursuant to which millions of millions of Adam's "faithless progeny" yet unborn are already damned. The holy may be horrified, but blasphemy itself is reverence in comparison with the logical results of their tenets. They are the brave soldiers of the Cross who lower its banner to Science, catch at the hem of her garment, and protest that moral law inheres—like the law of gravity—in the nature of things.

Because Michael Servetus, "a wicked and an accursed Spaniard" could not believe his God to be such a monster as Calvinism necessarily makes Him, the hero of Froude's learned

lecture instigated his arrest as he was passing peaceably through Geneva, and procured him to be burned at the stake. If moral law inheres as is claimed, its continuity is as reliable as any feature it can have. The very term implies continuity and consistency. The apologist who attempts to base the validity of Christianity upon it, cannot concede that Christianity's greatest expounder and defender of the sixteenth century, the founder or reviver of one of the most formidable *isms* that ever rent and cursed any system, was a mere creature of an erratic era and exceptional circumstance. The miraculous power that could so impregnate a virgin descendant of Adam that the offspring could be born immaculate, notwithstanding all men existed and sinned in Adam, was not so exhausted in the sixteenth century that its principal terrestrial executor was a beast from necessity of circumstance or occasion. The apologist must hold—if moral law inheres like the law of gravity—that the burning of Servetus, done in "abhorrence of all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong of every kind," is an example of Christian service worthy the emulation of the intolerant bigots of the same faith to day. Otherwise the promulgator of an accursed fanaticism was as vile a brute as ever dishonored the race; and the Rector who declared to the licentiates of St. Andrews in 1871, that all there then was in England or Scotland of a conscientious fear of doing wrong, was a remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts, was a graceless impostor. If there is indeed a moral law, and if it inheres as is claimed, then the champion of sixteenth century Christianity is now realizing how hot he made it for Servetus. "For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." If the flames of Hell are hotter than were those which arose from the oak fagots on the Genevan eminence on October 27th, 1553, they also have a worthier subject.

There can be no more reliable index to the true inwardness of an *ism* than the conduct of its promulgators in enforcing it. The interpretation they thereby give is its most authentic exponent. While Calvinism was merely a revival of sixth century Augustinianism, yet for his time, Calvin was pre-

eminently the Priest of the dogma of original sin, predestination, and irresistible grace. If these are real and mean anything intelligible to the human mind, there is no such thing as personal duty or accountability. Physical punishment for so-called immoral conduct is worse than brutal, and incineration for disbelief in such absurdity is worse than diabolical. If the absolute will of the Almighty "determines the eternal destiny of man," according to the mere choice of the Almighty, and if those "who are thus foreordained to eternal life are led to believe and live by the irresistible grace of the Holy Spirit," then man is entirely irresponsible. There is more of the savage ferocity which usually characterizes religious intolerance, than of the severe logic for which Calvin has been unduly famed, in the idea of destroying the lives of those who cannot believe the hideous libel of their God. The mind which is imbued with such belief, cannot imagine the Almighty as other than a monster of the same kind as the ideal of such doctrine, magnified and intensified to infinity. The difference between the Calvinistic and the divine cruelty is merely in degree. In the one case there may be a limit to the mischief to be done; in the other, its victims are divinely assured that "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." It would probably rise pretty high during two evers. The idea of the duration of the torment is about as reasonable and intelligible as any other feature of the divine assurance. It is more nearly reasonable than the idea of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good God having a choice among His own creatures as to their salvation; the creatures who have offended Him only in the exercise of the faculties which He gave them, under the circumstances in which he placed them, and the offence itself being foreordained.

If all who shall be saved are already elect, if they are predestined and led by irresistible grace to believe and live, there can be no duty or accountability resting on any individual with relation to his salvation. The Almighty cannot be conceived to have any such thing as a mere choice concerning anything whatever. Choice implies alternatives between which the choice must be made. Place your God in these straits, and He

is not Almighty. A greater than He has prescribed the alternatives. Nothing could be more irreverent than the application of the word must to the action prescribed by apologists for their supposed Deity. To say that the alleged moral law is so infinite, eternal, immutable, and universally inherent in the nature of things as to control the action of the Almighty, is only a confused and obscure mode of declaring that He is subject to some Power greater than Himself. While the supposed moral law may possibly be conceived of as a pure abstraction, no mind can conceive it to have any efficacy without a Power behind it, and if it limits or in any way restrains the action of the Almighty that Power must be superior to Him, and He is not almighty. Another is mightier than He. Then if He saves some souls through His own mere choice, He is merely licensed by His Superior to make a selection; licensed by the Power which has fixed the alternatives between which He must choose. Individual duty and accountability are thus removed one degree further from possibility.

Those who do not believe are already damned; indeed they have been damned before they have *been* at all. They are mere clay in the hands of the divine Potter, and were by Him moulded for hell before they became even clay. "In human salvation, therefore, God's will is everything, man's nothing." And yet man is accountable. The champion of such doctrine in the sixteenth century burned the heretic that could not believe in it. His encomiast in the nineteenth century, in a learned discourse upon an alleged moral law, exhibits such a character for the admiration and emulation of men, and points to it as authority for the dictum of duty and accountability in connection with original sin, election, predestination, and irresistible grace.

It is impossible to conceive of a human mind as entirely devoid of religion. Atheism cannot be thought. Yet no religion can be made to appear reasonable. It implies worship in some form, and worship without mystery is impossible. Mystery made reasonable is no longer mystery. If the Almighty were divested of mystery He could no longer be worshipped. If one has formulated or has in mind a creed by which

he is to believe in Him, and attempts on reasonable grounds to explain to himself why he so believes, he will discover that on such grounds he cannot believe. He cannot formulate or have in mind an intelligible belief that will bear his own scrunity. He may for a time think he believes thus and so of his God. That he may so think for a time, implies that under suitable circumstances he may so think for *all his* time. But if he attempts to arrange his supposed belief substantively in his mind, so he can intelligently recur to and consider it, and discuss intelligibly to himself and others the grounds and consequences of the belief, he will find himself in an inextricable tangle of inconsistency and absurdity. His next resort will be subterfuge and sophistry, he will dissimulate with himself. Should he candidly pursue the investigation he will find that the mystery which apologetics proposes to make reasonable is an absolute mystery. He will also find that if it were not an absolute mystery, and if it were made to appear reasonable, there would be an end of religion. He will also find that the very minds by and to which religion's mystery is to be made to appear reasonable, are themselves absolute mysteries. He will deem it mysterious that religious minds should attempt or desire to clear away the very mystery without which there could be no religion.

The different systems of religion are so many competitors for the favor of mankind, who, according to the tenets of each system is dependent upon divine favor for his salvation. As each system professes to afford the only access to divine favor by which man may be saved, it is extremely illogical for any of them to become embroiled with another in a strife for human favor. Yet much of the bitterest and bloodiest warfare the world has witnessed has been between different organizations attempting to establish their respective faiths in order to save the world. That there are differences in the systems conclusively demonstrates that all cannot be valid. That any have originated and changed in time just as conclusively establishes that they were invalid either before or after such change, and that they must pass away in time. Whether the change was effected in order that the faith might keep pace with intellect-

ual progress, or dovetail with a prevalent caprice, or for any other purpose, it is equally conclusive that the system has no stability; that it is a temporary and temporizing makeshift of empiric imposture, an expedient resorted to in preference to some other expedient because it was supposed to be better suited to prevailing conditions.

If sixteenth century Calvinism was not an unmitigated curse, then every one who rejects it to-day deserves the fate of Servetus, for the alleged moral law inheres—like the law of gravity—in the nature of things; it is continuous, constant, and eternal. If Calvinism was ever true, it is still true. If it required and justified the burning of Servetus, then every one who dares to disbelieve its barbarous absurdities deserves the same fate. The heat of hell were inadequate to the deserved roasting of the perverse heretics. Religion then ought not to yield to civilization or humanity so far even as to substitute hanging for burning. If the souls of disbelievers are to fry forever in sulphurous flames, they may congratulate themselves that their bodies may be consumed in flames not so offensive to the olfactories.

So far as human reasoning is concerned, Christianity can have no more validity than any other system. Through many of the systems there run identical ideas, only differently clothed, and the difference in their garb is the main difference in the several religions. Christianity comes from a system that had its God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He is one yet three, trinality in unity, to the entire subversion of mathematics. He has existed, as exemplified in such of His works as appear to us, from time unthinkable; but our traditions have it for about six thousand years. They also say He has existed from all eternity, that there never was a time when He was not. But the phrase *all eternity* is a contradiction. It implies limitations before one and after the other of which, eternity could not be. It is said that in the beginning He created the heavens and the earth. If some one can conceive of a beginning of either time or eternity such assertion may have some meaning for him; but no one has yet shown such capacity. Such declaration then can have no intelligible meaning for any

human mind. Our traditions place this alleged beginning at about six thousand years ago. This is a long time, but it is no nearer a supposable beginning of either time or eternity than yesterday. And yet, if we say that all that begins in time must end in time; or, if we say that all that ends in time must have begun in time, we must, to be logical, admit that time itself may have begun and may end. There is no logical necessity for a thing to end in time from the mere fact of its having begun in time; nor for a thing having begun in time from the mere fact that it ends in time, unless it is the finiteness of time itself, and this cannot be even imagined.

For a while the chosen people of our God were divided into twelve tribes. But ages before they were known as the chosen, or so divided, Astrology had divided the celestial regions into twelve houses, each having one of the heavenly bodies for its Lordlet; and a little later the temples of Athor at Denderah were embellished with symbolic representations of the twelve constellations. Near nineteen hundred years ago the second person of the Trinity of our traditions descended to earth, became flesh, was born of a virgin, had twelve apostles, and died to expiate our sins; which, so far as we are concerned, were not and never would have been committed.

Another race of people, much more respectable numerically than ours, also has its God, its Supreme Spirit, who is also triune in His essence and being, and who also in the beginning created the heavens and earth. From our standpoint we may offset the numerical disparity in good looks and intelligence; but they would probably admit that we only offset such disparity in vanity. And they have some reason to believe that we consider ourselves *smarter* than all other people. We certainly do not live nearer the precepts of our religion than they to the precepts of theirs. "In order to create this world, the Supreme Spirit produced from the right side of His body, Himself as Brahman; then in order to preserve the world He produced from the left side of His body Vishnu; then in order to destroy the world He produced from the middle of His body the eternal Siva." The second person of this Trimurti, Vishnu,

was the preserver of the world. The second person of the Trinity of our traditions we call the Savior.

But the laws of thought are set at defiance. How any thing eternal could be produced, and how any thing produced could be eternal, surpass human conception. In its efforts to make religion appear reasonable apologetics should not overlook this. Even the Herod of our traditions is preceded by a parallel in the Kansa of theirs. Krishna, who had twelve apostles, was the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, the second person of the Trimurti of their traditions, and as above stated the Preserver. Kansa was king (Tetrarch) of Mathura. For the desperate chance of getting Krishna he out-herods our Herod in killing the children of two years and under throughout a larger and more populous district. Like our Herod he was foiled, but it was by means of a pious falsehood about a miscarriage instead of a flight into Egypt.

Many centuries after Krishna the incarnation of the second person of the Trinity of our traditions was again paralleled, six centuries before it occurred, in the ninth incarnation of Vishnu; and while Buddha's putative father was a king instead of a carpenter, yet his mother was impregnated with him by the Supreme Spirit while she was yet a virgin, He had twelve apostles, and "promised salvation to all; He commanded His disciples to preach His doctrine in all places and to all men." He gave them the divine commission six centuries before the second person of the Trinity of our traditions said to His apostles, "Go ye into all nations and preach the Gospel to every creature."

If the ten commandments of our traditions were not suggested by Vishnu in some one of His prior incarnations, they are very closely paralleled in the ten moral precepts of Buddha. In number they exactly correspond, and in effect they are so similar that the life of one who strictly observes one set, could not be distinguished from the life of one who strictly observes the other set of precepts. The first five of those of Buddha are intended to be of universal application. They forbid murder, theft, falsehood, adultery, and drunkenness. The other five are more ritualistic and relate to individual regimen at various

stages of spiritual progress. They require abstinence from food out of season, amusements, luxuriance, personal ornamentation, and greed.

The first of our ten commandments has no parallel in these Buddhistic precepts, whose promulgator, so far from exhibiting an envy or jealousy of any other God, does not seem to have suspected the existence of such a rival for the adulation of man; and herein consists the only real difference between these two sets of precepts. It is difficult to conceive how our Lord could be a jealous God if there is none other for Him to be jealous of. If He is the only God the first commandment is a very illogical superfluity, if not absurdity. If the chosen would not believe his declaration that He was the only God, they would scarcely obey His command to them to have no other. If they would believe such declaration there could be no occasion for the restraint. If there are other Gods, and the first commandment implies that there are, then the first commandment is an exhibition of envious rivalry for the favor of the subject commanded. It is in keeping with the persistent protest of the Bible and the Koran: "God is the Lord, and besides Him there is none other."

It is remarkable that a book purporting to be the word of God should abound in asseverations of its own authenticity. It is more remarkable that such a book should cite the authority of another for any of its own declarations. Yet in Numbers, 21-14, the Lord, through His inspired vice-gerent, authenticates one of His own utterances thus:—"Wherefore it is written in the book of the wars of the Lord," etc. If we knew who wrote the book of the wars of the Lord, we might form some conception of its value as authority for the inspired utterances of Moses. If he wrote the Pentateuch, the citation implies that some one had preceded him with a history of the exploits which it records. In such case the Pentateuch may have drawn as heavily from the book of the wars of the Lord, as from what the Lord spake unto Moses. If he was inspired by the Lord he still seems to have deemed it advisable to cite authority for the inspired utterance. Without disputing or disparaging the authenticity of Holy Writ, it is fair to say that it is

frequently discredited in the filmy subterfuges resorted to in order to make its declarations appear reasonable, and to enforce the thousands of unintelligible creeds claimed to be based upon them. (The Bible contains numerous references to other books, but they are generally for matter omitted from the Bible, and not as authority, for its own declarations.)

Christianity has been known for less than two thousand years, and it never was the creed of one-third the human race. The Rector says that "Buddhism has been the creed for more than two thousand years of half the human race." Hence, if he is correct in the declaration that "the world is not so constituted that courage and strength and endurance and organization and success long sustained are to be obtained in the service of falsehood," he is "hoist by his own petard." It differs from Christianity, and it can only differ by conflicting with it. If one is true the other must be false. If, as he says, "in those great movements which determine the moral condition of many nations through many centuries, the stronger side has uniformly been the better side," then the stripling of Calvary is a mere empiric in comparison with the gigantic old patriarch of Meru.

It is idle to attempt to arrange the facts of history in a procession and march them to the music of the morning stars, and to the establishment of a universal system governed by an alleged moral law, when the influences of such system have not reached one third of the human race in two thousand years of almost constant diffusion. If "Zoroaster among the hardy tribes of the Persian mountains, taught a creed which, like that of the Israelites was essentially moral and extremely simple," if, like Moses, "he saw behind the physical forces into the deeper laws of right and wrong," it would be interesting to know from whence he was inspired. If the Persians were properly called "the 'Puritans of the old world,'" and hated idolatry "for the simple reason that they hated lies," it would seem that Jewry and Christianity have not had a very secure monopoly of morality.

If Persian simplicity and morality were fatal to Babylonish and Egyptian dominion, luxury, and idolatry; and if, "as

events glide on Persia runs the *usual course*, virtue and truth produced strength, strength dominion, dominion riches, riches luxury, and luxury weakness and collapse;" and if all this is the execution, by itself, of moral law through the instrumentality of men; and if the moral law inheres—like the law of gravity—in the nature of things, the end, and hence the futility, of Christianity is posited. It affects morality, simplicity, virtue, and truth. While its possession of these may be fatal to other systems, it will also be fatal to Christianity. They will produce strength, strength dominion, dominion riches, riches luxury, luxury weakness and collapse, and Christianity will itself run the usual course. Having begun in time, it will end in time; when the alleged moral law shall have again executed itself through the instrumentality of men. Otherwise Christianity must be divorced from the alleged moral law, it must cut the acquaintance of Science, and content itself to appear (as it is) unreasonable. The logic of its modern apologists makes it an imposture, an expedient, a system of charlatanry that must, like all other temporal contrivances, run the *usual course* and become a mere memory in the mind of the future man.

The lecture in question was intended to vindicate Calvinism, the blood-curdling nightmare of a brutal superstition. The creed is as hideous in its conception, as the cruelty of its promulgator was horrible in its execution. On reading the lecture one is impressed with the boundless range the Rector takes among the facts whose records are the world's history. He was perhaps as well versed therein as it is possible to become in the ordinary term of life. But his easy, graceful, and copious allusion go further toward showing his acquaintance with history, than toward a vindication of a creed whose promulgator burned a fellow creature to death in the service of the Lord whose Angels sung to the shepherds—"On earth peace, good will toward men."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM.

No Definite Stages in Evolution—No Eras in Evolution—Force Persistent, and Evolution Continuous—Apparent Antinomy in Doctrine of Evolution—Science Never had a Clear Message as to Future Evolution of Society—Experience the only Index to the Future—No New Forces, But Only Change in Mode of Their Expression—Regularity of Stereotyped Cries of Alarm—Sentimental Sympathy for Malcontents—The advent of Demos—Property and Contract Vital to Society—Permanent Type and Ultimate Regime, Absurd—Equilibration Unsupposable—Matter and Motion Essential to Each Other—Mind a Condition or Affection of Matter—Civilization a Mere Expression of Intellectuality—Hiatus Between Workers and Idlers—Function of Religion in Evolution of Society

In an alleged philosophy of Social Evolution we are told that we seem to have reached a time in which there prevails an instinctive feeling that a definite stage in the evolution of Western civilization is drawing to a close; that in the departments of knowledge which deal with social affairs, change, transition, and uncertainty are apparent; and that Science's great triumph of the nineteenth century is in the tracing of the evolution of life up to human society—where it halts dumb—and as to its further evolution Science has no clear message.

History, however, informs us of no time that has presented an essentially different aspect. Society, however crudely organized, never saw a time it did not appear to be reaching the close of as definite a stage in its evolution. Yet there never was a definite stage in any evolution whatever. If this seems more dogmatic than philosophic the reader can easily get rid of his scruples by trying to arrange in his mind a conception of such definite stage. Evolution is gradual, and while the movement is rhythmic, it is constant. The Science which has traced the evolution of life up to human society began—where? The glutinous jelly which adhered to the rocks of primeval ocean came from somewhere, and if Biology began with it to trace the evolution of life up to human society it cannot even imagine it has begun at the beginning of such evolution. If Biology begins with the alleged one prototype,

or with Spencer's and Lucretius' "ultimate units having extreme mobility," it still cannot imagine it has begun at the beginning of such evolution. As the alleged units cannot be conceived to be indivisible or undecomposable, they must be composed of something, and must have come from somewhere. So Biology cannot then imagine a beginning of evolution. But from its assumed starting point up to human society the process is such that no definite stage in it can be conceived. Life shades off from one phase to another by a process which we can no more appreciate than we feel the pressure of space or the tread of time. The alleged elements; carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., by their very mobility imply that they are not, properly speaking, ultimate elements; but are themselves traceable to something else, and the very process by which life is traceable back to them, necessitates their derivation. So a definite stage of evolution is unthinkable. When you reach the confines of such supposed stage, the mind at once sees more of the process adjoining and merging into the supposed stage despite the arbitrary limit. Before one can fix the boundary to the supposed stage in his mind, it is past, as insensibly yet as certainly as the present moment is past before it can be recorded.

If society is entering a new era in the evolution of its civilization, it never saw a time it did not appear to be entering as new an era. Yet there never was an era in such evolution, nor in any evolution. If the manners of to-day differ from those of a thousand years ago, they differ a thousandth part as much from those of one year ago, and one three hundred and sixty-five thousandth part as much from those of yesterday. An era is a portion of time to which bounds may be set, at least in the imagination. Unless we can *so* appreciate the daily or yearly change in civilization which constitutes its evolution, as to draw a line through some particular day or year of its progress, and distinguish the civilization adjoining such line upon one side from that adjoining it upon the other side, we need not attempt to formulate a conception of a beginning or end of such era. Whenever the organization of society began, if it ever did, it is still in progress and must

continue in progress while it (society) remains. That it becomes daily, yearly, and centennially more complex and highly wrought does not make the present a new organization; but a mere modification of the old and only one. The present civilization is a product of past evolution continuously operating in the line of life development. That of a hundred years hence will be a product of the same process carried continuously forward to that time, and we cannot imagine its cessation. Force is persistent, and in one line of its continuous operation it has wrought our civilization. We can not imagine its suspension or its diversion from such line of operation. This may bring to some minds an apparent difficulty with the conception of evolution itself, which difficulty, real or apparent, should be disposed of. Man is supposed to have been physically organized exactly as we now find him for many thousands of years. Hence, so far as his physical organization is concerned, the process of evolution would seem to be accomplished or suspended. Biology claims that within computable time he has reached such physical organization by a process of evolution from a substance of far inferior organization. It traces all life. vegetal and animal, back to one alleged prototype, and points out the rudimentary and aborted organs, which it claims imply the non-existence of distinctions of sex. As mind is only known to exist in organized aggregations of physical substance, it cannot reasonably be supposed to exist elsewhere, and it must be supposed to be a resultant of such organization and the affections of such substance so organized. As superior minds are found with the classes of physical organization which appear to be most complex and highly wrought, it would seem that the degree of physical organization determines the grade of mind. Yet we are so illogical as to claim that mind has been steadily marching on, civilization constantly advancing, for many thousands of years, while the physical organization of man is still marked with the unequivocal signs of an unsexed beast of prey. So if man has arrived at his present state of physical organization by a process of evolution from a comparatively unorganized substance, many thousands of years ago, and has remained stationary at that

point, it would seem that the process of evolution of life has been accomplished or suspended; or at least diverted from operation in the line of physical life. It would also seem that physical organization has little or no effect to determine or establish the grade of mind, provided that mind has actually advanced while the state of physical organization has remained stationary. It would also seem that there not only may be a definite stage of such evolution, but that evolution itself may begin and run its course and end in time. The logical result is the invalidity of the doctrine of evolution. Evolution as such cannot be imagined to have ever begun; its end is equally as difficult to conceive. Suppose it to have begun in time—what did it begin with? In what condition was the substance with which it begun? What brought such substance to the condition it was in when evolution began? No mind can conceive of the first application of force to matter, yet if evolution began in time there must have been a time when matter was not affected by force. For evolution to end in time there must come a time when force will no longer affect matter as it has affected it in producing the phenomenon called evolution. As neither of these crises can be conceived, neither the beginning nor the end of evolution can be thought. Spencer and Lucretius endow their alleged ultimate units with extreme mobility. If matter and motion are a mere mode of expression of force, which they must be if the ultimate (?) units have extreme mobility, matter cannot be supposed to have ever been apart from force. If the doctrine of evolution has any validity force has always operated upon matter and must forever operate upon it. It is physiologically possible that, notwithstanding the physical organization of man *appears* to be just what it has been for many thousands of years, yet the process of his physical organization is still going on, in the more elaborate differentiation of his nerve organism, and the continuous amplification of its functions and possibilities. If there is any validity in the doctrine of evolution of life up to civilized society, some such process must be keeping pace with and be participating in the development in respect to that part at least of man's physical organization, because he manifests mind in exact ratio with

the development and tone of his nerve organism, and civilization rises and falls with the various degree of intellectuality. Indeed it is a mere expression of intellectuality. The supposition of this physiological possibility is aided by the physiological fact that the brains of persons of greater intellect show proportionately greater cortical surface, and more cortical substance, necessitating or rather developing more convolutions in the cortical periphery, and exhibit a greater proportion of vesicular than tubular neurine. If the supposition of this physiological possibility, corroborated by this physiological fact, is not sufficient to obviate the above difficulty with the conception of evolution, then there can be no validity in the doctrine of evolution as applied to anything depending for its being and development upon the intellectuality of man. And apart from such intellectuality civilization is not a supposable quantity or quality. Reason thus forces us logically to the belief that the evolution of life up to human society is a continuous process which never began and will never end in time; and that civilization, its essential concomitant, is a part or resultant of such process, advancing with it, but not in definite stages.

As there seems to be abundant evidence of evolution, and, as evolution cannot be mentally marked off into definite stages, there is no occasion for the philosopher's alarm at the change, transition, and uncertainty which he says are apparent in the departments of knowledge which deal with social affairs. There never was a moment since men have affected a knowledge of social affairs, in which change as radical, transition as imminent, and uncertainty as dubious were not as apparent; both in the social affairs themselves and in the so-called knowledge of them. While there is no uncertainty in knowledge, yet the *soi-dissant* knowledge of social affairs has not enabled any one to forecast their issue with certainty. We are not only blest with a "blindness to the future kindly given," we interpret the past and esteem the present variously and vaguely, according to personal idiosyncrasy. In one particular however we are in accord with all our predecessors, and hence, in that particular they must have been in accord with each other. We see in our time, and they saw in their respective times,

change, transition, and uncertainty relating to affairs of the same kinds. The differences by means of which the change has been indeed change were, are, and will ever be, purely in detail and never in essence.

Science is no more dumb as to the further evolution of life than it was or should have been at any time past. If, fifty years ago, one had maintained that a voice could be transmittted and distinguished through a copper wire over a distance of a thousand miles, while he might not have been burned or beheaded, yet the same spirit, or spirit of the same kind, that did burn the progressive mediæval heretic, would have greeted him with such sneers as enthusiast, lunatic, and crank. That he would not have been burned or beheaded is due to the same change or change of the same kind that has been apparent in every moment of the evolution of life up to human society. If science has no clear message as to the further evolution of life, it has never had such message. When Costar (or Gansfleisch?) discovered the art of printing with movable types, Science brought no clear message and no one suspected that he was "disbanding hired armies and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new democratic world." When Guericke, Hawksbee, Grey and Wehler, Dufay, Boze, Winkler, Muschenbroek, Franklin, Galvani, and Coulomb were experimenting with and discovering the properties of electricity and manipulating its force, Science brought no clear message and no one suspected that they were engendering a "nervous system of five million miles of telegraph wire." When Newcombe, Cawley, and Savery were testing their crude appliances for the utilization of Steam-power, Science brought no clear message and no one suspected that they were drawing the ends of the world together in "an arterial system of railway and steamship lines along which the currents of trade and population flow." On none of these occasions, nor indeed on any other, has Science ever had a clear message as to the further evolution of life or civilization; or of any further evolution whatever.

We are told that nothing can be more out of place than comparison between society of one hundred years ago and at

the present time; that we have little in common with the past; and that the past may be searched in vain for any clue to the solution of the problems which confront us in the future. While I am not prepared to state just how much we have in common with the past, it will appear that all we have that has any significance as to the social problems which confront us in the future, we have in common with the past. We recall no moment of the past that was not marked and measured by change; and the same process is whirling us through our "everlasting now." We cannot point to a moment of the past when transition was not imminent; we apprehensively adjust ourselves to the same ever-occurring metastasis. We know of no moment of the past when uncertainty as to social issues was not apparent; we are constantly perplexed with the same dubiety. At no time in the past could men have looked back and seen a clue to the solution of the problems confronting them in their future, more reliable than we have for the solution of the problems confronting us in our future. This is fatal to all claim of validity for any philosophy which assumes that we have little in common with the past, and that comparison between society of a hundred years ago and to-day is out of place.

The philosophy seems to be a series of lay sermons on the significance of past and present fact for the future. The less we have in common with the past, the less the significance of such fact for the future, because the present is past and the future is present before we can distinguish any of their facts. The more we have in common with the past the more the significance of past and present fact for the future. If the future cannot be predicted by the past, and the present is too brief to contain sufficient data of sufficient significance, we are without data from which to prognosticate reasonably; and the alarmist has declared the invalidity of his own prophetic philosophy of Social Evolution. But we have this very inadequacy in common with every moment of the past; and in this, the most perplexing feature of social life, society of a hundred years ago and at the present time may well be compared. If human society is a resultant of the evolution of life, the tracing

of which is Science's triumph of the nineteenth century, then society of a hundred years ago is as comparable with that of to-day as the society of any period can be with that of any other period a hundred years distant from it; because evolution is constant, continuous and eternal, or there is no evolution. Reason requires us either to abandon the speculation or to proceed by the same methods and similar deductions to the postulation of a degree of social organization a hundred years hence, proportionately as superior to the present, as the present is superior to that of a hundred years ago. We have as sufficient and reliable data for such prognostication, as was had in the past for the prediction of our present degree of civilization. If our present degree of social organization was not accurately predicted in the past, it was because the data of the past could not be reliably interpreted in terms of our present degree of social organization. We have the same inadequacy of interpretable data, and the same defect of prophetic acumen in common with the past, together with the same propensity to forecast the future. All philosophers from Thales to Kidd have preached to their followers, and not to their predecessors.

If amongst the advanced nations the great wave of industrial expansion which follows in the wake of applied science is submerging the old landmarks of society, it has always been doing exactly the same thing. The only difference is in detail and method and degree. If this process is preparing for us a world where experience of the past is no longer a reliable guide, there is still no new cause for alarm. If experience has ever been a reliable guide, the philosopher who proposes to dethrone her ought to inform us when and how she forfeited her authority. If experience never was a reliable guide there is no occasion for the declaration that she is no longer such. If it has always been our experience that the experience of one period was a reliable guide in a succeeding period, it is more dogmatic than philosophic to say that our experience up to date is not to be trusted in the future. It is from experience of the past that one must make the deductions necessary in forecasting the future, and one must forecast the future in order to form any conception as to what may or may not be a reliable guide in it.

Such experience ought to be as efficient to guide us in the future as to enable us to forecast it, and we certainly cannot forecast the future without reference to the past. If past experience assures us of a new state of things, and that they must be different from things past (and nothing else can so assure us) it ought reasonably to be as potent to prepare us for and guide us among them, as the experience of any past time ever was to prepare men for and guide them among the things of any following time. Reason must resort to experience for its data, and even then it raves more than it reasons.

We are told that social forces new, strange, and altogether immeasurable, have been released among us; that within a hundred years nations and communities were as distant from each other in time as they were at the Christian era; that since then the ends of the world have been drawn together, and civilized society is becoming one vast interdependent whole. The term social forces is a vague one if it has any meaning at all. There is no conceivable force but mechanical force, and it is conceivable only by means of an exertion of mechanical force. The force of an argument is as purely mechanical as that of a pile-driver, but not always so forcible. If the ends of the world are being drawn together (in the telegraph and transportation systems) it is by an exertion of mechanical force. The hundred thousand Egyptians drawing stones for Cheops from the Arabian mountain down to the Nile exerted force of the same kind as that which is set in operation by the drawing of a throttle valve, or pushing an electric button, or intently cogitating some abstruse proposition in metaphysics. Its manipulations may proceed by different channels to different results; but force is the same whether expressed in a sigh or an explosion. The effect of the introduction of steam transportation and electric telegraphy during the last century has been more electrical than the discovery of the use of moveable types was in the fifteenth century, because the art of printing had served to develope a condition of the system that could more sensibly appreciate the shock. But the old bonds of society are not becoming loosened, and old forces are not becoming extinct, and new forces are not being released among us. There never

was any bond of society but fear, personal interest in individual prosperity and safety; and new methods of the manipulation of force are not the extinction of old forces, and new forms of expression of force are not the release of new forces among us.

We are told that socialism has ceased being a theory and become a religion; that in the products of the times it has a background as luridly effective as any which stirred the imagination of the early Christians in the days of degenerate Rome; that the immense progress of the century and the splendid conquests of science have brought no corresponding gain to the masses; that the laborer has ceased to be a man as nature made him, and ignorant of all else, he is occupied with some small detail in the huge mill of industry; that even the skilled worker holds desperately to the small niche into which he is fitted, knowing that to lose it is to become part of the helpless flotsam and jetsam of society, tossed to and fro on the tide of poverty and distress.

As convincing as any evidence could be that evolution is still proceeding in the usual manner, is the monotonous regularity with which such stereotyped alarms as the above are sounded. Scarcely an industrial or social priest or prophet ever wrote but he beheld the world on the brink of ruin, inevitable unless something should be done. Ninety years ago a Scotch ecclesiastic writing on the then prevalent social disorders declared, "there is a general impression upon all spirits that something must be done." It seems to be the purpose of the alarmist to show that there is recent radical change for the worse in the condition of the worker, to whom he says "the century has been in many respects a period of progressive degeneration." If we could realize the condition of the workers who dug the Egyptian and Babylonish canals, who connected the Euphrates with the Tigris, and turned the Nile into the Red Sea; and of those who built the temples and walls and pyramids and monuments which still enforce an admiration for an almost forgotten civilization, we might be less easily alarmed on account of the condition of the modern worker. If we could contemplate the enormity of the temple

said to have been at Buto, seventy-five feet square and of the same height, hewed out of one stone, covered by another stone more than eighty-four feet square, and all brought by hand from a quarry in a remote Arabian mountain to, and rafted down the Nile, we could see no occasion for the modern workers to envy those engaged in that enterprise more than twenty-five hundred years ago. But we need not go back to the dawn of history for nightmares of suffering endured by the laborer whom nature has made a man. Eighty years ago an English historian said, "a laborer at present, earning twelve shillings a week, can only buy a half bushel of wheat at eighty shillings the quarter; and twelve pounds of meat at seven-pence per pound." His week's work would bring him $2.88; his half bushel of wheat would cost him $1.13, and his twelve pounds of meat would cost him $1.64, which amounts to $2.77, leaving eleven cents a week for all other expense and from which to make his bank deposit for a rainy day. An oracle of British political economy has said that from 1327 to 1377 an English laborer could not buy a half peck of wheat for a day's labor; and that from 1377 to 1446 he could buy nearly a peck. My own grandfather in the early part of this century made fence-rails in Guilford County North Carolina for one peck of Indian corn per day, during the winter seasons, when not employed at his trade. He reared a family of nine children, among whom were two eminent physicians, and one who has been a lawyer, a merchant, and a railroad president. I have myself done the heaviest of farm labor from twelve to fourteen hours per day at wages ranging from ten to fifteen dollars per month, and have known thousands of others to do so. I have but little patience with the sickly sentiment which sighs and groans for the wrongs (?) of malcontents who fail to get something for nothing, and imagine that they ought to own a block of stock in every corporation by whom they are so fortunate as to be employed—at any wages.

The alarmist says that the advent of Demos is the natural result of a long series of concessions; that the changes have only increased the power without lessening the misery of the working classes; that the new battle cries are Robber Knights of

Capital and Unclean Brigand of the Stock-exchange; that we no longer hear of the Privileged and the people, but of Idlers and workers, the Usurpers and the Disinherited, the Robbers and the Robbed; that Demos is no longer unwashed and illiterate for we have universal education; and that he is no longer without political power for we have universal suffrage. Such declarations are very suggestive. Has Demos been disinherited or robbed of poverty or ignorance or political inferiority? If not then what was his inheritance? If we have universal education he may, if he is so disposed, be robbed of his ignorance; but if he has political power he ought not to submit to being robbed of anything dear to him. If his inheritance is poverty he need not fear the usurpations of the brigand aristocracy. If the alleged changes have brought him universal suffrage and education they have done all that could be reasonably required. If this is the result of a long series of concessions, the brigand aristocracy has not been very ruthless in its usurpations. For such exclamations as those above stated to have any philosophic significance, Demos must desire a redistribution of property. But his advocate having so unctuously inveighed against robbery and usurpation, we are at a loss for a principle of morality on which such a demand could be made. Possibly he might be appeased for a time with a wage-scale, which in addition to enabling him to dissipate in more elegant fashion, would also encourage him to be more refractory in future differences with his employer. It might be regarded an addition to the long series of concessions, the natural result of which is said to have been the advent of Demos.

If he is to receive wages some one must pay him the money he earns. According to his ideal scale some one should issue to him the profit of a business venture which he demands and propqses to ordain is his. Pay and wages imply unrestrained contractual employment in voluntary service, and an agreed equivalent in work for the money paid. If Demos insists on a scale he would probably insist on fixing it. To do this he ought to have business capacity, because his appetites are not the only things to be considered. Present and prospective demand for the wares he produces and the general tone and

pulse of commerce may be important. Unless a business venture can live it can afford no wages, scale or no scale. If Demos is so inefficient in his own business as to make an injudicious apportionment of the pittance now paid him as wages in investing in his staples (bread and beer), he exhibits remarkable assurance in proposing to fix the portion of the proceeds of a business venture which a brigand aristocracy shall issue to him. In any of his Utopian schemes the idea of property and contract has no place, and no worse misfortune could befall him than the realization of his ideals. Were he more judicious in the investment of his present wages, were he to pay less for intoxicants and riotous living. he might have less occasion to be so insanely eager to control a brigand aristocracy's business; and he might be entitled to more consideration than he usually receives in settling important questions relating to such business.

If the changes spoken of have increased his power without lessening his misery, Demos may need a guardian. He may have one in the brigand aristocracy whose concessions have brought him education and political power, and whose conduct of the traffic which makes wages a possibility has enabled Demos to support other traffics for the absorption of his wages. In exact ratio with the increase of his power Demos ought to lessen his miseries for himself, if he has the requsite good sense to properly exert the power. If he has not even such capacity he ought not to insist on any very *ultra* amendments of his own designing being made to a commercial system which, not only makes his subsistence a possibility, but within this century—a mere point in the evolution of life—has raised him from a grovelling ignoramus burrowing in the earth, to an educated elector organizing trades-unions, enforcing boycots, precipitating strikes, and generally disturbing and impeding the very enterprises which are far more necessary to his subsistence than to that of the brigand aristocracy. Isolated cases of violence on the part of Demos, and of oppression on the part of the brigand aristocracy argue nothing for or against the claims of either of them. A succession of concessions on the part of the brigand aristocracy has brought to Demos a

comparative immunity from former consequences of his disturbance of the industries by means of which he was and is enabled to sustain life. If, as the alarmist says, "the laborer has ceased to be a man as nature made him, and ignorant of all else, he is occupied with some small detail in the huge mill of industry;" yet, as the same alarmist says, he "is no longer unwashed and illiterate for we have universal education, and he is no longer without political power for we have universal suffrage." The best regulated civil societies still require their gibbets, their guillotines, and their dungeons; and the brigand aristocracy is not barred. For the dungeon it has of late exhibited a predilection amounting almost to infatuation—the *fiscus* is well represented in the prisons. No civilized society is organized for any section of its community. They are all organized for their respective entire communities. The idea of property and contract is vital to all supposable human society. Neither property nor contract can be without the other; and property means nothing where there is not unrestrained competition in its acquisition, and security in its use. If by the regulations of society the brigand aristocracy is eligible to its dungeons, by the same regulations Demos is eligible to the ownership and enjoyment of all the property he can acquire. If, however, by the aid of some of his advocates and instigators he should succeed in inaugurating a system based upon his chimeras there would be an end of property. Property could have no value without contract and competition for it, and without value property is not a supposable quantity.

The alarmist says we are told that society in its present state does not possess the elements of stability; that those who are determined something shall be done have able leaders; that the worker is learning that what he has lost as an individual he has gained as a class; that the growing enslavement and degradation of the workers, the development among them of class feeling accompanied by combinations and organizations against the common enemy, extending throughout community and across national boundaries, are among the phenomena we have been led to expect. That we must also look for the larger capitalists to extinguish the smaller until with the accum-

ulation of wealth in the hands of a few collossal capitalists, society will feel the anarchy of production intolerable, and the end of a natural process of transformation must come with the seizing of political control by the proletariat, and the turning of the means of production into state property; when the individual struggle for existence will disappear. He says we are told all this, and a great deal more of its kind, by professional agitators (reformers ?) and traducers of the political systems by whose grace they have been permitted to outlive their usefulness. Of course he does not characterize them thus, but rather as the able leaders of those who are determined something shall be done. His philosophy seems to be intended as a learned monition to humanity that something is about to be done, the character of which he seems to think is indicated in the above stated stultiloquy.

Such absurdity from the pens of time-serving demagogues is not surprising when it is remembered that so grave a philosopher as Herbert Spencer has himself inferred and inquired on some of the same points with scarcely less absurdity. He has said, "Leaving, however, the question—what are likely to be the proximate political changes in the most advanced nations ? and inferring from the changes which civilization has thus far wrought out, that at some time, more or less distant, the industrial type will become permanently established, let us ask—what is to be the ultimate political *regime?*" This is a strange query to come from an evolutionist who insists on the persistence of force, the indestructibility of matter, and the continuity and universal rhythm of motion. The unintelligible dogma of equilibration is no escape from the logically necessary consequences of the postulation of persistence and indestructibility and continuity and universal rhythm as factors in evolution.

Equilibration is no more supposable than annihilation. Even if no more is meant by the term than equipoise, or final direct and uniform motion, it would wrest the earth from its orbit and send it through space in a straight line; it would send the winds all in one direction and at a uniform velocity; it would bring all things to exact likeness in every particular

and thus make of all things but one thing; and variety would become an obsolete term expressing an effete idea. The forms and places of the curves in magnetic lines would cease to change, and the *foci* of magnetic intensity would be obliterated in the entire uniformity of such intensity throughout the whole magnetic system. There would be no more variations of the sun in the ecliptic, nor horary variations corresponding to change of temperature from the diurnal rotation of the earth. for the sun would no longer revolve in the ecliptic, but would be off on an excursion through space in straight line, and the earth would no longer rotate, because the force that tended to turn it in one direction would be exactly equivalent to the force which tended to turn it in the opposite direction. These would be necessary results of equilibration if it were mere equipoise or final direct and uniform motion, and motion itself were *not* extinct. But uniform and direct motion cannot be. No missile ever went straight to the mark. While matter exists motion cannot cease. Entire uniformity of motion would be the extinction of motion. The equilibration of all forces would be the extinction of force. So far as opposing forces are equal they are neutralized, and force consists only in the excess of one of them. If the energy of the universe is in truth disappearing or being dissipated, if the heat of the sun is diminishing daily by so much as is imparted to other bodies in space each day, its substance still remains in existence in some place and in some form; and it cannot be imagined as non-existent or at rest. Then the disappearance or dissipation of its energy cannot be the extinction of such energy. If the material bodies of the universe have integrated from substance in less substantial form, and are constantly disintegrating into such rarefied substance, this implies that such rarefied substance will again be integrated into material bodies. Evolution, based on the persistence of force, the indestructibility of matter, the continuity and universal rhythm of motion, necessarily implies eternally recurring revolution, and not equilibration.

If matter cannot be at rest and motion be uniform, then mind—which is a mere condition or matter—cannot be at rest and its action cannot be uniform. It is entirely too much to

infer that the industrial type will at sometime become permanently established. It is absurd to ask what will be the ultimate political regime. Such things can never be while there remains difference of opinion among men. And such difference of opinion will ever be while there remains even histological difference among them in physical organization, or difference even in minutiæ in the detail of their enviroment. The general political pulse of any society—if such thing were supposable—could not remain at one point for a moment. If the variation is imperceptible, it is there going on as certainly as the moment itself is there going on, for time without change is unthinkable. Time can be neither computed nor conceived except as extending from one event to another, and as including events, and events are themselves change. But waiving this—other and more serious difficulties appear. In order that the industrial type might become permanently established all other types must be extinguished, or merged into it, which would itself be their extinction. Where there are no distinctions type has no meaning, and there must be plurality of types and they must differ or there can be no distinction. No type can be permanently established while others remain in existence, because they cannot be in space and time without bearing some kind of relation to each other. Relation is necessarily some kind of influence or effect, and these are change. The ideas of the permanent establishment of the industrial type, and the ultimate political *regime*, are among the wildest vagaries ever found in philosophy. No type can ever be permanently established because none ever was permanently established. There can be no ultimate political regime because there never was an ultimate political regime. Whatever there is of type or regime must be in time, and time can only be expressed in change.

But to return from Spencer to Kidd—that society in its present state does not possess the elements of stability, ought not to be alarming to a philosopher. No society ever possessed such elements, and they cannot be imparted to or infused in any society by the able leaders of those who are determined something shall be done. Such leaders may inculcate and

spread and intensify an unrest and incendiarism which has always in some measure prevailed, and they may succeed as too often happens in turning the something which they are determined shall be done, to the detriment of their followers. That they are determined something shall be done signifies little or nothing to society, because, even if they were not so determined, time goes right along with its changes and something certainly will be done. The basis of society lies too deep in the evolution of life for society to be seriously affected by either the action or inaction of the able leaders of those who are determined something shall be done. The alleged growing enslavement and degradation of the workers, (the result of the long series of concessions, including universal suffrage and education) and the development of a class feeling among them, accompanied by combinations and organizations against the common enemy, have neither deepened nor widened the chasm that there was between them and the brigand aristocracy at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. "Every evil augury as to the effect of that measure has been falsified." It was one of the long series of concessions made by the common enemy, a measure in the growing enslavement and degradation of the workers who have been enfranchised and afforded education, as a part of their enslavement and degradation. So long as the idea of property prevails the individual struggle for existence cannot disappear, and the means of production cannot be turned into state property. Whatever the anarchy of production may be, the means of production can never belong to the state and remain property. Yet it always was so far a state property that the state would seize and sell it for failure to pay a tax for protection in the use and enjoyment of it. But to make the means of production a state property would be the annihilation of property, and the removal of all incentive to individual exertion. The idea is too silly for serious consideration. Still, something will be done, because something is already done, and is, and has always been doing; but not because an incendiary proletariat and their able leaders are determined finally that something shall be done. Without the individual struggle for existence the individual could not exist,

even if the means of production were made a state property. The state must then struggle for its existence, and its struggle is necessarily the aggregate struggles of the individuals comprising the state. Were society transformed into a vast soup-house, there would still be strife between the boilers of broth and the dispensers of meal-tickets. There would be the same or similar degradation and enslavement of the workers, and there would develope among them the same or similar class feeling accompanied by combinations and organizations against the same or a similar common enemy. The brigand aristocracy would then be Lord High Stewards of the State's cuisine ordering liver and onions for the pottage of a nation. Society might then realize that something had been done.

Of the relation of religion to the evolution of civilization the alarmist says, that no one who approaches the subject with an unbiased mind in the spirit of modern evolutionary science can, for a moment, doubt that the beliefs represented must have some immense utiltitarian function to perform in the evolution which is proceeding. I think religion is not likely to be overestimated in any philosophic consideration of the evolution of civilization, or of human life. No human life was ever entirely devoid of religion, and there never was a civilization in which it did not appear in some form. While religion, if its beliefs were uniform and hence belief instead of beliefs, might be supposed to have a utilitarian function to perform in the evolution now proceeding, it is difficult to conceive how religious beliefs (conflicting of course to be beliefs instead of belief) could have such function to perform and perform it. If one religious belief has such function to perform a different and hence conflicting belief could not perform such function. It is scarcely less difficult to conceive that religion if all religious belief were uniform could have and perform such function. Its function in such evolution cannot he stated in philosophic terms; and as its beliefs vary with the varying types and phases of civilization it would seem that religion and its beliefs were more a product, not of civilization itself, but, of the evolution of civilization, than a factor in the process of such evolution. If the evolution of life is coeval with the application

of force to matter, and if religion does not appear until the process has produced man physically organized, nor until society itself is considerably evolved, it would seem to be a mere additional result of, and not a factor in, the evolution of civilization—a product of the operations of the same forces which have wrought out (so far) the civilization. In saying that religion is not likely to be overestimated in considering the evolution of life and civilization I have not intimated that it operates in such process as a cause. It is purely a consequence; and its importance in such considerations is in the fact that it is a universal consequence, though its form or type varies with the form or type or phase of the civilization where it prevails. Christianity of to-day is as different from Christianity of one hundred years ago, as our Western civilization of to-day is different from our Western civilization of one hundred years ago. To be a cause or factor in the evolution now proceeding, religion must be a force. Whatever performs a utilitarian function must necessarily be a force, or some expression of force. Force is persistent, while religion varies and fluctuates and rises and falls with all the caprices of temperament and fashion, and it is even now trying to make itself appear to be a science. For religion to be really a factor in the evolution of life and civilization, its effects ought to appear in some form further back in the course of life developement, and not be found for the first only in later phases of such development. He who asserts that religious beliefs have an immense utilitarian function to perform in the evolution now proceeding, ought to know and inform his readers what that function is. They can be neither gratified nor edified in being told that it has such function to perform, and then be left to their infinitely various imaginations as to the character of the function.

We are told that "the transforming fact which the scientific development of the nineteenth century has confronted us with is that, as the interest of the social organism and of the individual are and must remain antagonistic, and the former must always be predominant, there can never be found any sanction in individual reason for conduct in societies where the conditions of progress prevail." And again that "the first great

social lesson of these evolutionary doctrines which have transformed the science of the nineteenth century is, that there cannot be such a sanction." And again that "the central fact with which we are confronted in our progressive societies is, that the interests of the social organism and those of the individuals comprising it at any time are actually antagonistic; they never can be reconciled; they are inherently and essentially irreconcilable." The effect of such philosophic pettifogging, if it were effective, would be to augment and intensify the supposed discord out of which the only possible harmony in the social organism must be wrought. The interest of the social organism cannot be supposed to be other than the aggregate interests of the individuals composing the social organism. Apart from such individuals there can be no social organism. Without defining either of such interests one may easily dash off his empty generalizations concerning their alleged antagonism. But philosophic platitude is as vain as any other in the hands of the sincere and discerning inquirer after truth. If the interests of all individuals are really antagonistic to the interests of the social organism, the individuals ought not to coalesce and constitute the social organism, and they would not if they could prevent or avoid it. And if all were so minded they could prevent and avoid it. If the individual has any real interests which could not be best subserved in the social organism, and by means of the social organism, it would be interesting to know what they are. Society is as natural, and almost as necessary, to the life of the individual, as the blood which courses through his veins. Robinson Crusoe would not have exchanged his man Friday for all the wealth of the world, knowing that he had to remain buried alive in his island solitude. Without society wealth means nothing. Individual interests antagonistic to the interests of the social organism are not a supposable quantity, for the latter are a mere aggregation of the former. If individual tendencies are restrained in and by means of the social organism, individual interests are not even modified in or by the social organism. Society based on such a contradiction could not exist, and if Anarchy were given the experiment, individual interests would

speedily procure its overthrow or suppression and the erection of a social organism. Individual interests cannot be supposed apart from and independent of all other individuals. In such case he could not be supposed to have any interests whatever. The moment we suppose him in contact with or in any way related to or dependent upon any other individual, we suppose social organism. This organism may rise through all the various gradations from the mating of a pair of Chimpanzees, up to a Board of Trade or Triple Alliance. But social organism can never be an entity in and of itself, or apart from or independent of the individuals comprising it. It can have no interests antagonistic to theirs, for *it* is *they*. The restraint of individual tendency is not antagonism of individual interest—it is generally the promotion of individual interest—when it is imposed by the social organism.

To say that there can be found in individual reason no sanction for conduct in societies where the conditions of progress prevail, is very unphilosophic unless the real interests of the individual can be best subserved in society where there is the least progress, for we cannot suppose the individual to be entirely without society. The conditions of progress must prevail wherever there is progress, and wherever such conditions do prevail there is progress. These conditions ought to prevail in all society, and wherever they do not prevail society is not very well organized. In some societies progress may not be very progressive, but in those where it is most progressive there are few if any individuals who would exchange places with individuals in societies where there is less progress being made. Something, possibly it is not his individual reason, prompts the individual to cling to his niche in the more progressive society. And those who exchange invariably transport their exalted ideas of progress to and try to impress them upon the societies to which they migrate if they deem them superior to those they find prevailing there. Some individuals may be so depraved as to feel no interest in posterity, and some may have and intend to have no posterity; and the alarmist does not scruple to say that there is no sanction in individual reason for any individual interest in posterity. Rea-

son would scarcely make us such brutes. If the individual has no reasonable interest in posterity society cannot have, for society is the individuals and can have no interests but theirs. Here in our own land within the last thirty years more than two millions of its best citizens were divided against each other in a deadly duel, fighting for a political idea to be transmitted to posterity, each individual knowing that many thousands must fall in the conflict, the results of which to the survivors must be insignificant when compared with what they each intended they should be to posterity. These armies were not made up of howling mobs of anarchists or ruffians seeking an outlet for a pent-up fury or thirsting for blood; but mainly of fathers who were willing to give their lives to perpetuate a social organism based on a specific political idea, to posterity. They each seemed to find in individual reason a sanction for their conduct in society. Indeed such sanction is never questioned by any but the chronic grumblers at prevailing conditions, and sensational alarmists who attempt to dignify their utterances in the tones and terms of philosophy.

Vice could not be more vicious than in attempting to philosophically fan the flames of anarchistic incendiarism which occasionally break out to the destruction of life and property and disturbance of business, and which invariably result, as they should, in the strengthening and tightening of the restraints of law upon lawlessness. He is not the friend of the worker who attempts to give philosophic sanction to insubordination, to cancel patriotism, and countenance communism by arguing that individual interest in posterity is unreasonable. If reason is concerned only with the immediate physical wants of a beast who ought to go upon all fours instead of upright we might conceive how it could refuse to sanction individual interest in posterity, for some quadrupeds actually eat their own offspring. But it is not very ennobling to human character—the reflection that the individual cannot reasonably have any interest in the welfare of posterity. Yet such is the logic of most of the clamor of the malcontents. The natural cannot be regarded unreasonable. Solicitude for offspring is natural. To attempt to circumscribe such solicitude to the immediate off-

spring may be the ambition of time-serving agitators who crave notoriety, but it cannot be done in terms of philosophy.

> "That use is not forbidden usury,
> Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
> That's for thyself to breed another thee,
> Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
> Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
> If ten of thine ten times refigured thee;
> Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
> Leaving thee living in posterity?"

The alarmist says that the process of social development which has been taking place, and which is still in progress in our western civilization is not the product of the intellect, but the motive force is in the altruistic feeling with which our civilization has become equipped. That this altruism and the deepening and softening of character which has accompanied it are the direct and peculiar product of the religious system on which our civilization is founded. And that to Science the significance of the resulting process of evolution, in which all the people are being slowly brought into the rivalry of existence on equal conditions, consists in the single fact that this rivalry has tended to be thereby raised to the highest degree of efficiency as a cause of progress it has ever attained. Fine distinctions may imply a keen perception and accurate discrimination. They may also imply a disposition to equivocate and take refuge in ambiguity and obscurity. If the above propositions were not made in apparent philosophic seriousness, as though they embodied cardinal principles of the evolution of civilization, it might resemble a wrangle over terminology more than philosophic discussion to examine them. But they are made as though they were of grave importance, and upon the supposed distinction between intellect and altruism the validity of the argument is based. If the distinction is illegitimate the argument is fallacious, and its fluent and florid generalities should not be allowed to divert attention from the primary consideration. If some great philosopher should (upon paper) construct a magnificent cosmology based upon assumed ultimate atoms or units of substance, his argument need not be

traced through all the tortuous ramifications it may make for the purpose of testing its validity. It would be sufficient for its overthrow to show, if it could be done, that the assumed ultimate atoms or units of substance were impossible; when of course everything depending upon them is necessarily nothingness. If altruism is only a phase or form or expression of intellectuality then there is no occasion for saying that the process of social development is not a product of intellect, but of altruism. As understood by the school of philosophers that introduced the term, and their definition ought to be authoritative, altruism is a regard for the feelings of others as distinguished from egoism or what is commonly called selfishness. But positive or applied altruism is or embraces an expression of selfishness, or what has been called ego-altruism. It seeks the welfare of others because the subject prefers or desires the welfare of others, and finds its own happiness, which is a form of realized interest, in promoting the welfare of others. No one would of his own volition do or forego anything for the welfare or interest of others unless he desired the welfare or interest of others. In promoting the welfare or interest of others he gratifies this desire which is itself pure selfishness Selfishness then may be or embrace a sentiment which is not necessarily mean or malignant, but altruism without selfishness (ego-altruism) is unthinkable. No choice, desire, or sentiment can be or be expressed without intellect. Altruism then seems to be a phase or form or an expression of intellectuality, because we cannot even think the welfare of others without intellectual action; and when we desire their welfare or interest we carry the intellectual action still further.

But the "process of social development which has been taking place and which is still in progress in our Western civilization is not the product of intellect;" nor has the motive force behind it had its seat and origin in that fund of altruistic feeling with which our civilization has been equipped. Such altruism as there is, is itself one of the products of the same unknown and unknowable motive force which has produced our Western civilization, and indeed all civilization. It is a feature of civilization, or perhaps more accurately one of its

accompaniments, rather than a motive force producing it. The alarmist himself furnishes the data for the verification of this proposition. He says that through the altruistic feeling slavery was practically abolished in the fourteenth century in Europe, and about thirty years ago in North America. But the historical truth is that altruism never abolished slavery in either place. In the northern American States the institution was found to be unprofitable, and a time was fixed at which it should become unlawful. Before the time arrived however nearly every slave worth transportation was sold and sent to the southern States where the institution was considered profitable, and where there was hence less danger of it becoming unlawful. Then half a century later and purely as a war measure it was abolished in the southern States. The Man who did it distinctly declared his purpose not to interfere, and offered to leave the institution undisturbed, and even protect it if the rebellious States would resume their allegiance to Federal authority within a given time. Yet people are so eager for idols that this Man is immortalized as a Liberator. He was a great Statesman, and a great man. but his altruistic feelings had nothing whatever to do with the abolition of slavery. He deserves the undying gratitude aud admiration of humanity for his wisdom, courage, integrity, moderation, and in truth almost all the elements of greatness; and for the part he took in preserving the best social organism yet organized. But if altruism had actuated him in abolishing slavery he would scarcely have offered to protect it if the rebellious States would resume their allegiance within a few months from the date of the Emancipation Proclamation.

The altruistic feeling may not be a disagreeable one when it does not conflict with personal interest to be altruistic. It may be positively agreeable when one sees or thinks he sees how it may promote his interests. But if the altruistic feeling abolished slavery in Europe in the fourteenth century and in America in the nineteenth, it is difficult to understand its indifference to the alleged miseries of the laborer whom the alarmist now says is "no longer a man as nature made him." Altruism seems to be very capricious in its compassions. The

altruistic development and deepening and softening of character which are said to have accomplished it, are *not* the direct and peculiar product of the religious system on which our civilization is said to be founded, unless the office of such system was to substitute for slavery a system fraught with more misery; or unless the alarmist is fighting a phantom of his own contriving. If as he says, the laborer has ceased to be a man as nature made him, and the Nemesis of poverty sits a hollow-eyed spectre at the feast, and a new patrician class has arisen with all the power but *none of the character or responsibilities* of the old one; the altruistic feeling which abolished the slavery of the older (Feudal) system, was the expression of more duplicity than ought to be attributed to any direct and peculiar product of Christianity. It was a delusion and a snare. If we attempt to trace our civilization to Christianity and deduce it therefrom as an essential product of such religious system, we have only to contemplate the thumb-screws and wheels and dungeons and halters and headblocks and stakes, which, during seventeen centuries of Christianity outnumbered its altars and fonts and spires and shrines, to see that while it may have deepened character, it had not softened it by developing a very exalted type of altruism. Within the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries civilization has drawn the fangs of the religious system, and character may be somewhat softened; but if the alarmist is right in his cheerless picture of the condition of the worker, the altruism which he says is the direct and peculiar product of the religious system is still a delusion and a snare. If the altruistic development and deepening and softening of character are indeed the direct and peculiar product of the religious system, it seems to have required a long time for the religious system to begin to produce. With the family feud between Popery and Protestantism Truth is in no way concerned. They both butchered for Christianity until muzzled by Civilization in the true altruistic spirit which has had its supreme expression in the life of the Founder of Christianity, and which has been faintly resonant through the centuries in the lives of some who have not made it their business to inform or persuade men that they were wretched.

There is among phenomena so much that cannot be accounted for, and so little that can be intelligibly explained, that he who ventures into the realms of the unreal with his speculations would seem to have more courage than discretion. However natural and irresistible may be the tendency to seek the how and the why of all wherefore, it seems to be apparent that no human mind can ever compass them. The ambitious aspirations of the human mind continuously goad it to exertions as far above its capacity as the final comprehension of wisdom is beyond its grasp. The more difficult and abstruse and complex the nature of the subject, the more it tempts to determined but necessarily futile speculation. Yet such speculation which is but a polite name for guess-work is the ever ready expedient of the wise-acre; and it seems to be practically inexhaustible. When conducted on principles of enlightened reason and in conformity with requirements of an honest logic, its deductions may be entitled to respectful consideration. But when, as is too generally the case, it ignores the essential conditions of psychological necessity and follows its own irresponsible caprices to improvised cause of effect which is itself not understood, however scholastically it may proceed, it may weary and confuse, or it may entertain; but it certainly cannot enlighten.

Fashion is a very whimsical mistress. It is one of her caprices that sociology is become a favorite theme of the vaulting aspirants to literary fame, each of whom has his peculiar philosophy or science of sociology. These peculiar philosophies and sciences are based on alleged principles and constructed of improvised data as various as the temperaments of their several authors. To give the world something new on the subject of sociology is a favorite ambition among the learned; and if originality were equivalent to wisdom they should be congratulated for their achievements. They are not without their absurdities; one of the most glaring of which is the attempt to philosophically attribute the evolution of our civilization to the Christian religion. Another one is the attempt to credit that religion with a new development of the alleged altruistic feeling as a part of the process of the evolution of our civilization. I am

not proposing a cause of the evolution of our civilization, nor denying the cooperation of the Christian religion therein. But there is no more philosophy or reason in the claim that such religion caused or cooperated in such evolution than there is in the claim that the crucifixion of One was necessary to appease the just wrath of the Almighty with innumerable millions of others. The facts to be noted will plainly show that however true the claim may really be, it is utterly unreasonable; and that all the parade of pedantry possible cannot make it appear otherwise. The amenities of cultured life cannot rightfully require or justify such stultification as is essentially perpetrated in calling the coolest and most keenly calculating of all selfishness by such misleading names as the altruistic feeling and enlightened self-interest. Candor forbids the arrogation by any religion of a monopoly of the qualities which are said to have engendered or developed the alleged altruism. To be reverent —to be even reasonable—we must, if we regard Christianity the true religion, ascribe its institution to the infinite love and wisdom and power of the Almighty. If we propose to be reasonable we must leave the subject—its origin nature and essence—at this point. We can only ascribe its institution to such love and wisdom and power in order to reasonably regard it the true religion. But the subject of its origin nature and essence cannot be stated in philosophic terms, nor discussed in the language of reason, nor illustrated in any cognizable phenomena.

If it is true as a champion of Theism declares, that no religious creed that *man has ever devised* can be made to harmonize in all its features with modern *knowledge*; and if, as he further declares, all such creeds were constructed with reference to theories of the universe which are now utterly and hopelessly discredited, it would seem that man can never construct or devise a reliable or trustworthy creed of any valid religion. It is remarkable that learned and acute minds would not see the inevitable ruin of their favorite theories which such blunders as the above declarations of the Theist logically entail. A religious creed devised or constructed by man must be at most his mere belief concerning something about which he can have no know-

ledge. And when it is found that such creed cannot be made to harmonize in all its features with his *knowledge*, the invalidity of the creed is manifest. A religious creed to have any validity cannot be devised or constructed by man. It must come from a higher Power. If it is constructed or devised by man with reference to any theory of the universe then prevailing, it can be no more than his merely subjective condition, produced or caused by the view he takes of the prevailing theory of the universe in its supposed relation to the imagined object of his creed. If the religious creed varies with the successively prevailing theories of the universe, then every change or modification of such theory must cause a change or modification of such creed. These changes and modifications are simply new theories and new creeds. If a religious creed must be modified or changed in order to harmonize with *knowledge*, it cannot be valid; knowledge, to be such, must be true. If the term religious creed means anything to the purpose in such discussion, it must mean a belief in the existence and providence of an Almighty, and man's subordination to and dependence upon him. To some it may seem better to say it must mean a belief in the existence of an Almighty Providence, and man's dependence upon It. But aside from his religious creed, however fanciful and even fantastical it may be, no man has any knowledge whatever of the Being which is supposed to be the object of his creed. That there is no definite knowledge in or essential to his creed is manifest in the fact that his creed is and will be just whatever the external agencies affecting man may make of it. External agencies are practically unlimited in variety, and the variety of the effect of their influences is aggravated or augmented by the various and varying tone and temperament and physical predilection of men. The various results of the influences of external agencies affecting the subject are their various and chimerically constructed creeds, with their chimerically constructed Gods made to fit the creeds; and so constructed as to be prepared to adjust Themselves, Proteanly, to such variations as successive theories of the universe may require the religious creeds to take on.

The various Gods of the various religious creeds having no known existence outside the imagination of the subject who constructs or affects the creed, must necessarily give up even that precarious existence as successive theories of the universe successively explode the chimerical creeds. But human ingenuity is not to be long deprived of its idols, and while it will no longer construct them with its hands out of stocks and stones, it will aesthetically construct them with its intellectual faculties out of the debris remaining over when the same intellectual faculty has constructed a new theory of the universe. And to avoid the imputation of old fogyism, the intellectual faculty has taken to constucting its Gods in such manner as to fit as nearly as may be with the latest theories of the universe. If the formerly prevailing and now exploded theories of the universe which formed the bases of the invalid and obsolete creeds are now properly discredited, it seems like assuming that we are exceedingly sapient if we maintain that any prevalent theory of the universe now forming the basis of any prevalent creed will not itself go the same way. It becomes clear that no valid creed of any valid religion can depend for its validity upon any mere human theory of the universe. If all theories of the universe down to date are now properly discredited, then the one or ones now prevailing will likewise be properly discredited. Mental progress and intellectual attainment consist more in the ascertainment of what is not, than in definitely and finally ascertaining what is. Almost every achievement of the mind has involved a disclosure of some preceeding fallacy in its supposed achievements. The mind cannot conceive of the cessation of mental progress or intellectual attainment while time continues. Time was never known except as attended and measured by progress. Occasional apparent retrogression is only a phase of the general movement the net quotient of which is progress. If a prevalent Theism is devised or constructed by man with reference to a prevalent theory of the universe, and this is as much as its votaries can reasonably claim for it; and if it has properly supplanted older creeds devised or constructed by man with reference to theories of the universe which are now

properly exploded by the doctrine of a now prevalent theory of the universe, and if this is the legitimate work of the evolution of the idea of God, then the prevalent Theism is certain to be properly displaced by a religious creed hereafter to be devised by man with reference to some future theory of the universe. The continuous acquisition of the so-called knowledge which we dignify with the name of intellectual attainment works a continuous change in the theory of the universe. Such intellectual attainment must cease if there is ever to be a permanent theory of the universe. No religious creed constructed or devised by man with reference to such shifting and varying theory can have any stability. Intellectual attainment cannot cease, and Truth cannot fluctuate. So there can be no valid religious creed devised or constructed by man with reference to any theory of the universe. As the Gods of such religious creeds can exist only in the imagination of man who creates and is forced to abandon such creeds, the modern as well as the ancient theologies would seem to consist mainly of idol making and idol breaking and idol worship. If the idols of the ancients were hewn out of wood and stone and propitiated in blood, the idols of the modern theologies are aesthetically devised and constructed by man from the debris left over on the construction of the successive theories of the universe; and they are aesthetically propitiated in the stultification essential to their worship; and they are aesthetically demolished in the construction of new creeds with reference to new theories of the Universe.

Speaking by way of comparison with the past the Theist says:—"Since that morning twilight of history there has been no era so strongly marked, no change so swift or so far reaching in the conditions of human life, as that which began with the great maritime discoveries of the fifteenth century and is approaching its culmination to-day." From other passages too wordy to be quoted here it is apparent that the Theist is, or thinks he is, also an evolutionist. But evolution admits of no such thing as an era, and certainly of no such thing as the culmination of an era. For the sake of harmony he has attempted to express his supposed cataclysms and leaps in the

more evolutionary term of strides; but evolution will come more nearly to harmonizing with or admitting leaps and cataclysms than eras and culmination. If we arbitrarily suppose an era in evolution—and it must be arbitrarily supposed if supposed at all—we cannot suppose its culmination in anything supposable. We can only suppose the constant rhythmic change as carrying the process forward into further development of the subject matter evolving; its occasional apparent retrogression being merely an expression of the rythm of the movement.

If, as above stated, the subject of the origin, nature and essence of religion cannot be stated in philosophic terms, nor argued in the language of reason, nor illustrated in any cognizable phenomena; yet the alleged relation of religion to our civilization may be considered. And the terms of philosophy and language of reason and illustrations of cognizable phenomena may be employed in ascertaining the appropriate provinces of our faculties, and, in so doing, necessarily demonstrating that the divine, in order to be divine, must be above and beyond their range. In the presence of manifestations of the divine the truly philosophic mind bows itself in adoration (worship) instead of attempting to make them appear reasonable—and thus making itself appear ridiculous. The most that any mind has ever accomplished in that direction was to show the invalidity of former philosophies of the same subject; and no one has propounded or ever will propound a valid philosophy of it. While we may not arbitrarily set bounds to the intellectual reach, we must recognize certain philosophical necessities. Among these are the mind's perennial aspiration, its inevitable and universal balk, its acting only in response to excitation and only as it is equipped and fitted to act by agencies beyond its control, its subjection to logic in all its candid action, its inseparability from the principle of reverence, its enslavement to superstitions which it forever tries to justify in reason, and its duplicity with itself in all effort to attain the unattainable. Sincere introspection will disclose others.

By what may properly be called psychological necessity we are forced to believe that if the Almighty is infinite in His

attributes He has always been infinite in them; and we cannot suppose them to have been augmented from the finite to the infinite in any measurable portion of time. Whatever we properly regard as infinite we must suppose to have always been infinite, because we cannot conceive or think the progress necessary to attain to infinity from finitude. The infinite love, wisdom and power of the Almighty cannot be conceived of as having increased since the institution of Christianity, from the mind's sheer inability to think the increase of that which is already infinite. But in most theologies the term infinite love, is a contradiction. They generally embrace the idea of divine wrath. As wrath and vengeance are contradictory to love and mercy or grace, these latter must be limited by the former, and hence neither the divine love nor divine wrath can be infinite. Yet we can conceive no limit to the love that would institute a true religious system for the salvation of a race justly under condemnation; and we can conceive no limit to the wrath that would eternally damn a soul for acts to which it was by nature inclined; and yet we must suppose that if the two opposites coexist they mutually limit each other. The unavoidable consequence is that neither the origin, nature, nor essence of any true religion can be stated in philosophic terms, nor discussed in the language of reason, nor illustrated in any cognizable phenomena. Every possible postulation in religious philosophy which shall be traced to its necessary logical results, will lead to a similar antinomy. St. Paul was at least consistent in abstaining from the attempt to teach the hidden wisdom in the enticing words of man's wisdom; and object lessons in the history of the race during the prevalence of Christianity demonstrate the folly of the attempts made by modern apostles.

For instance, during more than twelve centuries Christianity has been the religious creed of a very respectable proportion of the human race. It has been known and rejected by nearly half the human race for longer than that. It has been in vogue for about nineteen centuries and there are a great many members of the race, for whom, if it is the true religion, it was divinely intended, who cannot be said to have known of it all.

If it is the true religion it is necessary to the salvation of man, and without it man is damned. If since its institution a soul has been saved without its aid, it was not necessary to the salvation of that soul at least. Unless we can conceive of an inherent difference in the nature of human souls, we cannot conceive of the necessity of Christianity to the salvation of any soul unless we maintain that since its institution no soul has been saved without its aid. We cannot conceive that those who received it at its institution were responsible for the loss of the souls of those who died in their time without it. Of course some of them were directed to go into all nations and preach the gospel to every creature, but unless the death rate were arrested a great many must die and be damned before the gospel could reach them. To the human mind there are three horns to this dilemma. The alleged divine economy was at fault, or divine wrath exceeded divine love, or the religion was unnecessary to the salvation of souls and was not the true religion.

To say that Christianity has been the religious creed of part of the race does not very definitely state their creed. It is so variously interpreted and applied as to seem more properly a cluster of creeds than a creed. Yet if we regard it the true and definite creed, we must suppose its principles to have always been exactly the same, for principles cannot be supposed to change. Its tenets as held by its adherents, and its ritual as administered by its priests, and its philosophies as taught by its sages, were ever inconstant in essence and effect. But if we attempt nevertheless to regard it the true religion we must suppose it to be based upon principles, and to have an efficacy for the accomplishment of the purpose of its institution. And we must suppose its principles and inherent efficacy to have always been what they now are and must forever be. We must suppose this even while recognizing that the religion was instituted in time. Otherwise we must suppose that it may not be the true religion. To such psychologic straits does reasoning drive the philosopher who traces the postulations and dogmas of the creeds to their necessary logical results.

It is manifestly unreasonable to suppose that a religion divinely instituted and intended for the salvation of all men would be in vogue for more than eighteen centuries without being extended to the entire race. It is more unreasonable to suppose that such a religion would be variously interpreted and applied by people of the same race and differing with each other only in such variations as arise from climatic causes. Yet if we brook all this we are still unable to see in the religion itself an active working factor in the evolution of our civilization. It is equally as difficult to see in it an efficient cause of an alleged new development of the alleged altruistic feeling. That which is divinely intended for the salvation of the entire race ought to reach all its beneficiaries (or victims) in less time than nineteen centuries. If it is an institution of divine grace and promulgated by divine love and wisdom and power, each of which is infinite, it is difficult to understand why its dissemination has been so restricted and so barren of results. As the nervous mechanism and receptivity of each individual of the race are constructed on one and the same general plan, and regulated by the same psychological laws (so far as regulated at all) the import of the divine message ought to be exactly the same to all who receive it. If it is really essential to the weal of the race either temporal or spiritual it is essential to the weal of each and every individual of the race; and there is criminal negligence somewhere in its being not yet proclaimed to every individual who has existed since its institution. If there is not such criminal negligence in such fact, then the religion was never of any consequence to the race, either temporal or spiritual, nor to any individual of the race. Even if climatic causes have effected such racial differences among the different sections of humanity as that a divine message must necessarily be differently interpreted and applied among them, the difficulty is not obviated. It is only removed a little way, and we come to it again as certainly as we persist in the attempt, logically, to fix the religion with responsibility for an alleged new development of the so-called altruistic feeling, or to trace our civilization to it as an efficient cause. Indeed, if religious creeds are devised and constructed by man with

reference to theories of the universe, then the religion itself is a product of the same forces which cause the evolution of our civilization; and instead of being a causative factor in such evolution, it is a mere feature or phase of the civilization so evolving; its creeds changing in substance and in form to keep pace with the advancing philosophic refinement of such theories of the universe.

According to the more fashionable sociologists our boasted civilization has its finest expression in and among peoples of Anglo-Saxon blood. This peculiar strain has been *in esse* in all its distinctness and with all its susceptibility for more than a thousand years. At least it was in vogue in as much distinctness and with as much susceptibility as it ever had more than a thousand years ago. During all this time it has been exposed to the influences of Christianity, the advocates of which have constantly plied the susceptible Anglo-Saxon with its precepts and persuasions and premonitions. They have assured him that it was instituted by divine love and wisdom and power for the salvation of all men; and that the alternative was their damnation. They have shown him the historical truth that one of its most intellectual and hence most formidable opponents was by its divine power instantaneously transformed into its greatest terrestrial champion. This proselyte was of Jewish extraction, and there was never in the Hebrew blood any peculiar susceptibility to the influences of Christianity. As a race the Chosen are as stiff-necked as ever, and they have maintained their racial integrity for near forty centuries under circumstances which would have extinguished the last vestige of racial characteristic in any other people. As above stated, if we regard Christianity the true religion, it is psychologically necessary to suppose its efficacy to have always been infinite; and that its transforming power has never been either finite or augmented. The same voice, though in varying tones and accents, which arrested the belligerent Tent-maker on his expedition to Damascus, has been constantly calling from heaven to the susceptible Anglo-Saxon for more than a thousand years. Yet according to the latest and most *recherche* science of sociology

it has but recently succeeded in awakening in him, and producing a new development of, the alleged altruistic feeling.

These are some of the object lessons in the history of the race during the prevalence of Christianity, which demonstrate the folly in the attempts made by modern apostles to teach the hidden wisdom in the enticing words of man's wisdom.

It is not necessarily disparaging to Christianity to deny its responsibility for our civilization as well as for the alleged new development of the so-called altruistic feeling. If it is the true religion it cannot be made more respectable or sacred by any human estimate that may be placed upon it; and its discreet advocates will promptly disclaim for it all proffered credit for achievements which it has not achieved. A philosopher cannot—perhaps a fanatic can—conceive how a plain statement of historical truth can be offensive to a spirit of rectitude. Any logically necessary sequence of actual fact is a truth, as well as the existence of the fact itself. Philosophy consists in great part of the necessary deductions from and sequences of such fact. But to be philosophical such deductions and sequences must be the necessary ones, logically deduced from and necessarily following such fact. Casual coincidence and succession are not in themselves sufficient for philosophic cause and effect. Where the alleged cause has been present for a long time before the supposed effect appears, and when the alleged cause has been present for a longer time and the supposed effect never distinctly appears, philosophy wastes no time in constructing fanciful effect and tracing it to chimerical cause. The application is obvious. If our boasted civilization really has its finest expression in and among peoples of Anglo-Saxon blood, it must be because of a peculiar adaptation of such blood for the development of such civilization; and not because of any peculiar efficacy of Christianity therefor. Yet Christianity may be more conducive to the development of such civilization than any of the other religions, by being merely less inimical to it. But however the fact may really have been, there is good philosophic reason in well known historic fact, for attributing the superiority of our civilization to the peculiar adaptation of the Anglo-Saxon blood rather than to any supposed efficacy of

Christianity therefor. It is known that for about eight centuries our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were little better than naked barbarians, while Christianity with all its efficacy for the development of civilization, was the religious creed of peoples whose lineal descendants still profess it, and whom our modern sociologists now declare are far behind us in the development of civilization. It is historically true that Christianity has prevailed in certain countries for near eighteen centuries, and that the peoples of such countries enjoyed a more refined civilization during a few centuries next before, than during at least seventeen centuries next after the institution and general prevalence of Christianity among them. It is to be remarked that if Christianity has transformed the "hair-mantled, flint-hurling, Aboriginal Anthropophagus" of Britain into a polished professor of pansophy, its effect upon the Antochthones of the Mediteranean peninsulas and islands has not been so striking. To claim that it is better adapted to more northern latitudes is to question the economic wisdom of its Founder, who planted it originally much nearer the tropics than even these islands and peninsulas of the Mediteranean.

If historic truth has any philosophic significance, it would seem that the intensification of the idea of property—in other words, selfishness—has done more to promote and develope our civilization than any religious feeling (idea ?) has done. If individual security in the ownership and enjoyment of property could be had without it, mankind would tolerate very few of the restraints of civilization. In such case no known religion would be adequate to the development of such a civilization as now prevails among the modern Anglo-Saxons. We have only to look back to Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, Thebes, Tyre, Carthage, and Palmyra, for the conclusive proof that Commerce—the most elegant and emphatic expression of the most intense idea of property—and not religion, is the Foster-Mother of all civilization. The individual selfishness that lies at the base of all intelligible idea of property, and not the alleged altruistic feeling of the modern Anglo-Saxon—further than it is itself an expression of selfishness—is the spur to that

which fashionable sociologists boast as the greatest refinement of national culture.

Still, it cannot be denied, and for the purposes of philosophy it may be admitted, that the type and tone of the civilization prevailing in some countries more thoroughly or more nearly Christian, are, according to our ideas of national culture, superior to the type and tone of the civilization prevailing in countries less thoroughly or less nearly Christian. This however must be taken with the equally significant fact that the tropical and southern American States are as intensely religious as the northern American States, and that some of the southern and south eastern States of Europe are more intensely religious than the British and German States; while far inferior in point of civilization. This requires the recognition of another factor in the development of civilization, and one that appears to be more potent than any religion can be esteemed. Climatic cause would seem to be effective, if not directly, then ultimately; in conducing to the intensification, or, it may be, to the quiescence, of the idea of property by stimulating or repressing the industrial tendency. But if we attempt to ascribe the stronger industrial tendency of temperate and northern latitudes to climatic cause, we are confronted with difficulties more serious than any yet encountered. We have to explain the co-existence of the huts and wigwams and mounds of the Ohio and the Missouri, with the Temples and Pyramids and Highways of Mexico and Peru. The sinuous belt of civilization that encircled the globe during the first ten or twelve centuries of the prevalence of Christianity, ran too near the equator to consist very consistently with the modern philosophy of climatic cause. If Christianity were an efficient cause for the glorious effect which we proudly call our civilization, it ought, philosophically, to have the same effect in all latitudes. It purports to be the true religion of the one and only God, instituted for the weal of all men. And while it may be historically true, that the civilization which we regard the most elegant and refined yet known, prevails only in Christian countries, there is really no philosophic significance in the fact. The same religion prevails in many countries which are as

uncivilized as other countries in the same latitudes with them, where Mohammedanism and Buddhism prevail.

Some of the facts then may seem to imply that Christianity has bred and fostered our civilization, and in another connection I have urged this as a historical truth; and as a truth sufficient of itself to silence all objection to the validity of Christianity. But I also urged there as I urge here, that the validity of the system cannot be either assailed or defended philosophically. The supposed superiority of our civilization cannot be *philosophically* attributed to the influences of Christianity, nor to it in co-operation with alleged climatic causes. As many of the facts of history, and they are equally significant, forbid its being so accounted for, as would admit of its being so accounted for. No really valid religion can have anything in common with reason or philosophy. The results of the influences of Christianity are more in the nature of miraculous manifestations, than of philosophic facts or reasonable results. There is a great deal of well known historical truth concerning facts, which are in themselves utterly unreasonable. Their coincidence with other facts, and their sequences, may sometimes suggest the ideas of correlation and consequence. When their coincidence and sequence are observed, these are apt to start the tongues and pens of the wiseacres, each of whom has a peculiar theory of the manifestation, which he proceeds to verify in philosophy, and the world is edified with his elegant and elaborate folly.

In the preface to his booklet on The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Kowledge, the Theist refers to a lecture he had delivered before an august assembly called the Concord School of Philosophy and says, "My address was designed to introduce the discussion of the question whether pantheism is the legitimate outcome of modern knowledge. It seemed to me that the object might best be attained by passing in review the various modifications which the idea of God has undergone in the past, and pointing out the shape in which it is likely to survive the rapid growth of modern knowledge, and especially the establishment of the great doctrine of evolution which is fast obliging us to revise our opinions upon all subjects what-

soever." No opinion needs revision until known to be erroneous, or at least until believed to be erroneous. When known or believed to be erroneous it ceases to be an opinion, and gives place to other opinion, or, it may be obliterated and leave the mind devoid of intelligible opinion upon the subject to which it related. But allowing the supposed revision of opinion, and also allowing that the idea of God is opinion, it would still be very severe upon Theology, and especially upon Theism, if the growth of modern knowledge and the establishment of the doctrine of evolution require the revision of such opinion. Modern knowledge must be truth in order to be knowledge; and if it requires the revision of the idea of God it must be because of error in such idea. Theology is or purports to be the idea of God. Parallel, or rather identical with this—religion is the feeling of God. Theism is the phase of this idea or feeling, in which God is regarded a personal Being, independent of and distinct from the world, indeed the Creator of the world. It is becoming fashionable to maintain that He created the world through and by means of the process of evolution, the doctrine of which seems to be so well established that even Theism tries to conform itself to it.

The reverent religious mind delights in the notion that its God is immortal and immutable. Should it detect Him terminating or changing His existence in order to conform to modern knowledge of the world He has created, it might lose all respect for Him. It could scarcely worship an Almighty Groveller to public opinion, however fashionable and authoritative such opinion might seem to be. The modifications which the idea of God is said to have undergone in the past, if they have been undergone, were necessarily so many changes of such idea. The idea after the change was different from the idea before the change, and necessarily another idea. An idea is a subjective condition, or a phase of a subjective condition. The existence of the subject having the idea is mechanically caused. The subjective condition itself and its phases are also mechanically caused. The God of such subject exists (for him) only in the sensation, feeling, idea, which he has of such God; namely, in his subjective condition so mechanically caused, or

some phase of such condition. If the idea of God has undergone change in the past, the Gods of those whose ideas have been so changed have been relegated to non-existence, and new ones have been made and substituted in their stead by the growth of knowledge (of the world) which has caused such change of ideas. If further revision of such ideas is required by the growth of modern knowledge and the doctrine of evolution, then the present God or Gods must give place to new ones to be constructed in later and better style and conformably to such modern knowledge and evolutionary doctrine. If the existence of the subject is mechanically caused—and the evolutionary doctrine is that such existence is a mere form of the expression of force—and if the subjective condition and its phases are also mechanically caused, then the idea of God is mechanically caused. The same evolutionary doctrine holds that all ideas orginate in sensation, and that all sensation is mechanically caused. The variety of the idea of God also implies that the idea is mechanically caused.

Very few persons have definitely and intelligibly expressed identical ideas of God. In truth no person ever had a definite and intelligible idea of Him. The indefinite and unintelligible ideas of Him which have undergone change in the past, and which modern knowledge and the evolutionary doctrine require to be revised in the future, can never, by such means become definite intelligible and true ideas of an immortal and immutable God. No mind can suppose either the beginning or end of the acquisition or growth of knowledge, or of the process of evolution. So long as these continue the idea of God, if required to run in their grooves, must be constantly changing in order to keep itself adapted to them. If the idea of God must be modified and made to conform to knowledge of the world as it grows (changes), if such idea must continuously adjust itself to the continuously growing (evolving) doctrine of evolution, then the existence of God Himself must be modified and such existence must be continuously adjusting itself to the continuously growing, evolving, changing, of the physical world to which such knowledge and evolutionary doctrine relate. The alleged knowledge of the world and the doctrine of evolution,

are simply sums of impressions made by the world (phenomena) upon the minds of those who have promulgated such knowledge and doctrine. They constitute the subjective condition of those who are, or imagine they are, impressed by physical phenomena in a manner which they attempt to express in their alleged knowledge and in their doctrine of evolution They can generally account for such impressions in a provisional manner, so as to imply that the nerve organism is affected thus and so by contact, tactual, aural, visual, gustatory, or olfactory, with physical phenomena. They may attribute the retention of such impressions to a peculiar chemical quality of or quantity in the nerve substance, namely, its phosphorescence. They may attribute the coordination of such impressions into thoughts, ideas, and alleged knowledge, to some other peculiar quality of or quantity in the same nerve substance, namely, the inherited and acquired tendency of its activities. They may even attribute its activities to something. Force is the final refuge of the evolutionist. As force is inseparable from matter, and as matter cannot be conceived of as apart from force, they are psychologically two names for one—what? If the evolutionist should successfully attribute these or this to somewhat further he might be better qualified and entitled to insist on the modification of the idea of God conformably to the evolutionary doctrine. If the evolutionary doctrine that ideas are the sums of impressions originating in sensation, and that sensations are coordinated according to inherited and acquired aptitudes, is correct, then the idea of God must be mechanically caused. A sensory organ must in some manner have a sensation or impression of Him. This sensation or impression must be registered and retained in the sensorium by virtue of the phosphorescence of some parts of the nerve substance, and it must be assimilated or coordinated into thought or idea by the inherited and acquired aptitude of the nerve organism of the particular subject having the idea. As the mind cannot conceive of such thing as direct aural, tactual, visual, gustatory, or olfactory sensation or impression of the Almighty, it cannot conceive how it is to have any sensation or impression of Him. The chimerical fancies which the mind

may have of its God, engendered in the nursery and fostered by fanaticism, can never rise to the dignity of ideas. An idea of God, in the sense in which we say idea of any supposable physical phenomena, is a psychological impossibility.

The Theist insists on a personal God as the independent Creator of the world. He denies that Pantheism is the legitimate outcome of modern science, and disputes its claim to verification, in the doctrine of evolution. He insists on tacking his alleged Theism to the document containing the evolutionary doctrine, and proposes the modification of the idea of God (the personal and independent Creator of the world) to conform to modern knowledge and the evolutionary doctrine. He reduces the personal and independent Creator of the world to subserviency to, or at best to identity with, the world which He has created, and to which such modern knowledge and evolutionary doctrine relate. While definite and intelligible ideas of God are psychologically impossible, yet if they were within human capacity, they could not logically be subordinated and required to conform to knowledge of the world and the evolutionary doctrine, unless the world to which such knowledge and doctrine relate, is superior to Him, or at least equal to or identical with Him. In such case He could not be supposed to be its Creator, and the Theist, by the logic of his own dogmas, becomes a Pantheist. According to his own philosophy Theism is an absurdity. He has the idea of the personal God (the independent Creator of the world) dancing attendance upon modern knowledge of the world and the doctrine of evolution. As God exists objectively for no one, but subjectively for each one, he subordinates such God to physical phenomena by requiring the supposed idea of Him to conform to a supposed knowledge of such phenomena.

Religion is a various and varying and confused and conflicting expression of the so-called idea of God. It is as various and varying and confused and conflicting as the so-called modern knowledge of the world and doctrine of evolution. The Christian creed is merely a form of the expression of such so-called idea of God; and is itself as various and varying and confused and conflicting as the so-called knowledge of the

world. Yet it is more learnedly than philosophically said to be an active agency in the evolution of our civilization. To be such an agency it must (philosophically) be in and of itself a force, and not an effect. The force of which philosophy takes cognizance is constant. Various effects are merely different expressions of force in different applications. If religion in any form, or in the aggregate of all its forms, is a force, it need not, and indeed it cannot, be varied or modified or changed by means of any so-called knowledge of the effect of some other supposed force. If the so-called idea of God is in any way affected by the growth of modern knowledge, it is a mere fleeting phantom, it is merely one of the forms in which force expresses itself; and it must vary as the same force differently expresses itself in the change of expression which constitutes the growth of modern knowledge. In no form in which such so-called idea may find expression, not even in Christianity, can it be philosophically regarded an active agency in the evolution of our civilization. By constantly varying to keep pace with the growth of modern knowledge and to fit the doctrine of evolution (which is itself evolving and not established) it continuously becomes what it was not, until it now resembles the religion of the Apostles about as much as theirs resembled the religion of the Antediluvian Patriarchs. One can speak of it as cause of the evolution of our civilization with about as much philosophic propriety as he can speak of the *establishment* of the doctrine of evolution, or "the *goal* toward which the process of evolution is tending."

Evolution is irreconcilable with the establishment of anything, even the doctrine of evolution itself. According to the doctrine of evolution the evolutionary idea itself has evolved from former crude conceptions of cosmos. On its own hypothesis it must continue evolving forever, for force is persistent. No mind can think the goal toward which the process tends. As place it cannot be localized, and as condition it cannot be regarded permanent. Evolution necessitates matter, and matter cannot become extinct, and it is inseparable from force. Force can only be thought as an efficient cause of effect upon matter. One of these effects is the doctrine of evolution as

expressed in the philosophies to which Theology is cowardly cringing. Another of these effects is civilization, for the development of which Theology vainly claims credit. If religion has anything in common with reason, and if the idea of God is really affected by modern knowledge, another of these effects is the varying state of religion as expressed in the various confused and conflicting ideas of God. If there is a goal toward which the process tends, and if it is place, the process must continue until the goal shall be reached. Matter must then become extinct, for if it remains *in esse*, force, which is persistent, will impel it beyond the goal. If such goal is condition it must be attainable, and the process must continue until the goal shall be attained. Matter must then become extinct, for if it remains *in esse*, force, which is persistent, will affect it in some way, and affection is change of condition. So the mind which is not prepared to extinguish matter need not concern itself about the establishment of the doctrine of evolution, or the existence of the goal toward which evolution tends.

CONCLUSION.

The work which I have so far been engaged in must, like all other literary performances, close without being completed. Nothing of a philosophical character in literature was ever entirely finished. As we cannot legitimately suppose the end of progress and the final attainment of perfection in wisdom or in morals, it is not likely that any such literary enterprise ever will so culminate. If the name by which I have called my work implies an ambition disproportionate to the ability manifest in its performance, I am still unable to find anything which I can regard a more appropriate name for it than the Ethics of Literature.

In Literature a great deal of sheer nonsense has been dressed in the fashionable garb of learning, and sold under the protected proprietary trade-mark of this or that system of alleged philosophy. If, in questioning the propriety of such unsystematic literary system, the examples or specimens which I have examined have been selected in a somewhat desultory manner, I may say that in *their* several philosophies the data are not only *so* selected, but I think I have shown that their several enunciations of doctrine and principles were even more irregular.

In a brief biographical sketch of an eminent (once an immient) American, who has received his full shares of attention, it is said, "His writings, though marked by an ethical and spiritual vitality of the highest order, are utterly devoid of system, and pervaded by a certain mystical quality, charming to some but bewildering to others. His intellectual gems are profusely sown throughout his pages according to no visible or conscious method, and with settings that seem quite accidental; but they glow with a genuine lustre wherever found. To the arts and processes of the logician he pays no regard, evidently thinking that they tend to belittle, rather than exalt the truth."

It will be remembered that Carlyle also prated a great deal about what he contemptuously called Attorney Logic, and set all the rules of literary decorum at defiance, and distorted a

genuine genius in eccentric buffoonery and the snarls of a disgruntled literary hypochondriac. If one will take the pains to set the gems which Emerson has so profusely sown throughout his pages in anything like a natural order and connection, or relation to each other and to any supposable train of philosophic thought, he will find he has grouped together more brilliant contradiction and incongruity than philosophy.

No truth, and hence no sound philosophy, was ever in itself necessarily illogical. No truth, and hence no sound philosophy, was ever more embellished, or more intelligible, by reason of a disregard for method. Still, logic and method are of themselves inadequate to the construction of a philosophy. There must be a substance, a subject-matter, a body animated by the soul of truth. And while the mind may not be able to get back to an elementary truth or a fundamental principle, it can never legtimately supply the (supposed) desideratum by an assumption. If the logical result of this is the impossibility of sound philosophy, it may be observed that so far, the nearest the human intellect has ever approached thereto, is in philosophy *cy pres*, intelligible and reasonable probability.

The subject which the name of my work indicates that I proposed to consider, is too vast to be exhaustively treated, and too diverse and variegated to be brought symmetrically within any well defined method. If I have been illogical, however, I think it is mainly in writing at all, when my chief complaint is that too much is already written.

To the thinking reader (for whom I have written) who may have attentively perused the foregoing pages, no rehearsal or summary of what in my opinion should be the principles of the ethics of literature will be necessary. Particular instances have been made the occasion for expressing general ideas of literary propriety; and in most cases they have afforded the appropriate illustrations by means of which I have sought to enforce such ideas.

The names and characters of the authors whose works I have examined, together with the esteem in which they seem to be almost universally held in literature, may imply something near akin to audacity in the attempt I have made. They

are all world-famous. They appear to be securely enshrined in the hearts of all literary posterity. Nothing less than the result predicted in the preface could justify such an undertaking. If, however, such result is fairly attained, no name and no fame, and no considerations of any imperious and capricious literary fashion, should deter any manly man from frankly conceding, that the prevalence of a servile and slovenly habit of thought, is in some measure responsible for the aristocratic airs assumed by mediocrity.

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